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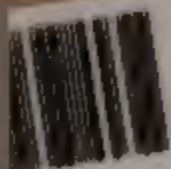


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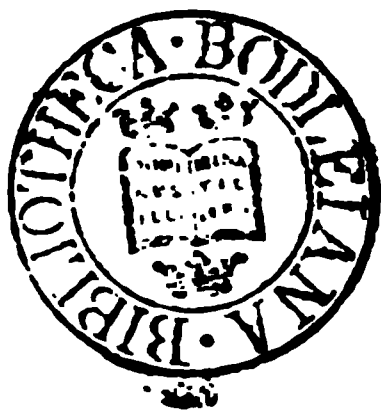




**THE**  
**PERSONAL HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**HIS LATE MAJESTY**  
**GEORGE THE FOURTH.**  
**VOL. I.**



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THE  
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WITH  
ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS  
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BY  
THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

Second Edition.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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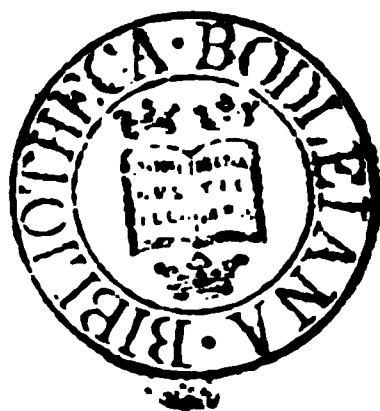
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MEMOIR  
OF THE  
LIFE OF GEORGE IV.

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CHAP. I.

THE BRUNSWICK LINE.

THE origin of the Brunswick family is lost in the fabulous ages of the north. The first occurrence of the name has been dimly traced by the German antiquaries to the invasion of the Roman empire under Attila, in the middle of the fifth century. Among the tribes which that almost universal chieftain poured down upon Italy, the Scyrri (Hirri or Heruli) are found; whose king, Eddico, was sent as one of Attila's ambassadors to the court of Theodosius. The native country of the Scyrri was, like that of the principal invaders, in the North of Europe; and they are supposed, on Pliny's authority, to

have possessed the marshes of Swedish Pomerania, and some of the islands near the entrance of the Baltic.

On the sudden death of Attila, and the dismemberment of his conquests, the Scyrri seized upon a large tract bordering on the Danube. But the possession was either too tempting, or too carelessly held, to be disregarded by the fierce chieftains, who, in returning from Italy, had seen the fertility of the land. The Scyrri were involved in a furious war, which seems to have finally spread from the Adriatic to the Euxine. The calamities of Rome were mercilessly revenged by the wounds inflicted in this mutual havoc of her conquerors; and in one of those battles in which extermination or victory were the only alternatives, the tribe of the Pomeranian Scyrri were totally cut off, with Eddico, their king, at their head, and GUELPH, his son, or brother; whose name is then first heard in history.

But the fortunes of the Scyrri were destined to be rapidly revived by one of the most singular and fortunate conquerors of a time remarkable for striking changes of fortune. A remnant

of the tribe, unable or unwilling to follow their king in the Roman invasion, had, by remaining in Pomerania, escaped the general extinction. Odoacer, the son of the fallen king, put himself at their head, and marched from the Baltic to revenge the slaughter of his countrymen. Like many of the northern chieftains, he had been educated, probably as a hostage, in the Roman camps, and had been familiarized with the arts of the accomplished but profligate court of the Western Empire. His address and valour raised him to the command of the German troops in the service of the throne. Some slight which he received from Orestes, his former general, but now father of the emperor; or, more probably, his own lofty and daring ambition, stimulated him to the seizure of a diadem disgraced by the feebleness of its possessor. Sword in hand, he forced Augustulus to abdicate; and, under the name of the Patrician, Odoacer ascended the throne of the Caesars.

Power won by the sword is naturally lost by the sword; and Theodoric, the Goth, disputed the sovereignty. After a succession of battles, in

which the military skill of Odoacer earned the praise of history, artifice circumvented the soldier; he was assassinated at a banquet, within ten years of his triumph. His dynasty was extinguished, and his tribe, with his brother Guelph at their head, were driven out, once more to create a kingdom for themselves by their valour. But this expulsion was the true origin of that singular fortune by which the Guelphic blood has been the fount of sovereignty to the most renowned kingdoms of Europe.

Guelph (variously called Anulphus, Wulfoade, and Onulf) saw, with a soldier's eye, the advantage which a position in the Tyrolese hills gave to the possessor, for the purpose of either invasion or defence. Expelling the Roman colonists, he established his kingdom in the mountains, formed alliances with the neighbouring tribes, and, looking down upon Germany on one side, and upon the loveliness and magnificence of Italy on the other, calmly prepared his people for future supremacy.\*

\* Halliday's Annals of the House of Hanover.

Without following the progress of this distinguished line through the conflicts of the dark ages, and the restless revolutions of power in the Italian sovereignties, we come to the authorized conclusion, that the house of Brunswick have held rank among princes for six hundred years.

From George the First the ascent is clear up to the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, who received his investiture from the Emperor Frederick the Second in the middle of the thirteenth century. Still, this investiture was less an increase of honours than a shade on the ancient splendour of a family, whose dominions had once numbered Bavaria and Saxony, then of the size of kingdoms; and whose influence was felt from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. But the direct male line of the Brunswick princes is Italian.

The marquesses, or sovereigns, of Este, Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany, were among its first branches. "In the eleventh century the primitive stem was divided into two. The elder migrated to the banks of the Danube and the Elbe; the younger more humbly adhered to the shores of the Adriatic. The dukes of

Brunswick and the kings of Great Britain are the descendants of the first; the dukes of Ferrara and Modena are the offspring of the second.”\*

A singular compact in the sixteenth century added to the celebrity of the house of Brunswick Lunenburg. William, the reigning duke, fourth son of Ernest, who had obtained for himself a title more illustrious than that of thrones, the CONFESSOR, by his bold support of the Protestant Confession of Augsburg, had left fifteen children, seven of whom were sons. The young princes, on the death of their father in 1593, resolved, for the purpose of keeping up their house in undiminished dignity, that but one of them should marry; the marriage to be decided by lot, and the elder brother to have the undivided inheritance, and be succeeded by the next survivor. The lot was drawn by the sixth brother, George, who married Anne Eleanora, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, by whom he had five children. The compact was solemnly kept by the brothers, and attracted

\* Gibbon's Posthumous Works.

so much notice by its romantic fidelity, that the Sultan, Achmet the First, pronounced it "worth a man's while to take a journey through Europe to be an eye-witness of such wonderful brotherly affection and princely honour."

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The accession of George the Third to the throne of these realms was welcomed by the whole British empire. The difficulties which had thwarted the popularity of his two immediate predecessors were past—the party of the exiled dynasty had been wasted away by time, or alienated by the proverbial selfishness and personal folly of the Stuarts; a war had just closed, in which all the recollections of England were of triumphs and territories won from the habitual disturber of Europe; commerce was rising from the clouds always thrown round it by war, and rising with a strength and splendour unseen before, shooting over the farthest regions of the world those beams which are at once light and life, brightening and developing regions scarcely known by name, and filling their bosom with the rich and vigorous fertility of European arts, comforts, and knowledge.

All the acts of the young king strengthened the national good-will. His speech from the throne was deservedly applauded, as the dictate of a manly and generous heart; and this characteristic was made a wise topic of congratulation in the corresponding addresses of the people. "It is our peculiar happiness," said the London Address, "that your Majesty's heart is truly *English*; and that you have discovered in your earliest years the warmest affection to the laws and constitution of these kingdoms."

An expression in the king's address to the privy council was seized on with peculiar avidity, as a proof alike of his head and heart. "I depend," said he, "on the support of every *honest man*"—a sentiment which united republican simplicity with kingly honour. He prohibited the too courtly style then customary in the pulpit to the sovereign, reprimanding one of his chaplains in the expressive words,—"That he came to church to hear the praises of God, and not his own." The independence of the judges was among his first objects. And on the dissolution of parliament he consummated the na-

tional homage, by forbidding all ministerial interference in the elections, and magnanimously declaring that "he would be tried by his country."

The royal marriage next became a consideration of public importance. A bride was sought among the immediate connexions of the royal family, and the Princess Dowager proposed Sophia Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz. Lord Harcourt was made the bearer of the proposal, which was unhesitatingly accepted. The future queen arrived at St. James's on the 8th of September, 1761. At nine on the same evening, with the formal rapidity of court marriages, she was wedded; and from that time, through half a century, became an object of interest and respect to the British nation.

It was one of the striking features of the Hanover line, that it, for the first time, united the blood of the four races of kings, — the British, the Cambro-British, the Scottish, and the English; deducing the succession from Cadwaldr, last king of the Britons, through the seventeen princes of Wales, to Guledys Ddu,

sister and heiress of Dafydd, married to Ralph Mortimer, and thence through

19. Roger, their son.

20. Edmund Mortimer, his son.

21. Roger, son of Edmund, first Earl of March.

22. Edmond, son of Roger, married to Philippa, daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third.

23. Roger, their son.

24. Anne, daughter and heiress of Roger, married to Richard of Conisburg, Earl of Cambridge.

25. Richard, Duke of York, their son.

26. Edward the Fourth, eldest son of Richard.

27. Elizabeth, Edward's eldest sister, married to Henry the Seventh.

28. Margaret, their eldest daughter, married to James the Fourth of Scotland.

29. James the Fifth of Scotland, their son.

30. Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter of James.

31. James the First of England, son of Mary, by Lord Darnley.

32. Elizabeth, daughter of James, married to Frederick, Elector Palatine.

33. Sophia, their daughter, married to Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover.

34. George the First, their son.

35. George the Second, his son.

36. Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second.

37. George the Third, his son.\*

\* "Yorke's Royal Tribes." Those who desire to search deeper into the antiquities of the Hanoverian line, may examine "Eccard's Origines Guelficæ," with "Muratori's Antichità Estense," for the Italian branch; and Sir Andrew Halliday's "Annals of the House of Hanover," for a detail of the various possessions and alliances of the northern.

## CHAPTER II.

## BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

ON the 12th of August, 1762, the birth of the heir-apparent was announced; her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, the ladies of her majesty's bedchamber, and the chief lords of the privy council, being in attendance.

On this occasion, the king's popularity, independently of the high interests connected with the royal succession, excited the most universal public feeling. As the time of the queen's accouchement drew nigh, the national anxiety had increased. It was raised to its height by the intelligence, on the evening of the 11th, that her majesty's illness was immediately at hand. The great officers of state were now ordered to await the summons in the neighbourhood of the royal bedchamber; a precaution which sounds

strangely to our ears, but which has been considered a matter of propriety, since the imputations thrown on the birth of the son of James the Second.

The palace was crowded during the night. At four in the morning the Princess Dowager of Wales arrived. The queen had been taken slightly ill some time before. The officers of state were in attendance in the ante-room of the royal chamber from five; and at twenty-four minutes past seven the joyful news was spread through the palace, that an heir was born to the throne. The sound was caught with enthusiasm by the people, who had thronged the avenues of St. James's from daybreak, was instantly conveyed through London, and was hailed by all, as an event which accomplished the singular public prosperity of the new reign.

On those occasions popular feeling delights in seizing on every fortunate coincidence. The day was deemed auspicious, as the anniversary of the Hanover succession. But a more direct popular triumph occurred, while the king was yet receiving the congratulations of the nobility.

Of all wars, in those times, the most popular

was a Spanish war; and of all prizes, the most magnificent was a Spanish galleon. The *Hermione*, one of the treasure ships sailing from Lima, had been taken in May, off Cape St. Vincent, by three English frigates. Rumour exaggerated the wealth on board to the enormous sum of twelve millions sterling in silver, besides the usual precious merchandise from the Spanish settlements. But the actual treasure was immense; the officers made fortunes, and even the share of a common sailor, though three crews were to divide the capture, was computed at nearly one thousand pounds. The chief cargo was silver, but many bags of gold were found hidden in the dollar chests, probably to evade the impost at Cadiz; which largely increased the value to the fortunate captors.

The wagons conveying the treasure had arrived in London on the night before, and were on this morning to have passed before the palace in their way to the Tower. Almost at the moment of announcing the royal birth, the cavalcade was seen entering St. James's Street, escorted by cavalry and infantry with trumpets sounding, the enemy's flags waving over the

wagons, and the whole surrounded by the multitude that such an event would naturally collect. The sudden spectacle led the king and the nobility to the palace windows. The news of the prince's birth now spread like flame; and innumerable voices rose to wish the young heir prosperity. A Roman would have predicted, that an existence begun under such omens must close without a cloud. The king, in the flower of youth, and with the exultation of a sovereign, and the still deeper delight of a father, was conspicuous in exhibiting his sense of the public congratulation; and the whole scene was long spoken of as one of the most natural and animated exhibitions of national joy.

George the Third had commenced his sovereignty with a manly and generous declaration of his pride in "being born a Briton,"—a declaration in which he had the more merit, from its not merely being his own, but from its being made in defiance of the cold-blooded statesmanship which objected to it in the privy council, as a reflection on the Hanoverian birth of the two former kings. The result shewed the superior wisdom of a warm heart to an official

head; for this single sentence superseded, in the public memory, every other syllable of the royal speech, and became instantly the watchword of national affection to the throne.

The king followed the principle into the details of life. He loved to be a "thorough Englishman." Like every man of sense, he scorned all affectation; and, above all, scorned the affectation of foreign manners. The lisping effeminacy, the melancholy jargon, the French and German foppery, of the moustached and cigared race which the coffee-house life of the continent has propagated among us, would have found no favour in the eyes of this honest and high-principled king. Honour to God and justice to man, public respect for religion and private guidance by its spirit, public decorum and personal virtue, a lofty and sincere zeal for the dignity of his crown and people, and a vigilant yet affectionate discipline in his family and household, were the characteristics of George the Third. Even in his royalty he loved to revive the simple habits of English domestic life: and his famous speech from the throne scarcely gave more assurance of an English heart, than the homely

announcement, which followed in a few days after the queen's recovery, that the royal infant was to be shewn in its cradle to all who called at the palace; and that their majesties invited the visitors to take refreshments, after the old custom of the country.

On the 17th of August, a few days after his birth, the royal infant had been created Prince of Wales by patent, in addition to that weight of honours which devolves on the heir of the British and Hanoverian sovereignties. The title of Prince of Wales was one of the trophies of the conquest of Llewellyn, and was originally conferred by the first Edward upon his son in 1284, investing him by cap, coronet, verge, and ring. The title is exclusively devoted to the *eldest* son of the throne, except where it has been engrossed by the throne itself.

The eldest son is also, as inheriting from the Scottish kings, hereditary steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Baron of Renfrew; titles conferred by Robert the Third, King of Scotland, on his eldest son, in 1399; and appropriated for ever to the princes of Scotland from their birth.

The heir-apparent is also born Duke of Cornwall, and possessor of the revenues of the duchy. But it is singular that he is not possessed of any Irish title; while all the junior branches of the royal family enjoy honours from Ireland.

Addresses rapidly flowed in from the leading public bodies. That of the city seems to have embodied the substance of the chief popular testimonials. After congratulating his majesty on the event, it alluded to the Hanover succession. "So important an event, and upon a day ever sacred to liberty, fills us with the most grateful sentiments to the Divine Goodness, which has thus early crowned your majesty's domestic happiness, and opened to your people the agreeable prospect of permanence and stability to the blessings which they derive from the wisdom and steadiness of your majesty's victorious reign." This was courteous. But the addresses of the clergy were observed to be generally in a higher tone; and the address of the clergy of the province of Canterbury was distinguished by a direct appeal to those great doctrines on which the constitution stands. The king's answer was sincere, and suitable to the

free king of a free people. "He saw with peculiar pleasure their gratitude to Heaven for the birth of a Protestant heir. Their confidence in his fixed intention to educate the prince in every principle of civil and religious liberty was truly acceptable to him; and he desired them to rely upon him for observing his pledges to the empire, and for leaving nothing undone that could promote the sacred interests of Christian piety and moral virtue, and transmit to posterity our most happy constitution."

The fickleness of popularity is the oldest lesson of public life: yet the sudden ebb of this tide of public feeling towards George the Third is among its most remarkable and unaccountable examples. No European throne had been ascended for the last hundred years by a sovereign more qualified by nature and circumstances to win "golden opinions" from his empire. Youth, striking appearance, a fondness not less for the gay and graceful amusements of court life than for those field sports which make the popular indulgence of the English landholder, a strong sense of the national value of scientific and literary pursuits, piety unques-

tionably pure, and morals on which even satire never dared to throw a stain, were the original claims of the king to the approbation of his people. In all those points also, the contrast of the new reign with those of the two preceding monarchs was signally in its favour.

Horace Walpole, a man rendered caustic by a sense of political failure, and whose pen delighted to fling sarcasm on all times and all men, for once forgets his nature, and gives way to panegyric, in speaking of the young king. "The new reign begins with great propriety and decency. There is great dignity and grace in the king's manner. I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sevigné, because he was civil to *me*; but the part is well acted. The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity, and a good nature which breaks out upon all occasions."

It was the choice of Lord Bute as his prime minister which tarnished all the king's qualities in the general eye. Insinuations that this handsome nobleman owed his rank at once to the passion of the princess dowager, and to arbitrary

principles in the king,—insinuations never substantiated,—were enough to influence that multitude who take their opinions from the loudest clamourer. Wilkes, a man broken in fortune, and still more broken in character, hopeless of returning to the ranks of honourable life, and both too notorious and too intemperate to be fit for anything but faction, was buoyed up into a bastard influence by inflaming the national jealousy against Scotland.\*

But Lord Bute soon ceased to be the object. A nobler quarry was found in the king; the “eagle towering in his pride of place, was by the mousing owl hawked at;” faction lived on royal calumny; the king’s intentions were vilified, his personal qualities turned into caricature, and his authority was suddenly obscured, if his life was not endangered, by the arts of demagogues, scandalous and criminal in every mode by which individuals can earn exclusion from society.

\* “No petticoat government—no Scotch minister—and no Lord George Sackville,” were the watchwords of the time, placarded on the walls, and echoed by the mob: the three combining all the grievances of a party, afflicted by that most angry of all distempers—the desire to get into place.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE PRINCE'S EDUCATION.

PRINCES soon become public personages ; and it cannot be denied that his royal highness displayed himself at a sufficiently early age ; for in 1765 he received a deputation from the Society of Ancient Britons, on St. David's day. His answer to their address was certainly not too long, for it was simply—"He thanked them for this mark of duty to the king, and wished prosperity to the charity." Yet probably an earlier speech has been seldom made ; for the speaker was not quite three years old. But it was not lost on the courtiers. They declared it to have been delivered with the happiest grace of manner and action ; and that the features of future greatness were never more palpable. In Decem-

ber of the same year he was invested with the order of the garter.

In 1771 the prince had reached a period when it became necessary to commence his education. Lord Holderness, a nobleman of considerable attainments, but chiefly recommended by his knowledge of the court, was appointed governor: Dr. Markham and Cyril Jackson were the preceptor and sub-preceptor.

Markham had attracted the royal notice by his celebrity as a schoolmaster. At the age of thirty he had soared to the height of professional glory; for he was placed at the head of Westminster School, where he taught for fourteen years. The masters of the leading schools are generally cheered by some church dignity, and Markham received the deanery of Christ Church: from this he had been transferred to Chester; and it was while he was in possession of this bishopric that he was selected for the preceptorship of the Prince of Wales.

But this private plan of education was severely criticised. It was pronounced to be a secluded, selfish, and obsolete scheme for court thralldom, fitter to make the future sovereign a bigot or a

despot, than the accomplished and high-spirited leader of a British people.

The old controversy on the rival merits of public and private education was now revived: and, to do the controversialists justice, with less of the spirit of rational inquiry than of angry and prejudiced partisanship.

The great schools were panegyrised as breeding a noble equality among the sons of the various ranks of society; as inspiring those feelings of independence which in after-life make the man lift up his fearless front in the presence of his superiors in all but knowledge and virtue; and as pre-eminently training the youth of the land to that personal resolution, mental resource, and intellectual dignity, which are essential to every honourable career; and are congenial, above all, to the free spirit and bold habits of England.

All those advantages must be conceded, though sometimes burlesqued by fantastic and vulgar speculation, by notions of extraordinary facilities furnished to the man by the companions of the boy; of the road to fortune smoothed, the ladder to eminence miraculously placed in his grasp, the

coronet, the mitre, and the highest and most sparkling honours of statesmanship, held forth to the aspirant by the hand of early friendship,— hopes, in their conception mean, in their nature infinitely fallacious, and in their anticipation altogether opposed to the openness and self-respect which it is the first duty of those schools to create in the young mind. Yet the question has its darker side. The moralist may well tremble at that contamination of morals which so often defies the vigilance of the tutor; the man of limited income is entitled to reprobate the habits of extravagance engendered in the great schools; and the parent who values the affections of his children may justly dread the sullen and heartless disdain of parental authority which so often springs up at a distance from the paternal eye. But no answer has been found for the palpable fact, that without public education a large portion of the youth of England would receive no education whatever; while some of the more influential would receive, in the feeble indulgences of opulent parentage and the adulation of domestics, an education worse than none. Thus, the advantages belong to the public

system, and to no other ; while the disadvantages are accidental, and require nothing for their remedy beyond increased activity in the governors, and a more exact vigilance in the nation.

But of the education of a British prince there can be no question. It ought to be in its whole spirit public. Under all circumstances, the heir to a throne will find flatterers ; but at Eton, or Westminster, the flattery must often be signally qualified ; and his noble nature will not be the less noble for the home truths which no homage can always restrain among the rapid passions and fearless tongues of boys. The chance of his falling into the snares of early favouritism has been objected. Yet nothing could be more trivial. School fondnesses are easily forgotten. But, if adversity be the true teacher of princes, even the secure heir to the luxurious throne of England might not be the worse for that semblance of adversity which is to be found in the straight-forward speech and bold competitorship of a great English school.

Under Lord Holderness and the preceptors, the usual routine of classical teaching was care-

fully inculcated, for Markham and Jackson were practised masters of that routine ; and the prince often afterwards, with the gratitude peculiarly graceful in his rank, professed his remembrance of their services. But, though the classics might flourish in the princely establishment, it soon became obvious that peace did not flourish along with them. Rumours of discontent, royal, princely, and preceptorial, rapidly escaped even the close confines of the palace ; and at length the public, less surprised than perplexed, heard the formal announcement, that the whole preceptorship of his royal highness had sent in their resignations.

Those disturbances were the first, and the inevitable, results of the system. Lord Holderness obscurely complained, that attempts were made to obtain an illegitimate influence over the prince's mind. Public rumour was active, as at all times, in throwing light on what the courtly caution of the noble governor would have covered with shade. The foreign politics of the former reigns, the Scotch premier, and the German blood of the queen, were easy topics for the multitude ; and it was loudly asserted, that the great object of the intrigue was, to supersede the

prince's British principles by the despotic doctrines of the house of Hanover.

Similar charges had occurred in the early life of George the Third. That prince's governors were accused of the contradictory crimes of infecting his mind with arbitrary principles, and with a contempt for the royal authority ; with an excessive deference to the princess his mother, in opposition to the due respect for the sovereign ; and with a humiliating subserviency to the will of the sovereign, in neglect of the natural affection for his mother. Preceptors had been successively dismissed ; committees of inquiry held upon their conduct ; books of hazardous political tendency,—Father Orleans' *Revolutions of the House of Stuart*, Ramsay's *Travels of Cyrus*, Sir Robert Filmer's *Works*, and Père Perefuxe's *History of Henry the Fourth*, had been denounced as the prince's peculiar studies ; and the whole scene of confusion had ended, as might be expected, in the still greater misfortune of Lord Bute's appointment to the governorship—an appointment which gave a form and colour to all the popular discontents, alarmed the public friends of the constitution,

furnished an unfailing fount at which every national disturber long replenished his eloquence, and for many after years enfeebled the attachment of the empire to a king whose first object was the good of his people.

A new establishment of tutors was now to be formed for the Prince of Wales. It bore striking evidence of haste; for Lord Bruce, who was placed at its head, resigned within a few days. Some ridicule was thrown on this rapid secession, by the story, that the young prince had thought proper to inquire into his lordship's attainments, and finding that the pupil knew more of classics than the master, had exhibited the very reverse of courtiership on the occasion. Lord Bruce was succeeded by the Duke of Montague, with Hurd, Bishop of Lichfield, and Arnald, as preceptor and sub-preceptor.

This choice of teachers was, at least, harmless. Hurd was a man of feeble character, but of scholarship sufficient for the purpose. He had contributed little to his profession but some "Sermons," long since passed away; and nothing to general literature but some "Letters on Chivalry," equally superseded by the manlier disquisition

of our time. It had been his fortune to meet in early life with Warburton, and to be borne up into publicity by the strength of that forcible, but unruly and paradoxical mind. But Hurd had neither inclination nor power for the region of the storms. When Warburton died, his wing drooped, and he rapidly sank into the literary indolence which, to a man of talents, is a dereliction of his public duty ; but to a man stimulated against his nature into fame, is policy, if not wisdom.

Arnald was the prince's tutor in science. He had been senior wrangler at Cambridge, an honour which he had torn from Law, the friend of Paley, and brother of the Chief Justice Lord Ellenborough. It is a curious instance of the impression which early incidents can leave, to find the defeated student making a topic of his college overthrow to the last hour of his being. Not even Law's elevation to the opulent Irish bishopric of Elphin could make him forget or forgive the evil done at Cambridge to his budding celebrity. To the last, he complained that the laurel had not fallen on the right head, that some unaccountable partiality had suddenly

veiled the majestic justice of Alma Mater, and that he must perish without adding the solid glories of the wranglership to the airy enjoyments of the peerage and ten thousand pounds a year.

Lord North's spirit was peace; though plunged in perpetual quarrel at home and abroad, in the palace, in parliament, with the people, with the old world, and with the new. On this occasion, he softened the irritation of the exiled governors and tutors by lavish preferment. The Marquess of Carmarthen, married to Lord Holderness's daughter, obtained the appointment, valuable to his habits, of Lord of the Bedchamber; Markham was made Archbishop of York; and Cyril Jackson received the rich preferment of the deanery of Christ Church. Even Lord Bruce's classical pangs were balmed by the Earldom of Aylesbury, an old object of his ambition.

The name of Cyril Jackson still floats among college remembrances. He was Dean of Christ Church during twenty-six years, and fulfilled the duties of his station with honour, as a man of accomplishment and virtue. During

this period he refused the Irish primacy—a refusal which was idly blazoned at the time as an act of more than Roman virtue. But heroic self-denial is rare among men; and Jackson had obvious reasons for declining the distinction.—His income was large, his labour light, and his time of life too far advanced to make change either easy or dignified.

Preferment in Ireland, too, is seldom a strong temptation to the opulent part of the English clergy. Its remoteness from all their customary associations, and the perplexity of mingling among a new people, with new habits, and those not seldom hostile to the churchman, naturally repel the man of advanced life. The probability of being speedily forgotten by the great distributors of ecclesiastical patronage makes Irish preferment equally obnoxious to the younger clergy who have any hopes at home. Swift's correspondence is a continual complaint of the misfortune of having the Channel between him and the life he loved: and his language has been echoed by almost every ecclesiastic who has suffered his English interest to be expended in Irish promotion.

A few passing words may be given to so distinguished a name. If Swift at length abandoned his complaints, it was only for revenge. He cured his personal querulousness by turning it into national disaffection. Gifted with extraordinary powers of inflaming the popular mind, he resolved to shew the British government the error which they had committed in sending him into what, to the last hour of his life, he called "his banishment." In the wild recollections of Ireland, then doubly furious with defeat, Swift found the congenial armoury for the full triumph of embittered genius. His sense of ministerial insult was expanded into hatred to the English name. Despairing of court favour, his daring and unprincipled spirit made occupation for itself in mob patriotism. Swift's was the true principle for a great demagogue. From the time of his first drawing the sword he shewed no wavering, no inclination to sheathe it, no faint-hearted tendency to make terms with the enemy. He shook off the dust of his feet against the gates of England; and once excluded, never deigned to approach them again, but to call down the

fires of popular hatred upon their battlements. Even at this distance of time, and with the deepest condemnation of Swift's abuse of his talents, it is difficult to look upon him without the reluctant admiration given to inflexible and inexorable resolve, let the cause be what it may. If revenge was his enjoyment, of that feast no man ever supped more largely. For good or evil, he stood completely between the government and the nation. The shadow of this insolent and daring dictator extinguished the light of every measure of British benevolence, or transmitted it to the people distorted, and in colours of tyranny and blood. Or, if popular idolatry could repay a human heart for this perpetual paroxysm of revenge, no idol ever enjoyed a thicker cloud of popular incense. *He* was the virtual viceroy, in whose presence the English representative of the monarch dwindled down into a cipher. And this extraordinary superiority was not a mere caprice of public opinion. Among a people memorable for the giddiness of their public attachments, his popularity continued unshaken through life. To the last, he enjoyed his criminal indulgence in

thwarting the British government; exulted in filling with his own gall the bosoms of the generous, yet rash and inflammable, race, whom, in the midst of his panegyrics, he scorned; libelled the throne, while he bore the sentence of court exile as the keenest suffering of his nature; solaced his last interval of reason by an epitaph, which was a libel on the human species; and died, compensating his imaginary wrongs by bequeathing to the people a fierce and still unexpired inheritance of hatred against the laws, the institutions, and the name of England.

Jackson, in 1809, finding age coming heavy upon him, resigned his deanery, at sixty-four, and then had the merit, which deserves to be acknowledged, of feeling that there is a time for all things, and that man should interpose some space between public life and the grave. Refusing a bishopric, offered to him by his former pupil, the prince, the old man wisely and decorously retired to prepare himself for the great change. He lived ten years longer, chiefly in the village of Felpham, in Sussex;

amusing himself by occasional visits to his old friends in London, or to the prince at Brighton, by whom he was always received with scarcely less than filial respect; and then returning to his obscure, but amiable life of study, charity, and prayer. He died of a brief illness in 1819.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE PRINCE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

THE lavish distribution of patronage among the successive tutors and servants of the prince had excited some angry remark, and much ridicule. But the minister rapidly overwhelmed this topic of public irritation by supplying the empire with injuries on a larger scale. His propensity to govern by favours was the weakness of his nature; and this weakness was soon urged into a diseased prodigality by the trials of his government. England was in danger.

America had just taken the bold, but guilty, step of declaring her independence. France was almost openly preparing for war. Every lurking bitterness of fancied wrong, or hopeless rivalry, throughout Europe, was starting into

sudden life at the summons of America. The beacon burning on the American shores was reflected across the Atlantic, and answered by a similar blaze in every corner of the continent. Even at home rebellion seemed to be rising, scarcely less in the measured hostility of the great English parties, than in the haughty defiance and splendid menace of Ireland, then half-frenzied with a sense of young vigour, and glittering in her first mail.

Lord North was now at the head of the Treasury, and on him rested the whole weight of the British administration; a burden too heavy for the powers of any one man, and, in this instance, certainly less solicited by his sense of power than urged upon him by the royal command. The king, abandoned by the Duke of Grafton, insulted by Chatham, tyrannised over by the powerful aristocracy of the whigs, and harassed by the perpetual irritations of the people, had soon felt the severe tenure of authority; there were even times when, in mingled scorn and indignation, he had thought of laying down the galling circle of an English crown, and retiring to Hanover. In this emergency his

choice had fallen upon North, a man of rank, of parliamentary experience, and probably of the full measure of zeal for the public service consistent with a personal career essentially of caution, suspicion, and struggle.

The minister had been all but born in the legislature, and his efforts had been early directed to legislative distinction. "Here comes blubbering North," was the observation of some official person to George Grenville, as they saw the future premier in the park, evidently in deep study.—"I'll wager that he's getting some harangue by heart for the House:" adding, "that he was so dull a dog, that it could be nothing of his own." The latter remark, however, Grenville more sagaciously repelled, by giving tribute to his parliamentary qualities, and saying, that, "If he laboured with his customary diligence, he might one day lead the councils of the country." The injurious yet natural result of North's official education was, his conceiving that the empire must be prosperous so long as the minister was secure, and that the grand secret of human government was a majority.

At a distance of time, when the clouds which then covered public affairs with utter mystery have melted away, we can discover that the minister, with all his intrepidity, would gladly have taken refuge under any protection from the storm that was already announcing itself, as if by thunderclaps, round the whole national horizon. But the competitors for his power were too certain of possession to suffer him to take shelter among them. His only alternative now was to resign his place, or make a desperate use of the prerogative. Whatever may be the virtue of later cabinets, the temptation would have been irresistible by any administration of the last century ; and we can scarcely blame North, so much as human nature in this day, if he embraced the evil opportunity in all its plenitude.

Ten peers at once were called up to the English house. But it was in Ireland, a country then as much famed for the rapid production of patriotism and its equally rapid conversion into official zeal ; as now for the more tangible product of sheep and oxen ; where the perpetual defalcation of revenue was proudly overpaid by the perpetual surplusage of orators, ready to defend

the right at all hazards and all salaries, and in the spirit of public faith, rally round government to its last shilling,—it was in Ireland, where the remoteness of the Treasury table seems never to have dulled the appetite of the guests for the banquet, that the minister at once won boundless partizanship, and dazzled the eyes of opposition at home by the display of his unchecked munificence.

One day, the 2nd of July, 1777, saw the Irish peerage reinforced by eighteen new barons, seven barons further secured by being created viscounts, and five viscounts advanced to earldoms! Against the wielder of patronage like this, what party fidelity could stand? There never had been such a brevet in Ireland: and every man suddenly discovered the unrighteousness of resistance to a minister so gifted with wisdom, and the privilege of dispensing favours. The fountain of honour had often before flowed copiously in ministerial emergencies; but now, as one of the Irish orators said on a similar occasion, in the curious pleasantry of his country, "It flowed forth as freely, spontaneously, and abundantly, as Holywell, in Wales, which turns

so many mills." It fairly washed Irish opposition away. Even in England it softened the more stubborn material of opposition to an extraordinary degree of plasticity. And, in the midst of popular outcry, the increase of public expenses, and disastrous news from America, the address was carried by a majority of three to one!

But a more inflexible antagonist than political gratitude suddenly rose against this feeble system of expedients; public misfortune was against the ministry. The American revolt had rapidly grown from a scorned insurrection into a recognised war; Washington's triumphs over the ignorance of a succession of generals, who should never have been trusted out of sight of Hyde Park, soon legitimated rebellion. Victory threw a covering of dignity and justice over the original nakedness of a revolt, not more against England than against every principle of right and honour; and popular indignation at unexpected defeat turned round and revenged itself on the premier. In this emergency, North undoubtedly exhibited powers which surprised, and often baffled, his parliamentary assailants. If fancy

and facetiousness could have sustained an administration, his might have triumphed, for no man ever tossed those light shafts with more pungent dexterity. But his hour was come. Every wind that blew from America brought with it evil tidings. The time for parliamentary trifling was at an end. Night seemed to be coming down on the empire. Bolder hearts and more masculine hands must be found. Opposition, paralysed by its first defeats, started up into sudden boldness. Every new disaster of the cabinet recruited the ranks of its enemies. Treachery, too, rose within the camp. Every man who had anything to lose, soon provided for the future by abandoning the falling cause. Every man who had anything to gain, established his claim by more open hostility. At length, worn out by this perpetual assault, North solicited leave to resign, left his power to be fought for by the parties that instantly sprang up in the opposition; and, after one more grasp at office, which shewed only how ineradicable the love of power is in the human heart, retired—to make apologues on political oblivion, and, like a sage of Indian fable, tell children that the

world was governed by sugar-plums, and that the sugar-plums were always forgotten, when their distributor had no more to give.

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On the first of January, 1781, the prince, though then but little more than eighteen, was declared of age. A separate establishment, on a small scale, was assigned to him; and he was, for the first time, allowed to feel that the domestic discipline of Kew was about to be exchanged for a liberty more suitable to his age and station. Even this natural measure was beginning to form an angry topic with the journals and the public; when it was accidentally extinguished by another, which is given, as having attracted a remarkable degree of curiosity at the time.

This topic was the seizure of De la Motte, a French spy, of singular adroitness and some personal distinction. De la Motte had been a colonel in the French regiment of Soubise, and had behaved with gallantry on several occasions in the preceding war. On the peace his regiment was reduced; but a considerable estate falling to him, with the title of baron, he flourished for awhile in Paris. Play at length broke down

his resources; and, at once to evade his creditors and to profit by the gaming propensities of this country, he fixed himself in London; where, on the breaking out of the American war, he yielded to the temptation of acting as a private agent for the French ministry. An intercourse was soon established with a clerk in the navy department, through one Lutterloh, a German. The German figured as a country gentleman, and of no slight importance. He had taken a villa at Wickham, near Portsmouth, to be on the spot for intelligence of the fleets; he lived showily, and even kept a pack of hounds, and gave entertainments, by which he ingratiated himself with the resident gentry and officers, and was considered a valuable acquisition to the hilarity and companionship of the country. De la Motte remained in London, attracting no attention, but busily employed in forwarding the information received from his confederate; until a government messenger was despatched for him, who found him tranquilly writing at his lodgings in Bond Street, and conveyed him to the secretary-of-state's office, then in Cleveland Row. He was evidently taken by surprise, for

he had his principal papers about his person, and could find no better way to get rid of them than by dropping them on the stairs of the office. They were, of course, immediately secured and given to the secretary, Lord Hillsborough. The traitor's diligence was sufficiently proved by their value. They contained particular lists of all matters relating to the British dock-yards, and the force and state of every ship, with their complements of men at the time of their sailing; his accuracy even went so far as to give the number of seamen in the various naval hospitals.

An order was next issued for Lutterloh's apprehension. He was found preparing for the usual easy pursuits of his life, with his hunters and pack waiting for him, and his boots ready to be drawn on. The messengers prohibited his hunting for that day, and ordered him to deliver up the keys of his desk, where they found but money, cash and bills for 300*l.*; but on looking carefully at the bills, they perceived that they were all drawn payable to the same person, and dated on the same day, with those of De la Motte. Lutterloh now felt that he was

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undone; and offered to make a general disclosure. His garden was dug up, and a packet of papers was produced in his hand-writing, the counterparts of those already seized on De la Motte. He acknowledged his employment by the French ministry, at the rate of fifty guineas a month; and pointed out the inferior agents. Ryder, the clerk, who had furnished the principal intelligence, was next arrested: this was the blackest traitor of them all; for he was in the receipt of a pension of 200*l.* a year, a considerable sum at that period, for services rendered in sounding the enemy's coasts, and had been put into an office in the dockyard at Plymouth, where he was employed by the Admiralty in contriving signals; which signals, it appears, he immediately communicated to the enemy. The last link was detected in the conveyancers of the intelligence across the channel, Rougier, a Frenchman, and his mistress, by whom the letters were despatched by way of Margate and Ostend.

This affair derived a peculiar public interest from the rumour, that high names were behind the curtain, which the attorney-general's speech

was deemed to substantiate, by his dwelling strongly upon the “very *great* and *dangerous* lengths” to which De la Motte’s money and connexions enabled him to go. The attorney and solicitor-generals were employed by government, and the celebrated Dunning was counsel for the prisoner. The confession of Lutterloh, who was accepted as king’s evidence, certainly shewed an extraordinary command of information. He had been first employed by De la Motte, in 1776, to furnish the French ministers with secret intelligence of matters relating to our navy. His allowance for this was trivial,—but eight guineas a month. But his information had soon become so important, that the allowance was raised to fifty guineas a month, besides occasional presents of money. He had also been in Paris, and held conferences with De Sartine, the French naval minister. There he had struck a bold bargain, not simply for returns of dockyards, but for whole fleets; offering a plan for the destruction of Commodore Johnson’s squadron, on condition of his receiving eight thousand guineas, and a third of the value of the ships for himself and his asso-

ciates. But the bargain was broken off by the singular economy of the Frenchman; who hesitated at giving more than an eighth of the ships! Offended by this want of due liberality in his old employers, he had sought out new; and offered a plan to Sir Hugh Palliser for taking the French fleet! Dunning's cross-examination of this villain was carried on with an indignant causticity which was long reckoned among his finest efforts. He tore the approver's character in pieces, but he could not shake his evidence. At length Dunning himself sank, he became exhausted with disgust and disdain, broke away from the court, and was taken home overpowered and seriously ill.

Lutterloh was one of those specimens of desperate principle, restless activity, and perpetual adventure, which might have figured in romance. He had tried almost every situation of life, from the lowest; he had been in various trades, and roved between France, England, and America, wherever money was to be made by cunning or personal hazard. From the book-keeper of a Portsmouth inn, he had started into a projector of war; had offered his agency to the

revolted colonies; and as their chief want in the early period of the struggle was arms, he had gone to America with a plan for purchasing the arms in the magazines of the minor German states. The plan was discountenanced by Congress, and he returned to Europe, to engage in the secret agency of France, through the medium of De la Motte.

Radcliffe, a smuggler, who had a vessel constantly running to Boulogne, was the chief carrier of the correspondence. His pay was 20*l.* a trip. Rougier, the carrier to Radcliffe, received eight guineas a month.

Yet it is a striking instance of the blind security in which the most crafty may be involved, and of the impossibility of confidence among traitors, that De la Motte's whole correspondence had for a long time passed through the hands of the English secretary of state himself; the letters being handed by Radcliffe to a government clerk, who transmitted them to Lord Hillsborough, by whom again, after having taken copies of them, they were forwarded to their original destination. Thus anticipated, they had undoubtedly the effect of seriously misleading

the French ministry. But, if governments will stoop to the crime of tempting wretched men to be traitors, or to the infamy of employing traitors ready made, they deserve to suffer. De la Motte was executed.

As the prince was now to take his place in the legislature, arrangements were commenced for supplying him with an income. The times were hostile to royal expenditure; and the king, for the double reason of avoiding any unnecessary increase to the public burdens, and of discouraging those propensities which he probably conjectured in the prince, demanded but 50,000*l.* a year, to be paid out of the civil list. The proposition was strongly contested in the Cabinet, long given down to scorn by the name of the Coalition. Fox insisted on making the grant 100,000*l.* a year. But his majesty was firm, and the ministry were forced to be content with adding 40,000*l.* and a complimentary address, to the 60,000*l.* for outfit proposed by the king.

The Duke of Portland, on the 23rd of June, brought down the following message to the lords:—

“G. R. His majesty having taken into consideration the propriety of making an immediate and separate establishment for his dearly beloved son, the Prince of Wales, relies on the experience, zeal, and affection of the House of Lords, for their concurrence in, and support of, such measures as shall be most proper to assist his majesty in this design.”

The question was carried without a dissentient voice in the lords; and the commons readily voted the sums, 50,000*l.* for income, and 100,000*l.* for the outfit of the Prince's household. Now fully began his checkered career.

There are few faults which we discover with more proverbial rapidity than the faults of others; and none which generate a more vindictive spirit of virtue than the faults of princes in the grave. Yet, without justice, history is but a more solemn libel; and no justice can be done to the memory of any public personage without considering the peculiar circumstances of his time.

The close of the American war was among the most extraordinary periods of modern

Europe. All England, all France, the whole continent, were in a state of the most vivid excitement:—England, rejoicing at the cessation of hostilities, galling to the pride of a country accustomed to conquer; yet with the stain of transatlantic defeat splendidly effaced by her triumph at Gibraltar, and her spirit raised again by this proof of the unimpaired energies of her naval and military power,—France, vain of her fatal success, and exulting in the twofold triumph of wresting America from England, and raising up a new rival for the sovereignty of the seas,—the continental states, habitually obeying the impulses of the two great movers of the world, England and France; and feeling the return of life in the new activity of all interests, public, personal, and commercial. But, in that hour, a fearful influence was at work, invisibly, but resistlessly, inflaming this feverish vividness of the European mind into ruin.

The story of the French Revolution is still to be told;\* and the man by whom that tale of grandeur and atrocity is told, will bequeath the

\* Mr. Alison's History of the War has lately appeared; a work of great manliness and eloquence.

most appalling lesson ever given to the tardy wisdom of nations. But the first working of the principle of ruin in France was brilliant; it spread an universal animation through the frame of foreign society. All was a hectic flush of vivacity. Like the Sicilian landscape, the gathering fires of the volcano were first felt in the singular luxuriance and fertility of the soil. Of all stimulants, political ambition lays the strongest hold on the sensibilities of man. The revolutionary doctrines, still covered with the graceful robes of patriotism and philosophy, seemed to lead the whole population of France into enchanted ground. Every hour had its new accession of light; every new step displayed its new wonder. Court formality—hereditary privilege—the solemnity of the altar—all that had hitherto stood as an obstacle to the full indulgence of natural impulses, all the rigid and stately barriers established by the wisdom of elder times against popular passion, were seen suddenly to shrink and dissolve away before the approach of the new regeneration, like mists before the sunbeams. The listless life of the man of rank was suddenly supplied with an ex-

citement that kindled all the latent activities of his nature ; the man of study found, with delight, his solitary speculation assuming a life and substantial shape before his eye, and the long arrears of fortune about to be paid in public fame and power ; the lower classes listened with fierce avidity to the declaration, that the time was at hand for enjoying their share of that opulent and glittering world on which they had hitherto gazed, with as little hope of reaching it as the firmament above their heads.

Thus was prepared the Revolution. Thus was laid under the foundations of the throne a deadly compound of real wrong and fantastic injury, of offended virtue and embittered vice, of the honest zeal of general good and the desperate determination to put all to hazard for individual licence, rapine, and revenge,—a mighty deposit and magazine of explosion, long visible to the eyes of Europe, invisible to the French government alone, and which only waited the first touch of the incendiary to scatter the monarchy in fragments round the world.

"Philosophy" was the grand leader in this progress of crime ; and it is a striking coinci-

dence, that at this period its true titles to national homage should have been, as if by an angry destiny, suffered to aid its popular ambition. Europe never teemed with more illustrious discoveries; the whole range of the sciences, from the simplest application of human ingenuity up to the most sublime trials of the intellect, found enthusiastic and successful votaries: the whole circle was a circle of living flame. The French philosophers collected the contributions of all Europe, and by embodying them in one magnificent work, claimed for themselves the peculiar guardianship and supremacy of human genius. Law, policy, and religion had long possessed their codes: the French philosophers boasted, that in the "Encyclopédie" they had first given the code of science. With all our hatred of the evil purposes of Diderot and D'Alembert, and all our present scorn of the delusions which their fiendish malignity was devised to inflict upon mankind, it is impossible to look upon their labours without wonder. France, within a few years, had outstripped all competition in the higher branches of mathematical learning, a pursuit eminently fitted to the fine

subtlety of the national genius; but she now invaded the more stubborn precincts of English and German research; seized upon chemistry and natural history; and, by the success of Lavoisier and Buffon, gave science a new and eloquent power of appeal to the reason and the imagination of man.

A multitude of minor triumphs, in the various provinces of invention, sustained the general glow of the intellectual world; but all were now to be extinguished, or rather raised into new lustre, by three almost contemporaneous discoveries, which to this hour excite astonishment, and which, at some future time decreed for the sudden advancement of the human mind to its full capacity of knowledge, may be among the noblest instruments of our science of nature. Those three were, Mongolfier's balloon, Franklin's conductors, and Herschel's *Georgium Sidus*. Never was there an invention so completely adapted to inflame the most fantastic spirit of a fantastic people as the balloon. The palpable powers of this fine machine, its beauty as an object, the theatrical nature of the spectacle presented in its ascents, the brilliant temerity of the aerial

navigators, soliciting the perils of an untried element, and rising to make the conquest of an unexplored region in a floating "argosie" of silk and gold, rich as the pavilion of a Persian king, filled the quick fancy of the nation with dreams. It absolutely crazed all France—king, philosophers, and populace. A march to the moon, or a settlement among the stars, was scarcely beyond the national hope. The secrets of the atmosphere were only lingering for French discovery; but the immediate propagation of the French name and power through the earth was regarded less as a probable achievement, than as an inevitable result of this most dazzling of all inventions.\*

It may even now be thought, that there was something of curious appropriateness in the respective discoveries.—That the young audacity

\* The topic superseded all others for the time. The answer of one of the city members to Lord Mansfield was a long-standing jest against the city. The earl, meeting him immediately on his return from France, asked, "Was the *Anglomanie* as prevalent as ever?" The honest citizen not recognising the word, and conceiving that France could furnish but one theme, answered, "that Anglomanies were to be seen every day in some part of Paris, and that he had seen a prodigious one go up on the day he left it."

of America claimed the seizure of the lightning;  
a sentiment not forgotten in Franklin's motto:

"Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

—That the balloon was an emblem of the showy volatility and ambitious restlessness of France:—while the discovery of a new planet, the revelation of a new throne of brightness and beauty in the firmament, was not unsuited to the solemn mind and religious dignity of the people of England.

But to England was given the substantial and crowning triumph: Cook's southern discoveries were made in this era; and the nation justly hailed them, even less as cheering proofs of British intelligence and enterprise, than as a great providential donative of empire,—future dominion over realms without limit, and nations without number,—a new and superb portion of the universe, unveiled by science, and given to the tutelar hand of the British people, for the propagation of British arts and arms through the world, an eternal repository of our laws, our literature, and our religion.

The peace of 1782 threw open the continent.

It was scarcely proclaimed, when France was crowded with the English nobility. Versailles became the centre of all that was sumptuous in Europe. The graces of the young queen, then in the pride of youth and beauty; the pomp of the royal family and the noblesse; and the costliness of the fêtes and celebrations, for which France has been always famous; rendered the court the dictator of manners, morals, and politics to all the higher ranks of the civilized world. But the Revolution was now hastening with the strides of a giant upon France; the torch was already waving over the chambers of this morbid and thoughtless luxury. The corrective was terrible: history has no more stinging retrospect than the contrast of that brilliant time with the days of shame and agony which followed—the untimely fate of beauty, birth, and heroism,—the more than serpent-brood that started up in the path which France once emulously covered with flowers for the step of her rulers,—the hideous suspense of the dungeon,—the heart-broken farewell to life and royalty upon the scaffold! But the judgment was deserved. France had long been the grand corrupter; and the ad-

vance of her supremacy must in a few years have spread incurable disease through the moral frame of Europe.

The English men of rank were already bringing back with them its dissipation and its infidelity. Still, the immediate circle of the English court was clear. The honest virtue of the king held the courtiers in awe; and the queen, with a wisdom, for which her name should long be held in honour, indignantly repulsed every attempt of female levity to approach her presence. But beyond this sacred circle the influence of foreign association was felt through every class of society. The writers of England, that body of whom the indiscretions of the higher ranks stand most in awe, had become less the guardians than the seducers of the public mind. The "Encyclopédie," still more the code of rebellion and irreligion than of science, had enlisted the majority in open scorn of all that the heart should practise or the head revere; and the Parisian atheists scarcely exceeded the truth when they boasted of having raised a temple that was to be frequented by worshippers of every tongue. A cosmopolite,

infidel republic of letters was already lifting its front above the old sovereignties, gathering under its banners a race of mankind new to public struggle, the whole secluded, yet jealous and vexed race of labourers in the intellectual field; and summoning them to devote their vigour to the service of an Ambition, at whose right and left, like the urns of Homer's Jove, stood the golden founts of glory. London was rapidly becoming Paris, in all but name. There never was a period when the tone of our society was more polished, more animated, or more corrupt. Gaming, horse-racing, and still deeper deviations from the right rule of life, were looked upon as the essential embellishments of birth and fortune. Private theatricals, one of the most dexterous and assured expedients to extinguish, first the delicacy of woman, and then her virtue, were the favourite indulgence of high life; and, by an outrage on English decorum, which completed the likeness to France, women were beginning to try their influence in party, and entangle their feebleness in the absurdities and abominations of political intrigue.

It was in the midst of this luxurious period that the Prince of Wales commenced his public career. His rank alone would have secured him flatterers; but he had higher titles to homage. He was, then, one of the handsomest men in Europe: his countenance open and expressive; his figure tall, and strikingly proportioned; his address remarkable for easy elegance, and his whole air singularly noble. His contemporaries still describe him as the model of a man of fashion, and amusingly lament over the degeneracy of an age which no longer produces such perfection.

But he possessed qualities which might have atoned for a less attractive exterior. He spoke the principal modern languages with sufficient skill; he was a tasteful musician; his acquaintance with English literature was, in early life, unusually accurate and extensive; Markham's discipline, and Jackson's scholarship, had given him a large portion of classical knowledge; and nature had given him the more important public talent of speaking with fluency, dignity, and vigour.

Admiration was the right of such qualities,

and we can feel no surprise, if it were lavishly offered by both sexes. But it has been strongly asserted, that the temptations of flattery and pleasure were spread in his way for other objects than those of the hour; that his wanderings were watched by the eyes of political seduction, and that every step which plunged him deeper into pecuniary embarrassment was triumphed in, as separating him more widely from his natural duties, alienating him from his excellent father, and compelling him in his helplessness to throw himself into the arms of factions alike hostile to his character and his throne.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE PRINCE'S EMBARRASMENTS.

IN 1787, the state of the prince's income began to excite the anxious attention of parliament and the country. The allowance given three years before had been found totally inadequate to his expenditure, and there was at length no resource but in applying to the nation.

On the original proposal of 50,000*l.* a year, the "prince's friends," as they were termed, for he had already found political protectors, had strenuously protested against the narrowness of the sum. But the prince decorously reprehending their zeal, had declared his extreme reluctance to be the cause of any misunderstanding between the king and his ministers.

Yet a short experience shewed, that the in-

come was altogether inadequate to the expenses of Carlton House. The prince was now upwards of 150,000*l.* in debt. His creditors, perhaps in some degree alarmed by the notorious alienation of the court, began suddenly to press for payment. The topic became painfully public; the king was appealed to, and by his command a full statement was laid before him. But the result was an expression of royal surprise and displeasure, accompanied with a direct refusal to interfere, formally conveyed through the premier.

Family quarrels are proverbial for exhibiting errors on both sides; and the quarrel on this occasion, high as the personages were, made no exception to the rule. The prince was treated sternly; in return, he acted rashly. The royal indignation might have been justly softened by recollecting the inexperience, the dangerous associates, and the strong temptations of the heir-apparent; and that measure ought to have been made an act of favour, which was so soon discovered to be an act of necessity. On the other hand, the prince, impetuously, on the day after the royal answer, broke up his household,

dismissed his officers in attendance, ordered his horses to be sold, shut up every apartment of his palace not required for immediate personal accommodation, and commenced living the life of a hermit, a life which he called that of a private gentleman; his political friends, that of an ancient sage; and the court, that of a young rebel. The decided impression on the king's mind was, that this offensive step was suggested by individuals whose first object was to enlist the sympathies of the nation against the minister, and whose next was, to see the king involved in the disgrace of his cabinet. A remarkable incident at this period rendered the alienation palpable to the empire. An attempt made in the open streets, by a maniac, Margaret Nicholson, to assassinate the king,\*—an attempt which probably failed only from the accidental bending of the knife; had been immediately communicated to all the authorities, and the principal persons connected with the royal family; but with one exception,—to the prince no communication was made. He heard it at Brighton, and hastened to Windsor, where he

\* August 2, 1786.

was received by the queen alone. The king was inaccessible.

But the system of seclusion was too little adapted to the great party who had totally engrossed the direction of the prince, and too repulsive to the natural habits of rank and birth, to last long. By degrees, the windows of Carlton House were opened, and the deserted halls were given to the light once more. His advisers now prompted him to strengthen his public influence by personal hospitality; and, from all the records of those years, we must believe, that no host ever possessed more abundantly the charm of giving additional zest to the luxuries of the banquet. Beginning to give frequent entertainments; from personal pleasure, the feeling grew into political interest; and it was at length resolved, that the prince owed it to his own character, to shew that he was not afraid of public investigation.

The opening of the budget\* was considered a proper time, and the subject was confided to the hands of Alderman Newnham, no orator, but a man of mercantile wealth and personal

\* April 20, 1787.

respectability. This advocate contented himself, in the first instance, with a brief panegyric on the prince's efforts to meet his difficulties; and a demand, whether ministers intended to bring forward any proposition for retrieving his affairs; concluding with the words, that "though the conduct of that illustrious individual under his difficulties reflected the highest honour on his character, yet nothing could be surer to bring indelible disgrace upon the nation, than suffering him to remain any longer in his present embarrassed circumstances."

Pitt's reply was short, but peremptory.—"It was not his duty to bring forward a subject of the nature that had been mentioned, without his majesty's commands. It was not necessary, therefore, that he should say more, than that on the present occasion he had not been honoured with any such commands."

The campaign was now fairly begun, and opposition determined to crush the minister. Private meetings were held, friends were summoned, and the strength of parties was about to be tried in a shock which, in its results, might have shattered the constitution. But, Pitt's saga-

city saw the coming storm, and he faced it with the boldness that formed so prominent a quality of his great character. He sternly denounced the subject, as one not merely delicate but dangerous; he warned the mover of this hazardous matter of the evils which rashness must produce; and concluded a short but powerful address, by threatening to call for "disclosures which must plunge the nation into the most formidable perplexity." While the house were listening with keen anxiety to this lofty menace, and expecting on what head the lightnings were to be launched, he renewed the charge, by turning full on the opposition bench, and declaring, that if the "honourable member should *persist* in his determination to bring his motion forward again, his majesty's government would be *compelled* to take the steps which they should adopt; and that, for his own part, however distressing it might be to his personal feelings, from his profound respect for the royal family; he had a public duty to discharge which he would discharge, freely, fairly, and unconditionally."

A succession of debates followed, in which the whole vigour of party, and no slight portion

of its virulence, was displayed. Rolle,\* the member for Devonshire, with a zeal which exposed him naked to all the fiery wrath of Sheridan and Fox, and lifted him up as a general mark for the shafts of opposition wit, at length embodied Pitt's mysterious charge into "matters by which church and state might be seriously affected,"—an allusion fully understood to refer to a rumoured marriage of the prince with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Sheridan, with dishonest, yet amusing, pleasantry, instantly denied the truth of the report, which he said—"the slight share of understanding that nature had vouchsafed to him was altogether unable to comprehend; though, to be sure, something of his ignorance might be accounted for by his not being peculiarly fond of putting himself in the established school for that kind of learning. Among all the shows to which curiosity had led him in the metropolis, he had unfortunately omitted the *Whispering* gallery in the neighbourhood of Whitehall. He was also confident, that there was a great deal of recon-

\* Subsequently Lord Rolle, a faithful and firm defender of the constitution.

dite knowledge to be picked up by any diligent student who had taken his degree on the *back stairs*, and he duly commended the progress the honourable gentleman had made in those profitable studies. For his own part, Heaven help him ! he had always found the treasury passages at best, cold, dark, and cheerless ; he believed the conscience as well as the body might have a rheumatic touch ; and he acknowledged that he was never the better for the experiment. But, where *he* had heard only the ominous cries and wailings of the wind, the ears of others, more happily disposed, might be more fortunate ; where he had heard only the rage of Auster and Eurus, to others Auster might come ‘the zephyr perfumed from my lady’s bedchamber ;’ and Eurus be the

—‘*purpureo spirans ab ortu, eois Eurus equis.*’

There the honourable gentleman and his friends might be regaled with those snatches and silver touches of melody which they shaped and expanded into harmonies, on so grand and swelling a scale, for the admiration of the house and the country.”

The house laughed, but Rolle's remarks had made an impression : and Fox, long and unaccountably absent from the debates, was compelled to appear. This powerful man now became the challenger in his turn.—“ He stood there prepared to substantiate every denial that had been made by his honourable friend, (Sheridan.) He demanded investigation. He defied the sharpest scrutiny, however envenomed by personal feelings, to detect in the conduct of the prince, as a gentleman, or as the hope of an illustrious line, any one act derogatory to his character. He came armed with the immediate authority of his royal highness to assure the house, that there was no part of his conduct which he was either afraid or unwilling to have investigated in the most minute manner.”

This bold defiance, delivered with the haughtiest tone and gesture, raised a tumult of applause, which was interrupted only by his suddenly fixing his eyes full on the minister ; and, as if he disdained to pour his vengeance on minor culprits, heaping the whole weight of reprobation upon him, whom he intimated to be the origin of the calumny.

“As to the allusions,” said he, scornfully, “of the honourable member for Devon, of danger and so forth to church and state, I am not bound to understand them until he shall make them intelligible ; but I suppose they are meant in reference to that *falsehood* which has been so *sedulously* propagated out of doors for the wanton sport of the vulgar, and which I now pronounce, by *whomsoever invented*, to be a miserable calumny, a low, malicious falsehood.”—“He had hoped, that in that house a tale, only fit to impose upon the lowest persons in the streets, would not have gained credit ; but, when it appeared that an *invention* so monstrous, a report, of what had not the smallest degree of foundation, had been *circulated* with so much industry as to make an impression on the mind of members of that house, it proved the extraordinary efforts made by the enemies of his royal highness to propagate the grossest and most malignant falsehoods, with a view to depreciate his character and injure him in the opinion of the country. He was at a loss to imagine what *species* of party could have fabricated so base a calumny. Had there existed in

the kingdom such a faction as an anti-Brunswick faction, to it he should have certainly imputed the invention of so malicious a falsehood; for he knew not what other description of men could have *felt an interest* in first forming and then circulating, with *more than ordinary* assiduity, a tale in every particular so unfounded. His royal highness had authorized him to declare, that as a peer of parliament he was ready, in the other house, to submit to any the most pointed questions; or to afford his majesty, or his majesty's ministers, the fullest assurance of the utter falsehood of the statement in question, which *never had*, and which common sense must see never could have, happened.

After this philippic, to which Pitt listened with the utmost composure, but which produced an extraordinary interest in the house, Fox adverted to the original purpose of the application: "Painful and delicate the subject undoubtedly was; but however painful it might be, the consequences were attributable solely to *those* who had it in their power to supersede the necessity of the prince's coming to parlia-

ment, to relieve him from a situation embarrassing to himself and disgraceful to the country."

This speech may be taken as a specimen of Fox's vituperative style,—the reiterated phrases of scorn, the daring defiance, and the reckless mass of contempt and condemnation, which he habitually flung upon his adversary. But the full effect can be conceived only by those who have heard this great speaker. His violent action, confused voice, and ungainly form, were forgotten, or rather, by one of the wonders of eloquence, became portions of his power. A strong sincerity seemed to hurry him along: his words, always emphatic, seemed to be forced from him by the fulness and energy of his feelings; and in the torrent he swept away the adversary.

This speech decided the question for the time. Yet Rolle still persisted in his alarms, and still brought down upon himself the declamation of Sheridan and the retorts of Fox, who, at last, bitterly told him, that "though what he had said before was, he thought, sufficient to satisfy

*every candid mind, he was willing still to restate and re-explain, and, if possible, satisfy the most perverse.\**

The member for Devon finally declared, that he had spoken only from his affection for the prince; that "he had not said he was dissatisfied," and that he now left the whole matter to the judgment of the house. Pitt covered his friend's retreat by a defence of the privileges of speech in the legislature.

But such contests were too hazardous to be wisely provoked again. Misfortune, which in private life has a singular facility in stripping the sufferer of his friends, in public life often gathers the popular sympathy round him. The man who would have died forgotten in his cell, when brought to the scaffold, is followed by the sympathy of the multitude. The general voice

\* Unfortunately for those professions, it has been since proved by the lady's relatives, that she was, at that moment, as much the wife of the prince as a Romish priest could make her! If Fox was deceived, he ought to have felt incurably insulted by the deception; if he was not, what language can be too contemptuous for confederacy in imposture!

began to rise against the "severity of government;" and in a few days after the debate,\* the prince was informed by the minister, that if the motion intended for the next day were withdrawn, everything should be settled to his satisfaction. Accordingly, Alderman Newnham communicated to the house, in which four hundred members were present, the intelligence that his motion was now rendered unnecessary, and all was congratulation.

The ministerial promise was kept; but kept with a full reserve of the royal displeasure. A stern rebuke was couched in the message to parliament.

"G. R. It is with the *greatest concern* his majesty acquaints the House of Commons that, from the accounts which have been laid before his majesty by the Prince of Wales, it appears, that the prince has incurred a debt to a large amount, which, if left to be discharged out of his annual income, would render it impossible for him to support an establishment suited to his rank and station.

"Painful as it is at all times to his majesty to

• May 3.

propose an addition to the many expenses necessarily borne by his people, his majesty is induced, from his paternal affection to the Prince of Wales, to recur to the liberality and attachment of his faithful commons, for their assistance on an occasion so interesting to his majesty's feelings, and to the ease and honour of so distinguished a branch of his royal family.

“His majesty could not, however, expect or desire the assistance of this house, but on a well-grounded expectation that the prince will *avoid contracting any debts in future.*

“With a view to this object, and from an anxious desire to remove any possible doubt of the sufficiency of the prince's income to support amply the dignity of his situation, his majesty has directed a sum of £10,000 per annum to be paid out of the civil list, in addition to the allowance which his majesty has hitherto given him; and his majesty has the satisfaction to inform the house, that the Prince of Wales has given his majesty the fullest assurances of his determination to confine his future expenses within his income, and has also settled a plan for arranging those expenses in the several depart-

ments, and for fixing an order for payment, under such regulations, as his majesty trusts will effectually *secure the due execution* of the prince's intentions.

“His majesty will direct an estimate to be laid before this house of the sum wanting to complete, in a proper manner, the work which has been undertaken at Carlton House, as soon as the same can be prepared with sufficient accuracy, and recommends it to his faithful commons to consider of making some provision for this purpose.”

This account was shortly afterwards laid on the table :—

<i>Debts.</i>					
Bonds and debts	.	.	.	.	£13,000
Purchase of houses	.	.	.	.	4,000
Expenses of Carlton House	.	.	.	.	53,000
Tradesmen's bills	.	.	.	.	90,804
					<hr/>
					£160,804

*Expenditure from July, 1783, to July, 1786.*

Household, &c.	.	.	.	.	£29,277
Privy-purse	.	.	.	.	16,050
Payments made by Col. Hotham, particu-					
lars delivered in to his majesty	.	.	.	.	37,203
Other extraordinaries	.	.	.	.	11,406
					<hr/>
					£93,936

Salaries . . . . .	54,734
Stables . . . . .	37,919
Mr. Robinson's . . . . .	7,059
	<hr/>
	£193,648

On the day following the presentation of this paper, the commons carried up an address to the throne, humbly desiring that his majesty would order 161,000*l.* to be issued out of the civil list for the payment of the debt, and a sum of 20,000*l.* for the completion of Carlton House.

This proceeding had the usual fate of half measures, it palliated the evil only to make it return in double force. It shewed the king's displeasure, without ensuring the prince's retrenchment. The public clamoured at the necessity for giving away so large a sum of the national money; while the creditors, whom the sum, large as it was, would but inadequately pay, loudly pronounced themselves defrauded. Whether the leaders of the legislature were rejoiced or discontented remained in their own bosoms. But Pitt had accomplished the important purpose of suppressing, for the time, a topic which might have deeply degraded the cause of

loyalty; and Fox's keenness must have seen in this imperfect measure the very foundation on which a popular leader would love to erect a grievance. It gave him the full use of the prince's injuries for all the purposes of opposition. Nothing could be more successful. Hopeless of future appeal, stung by public rebuke, and committed before the empire in hostility to the court and the minister, the prince was now thrown completely into his hands.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE PRINCE'S FRIENDS.

THERE seems to be a law of politics, by which the heir of the crown is inevitably opposed to the crown. This grew into a proverb in Holland, when the stadtholderate had become hereditary; and may have found its examples in all countries where the constitution retains a vestige of freedom. The line of the Georges has furnished them for three generations.

Frederic, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second, was in constant opposition to the court, was the centre of a powerful party, and was even involved in personal dispute with the king. There was a curious similitude in his whole early life to that of George IV.,—the origin of the alienation being, the old “root of

all evil," money. Opposition, headed by Pulteney, (the Fox of his day,) adopted the prince's cause, and moved in parliament for the increase of his income to 100,000*l*. The king resented equally the demand and the connexion; and the dispute was carried on with the natural implacability of a family quarrel. The prince collected the wits round him; the king closeted himself with a few antiquated and formal nobles. The prince's residence, at Cliefden, in Buckinghamshire, was enlivened by perpetual festivity, balls, banquets, and plays.\* St. James's was a royal fortress, in which the king sat guarded from the approach of all public gaiety. Frederic pushed the minister so closely, that he had no refuge but in a reconciliation between the illustrious belligerents. Walpole, perplexed by perpetual debate, and feeling the ground giving way under him, proposed an addition of 50,000*l*. to the prince's income, and 200,000*l*. for the discharge of his debts. But here the parallel failed. Walpole's

\* Among which was the masque of Alfred, by Thomson and Mallet, written in honour of the Hanover accession, with Quin in the part of Alfred.

hour was come; opposition, now conscious of his weakness, determined to give him no respite. The prince haughtily refused any accommodation while the obnoxious minister was suffered to remain in power. Walpole was crushed. The prince led opposition into the royal presence; and the spoils of office rewarded them for a struggle carried on in utter scorn alike of the king's feelings and the national interests, but unquestionably distinguished by great talent, dexterity, and determination. Yet victory was fatal to them: they speedily quarrelled for the spoils, and Walpole had his revenge, in the disgrace of Pulteney for ever.

On the death of Prince Frederic, the next heir, Prince George, became the prize of opposition, headed by Pitt (Lord Chatham), Lord Temple, and the Grenvilles. Leicester-house, the residence of his mother, again eclipsed St. James's, and the Newcastle administration trembled at the popularity of this rival court. To withdraw the heir from party, the king offered him a residence in St. James's. But before the hostility could be matured into open resistance, a stroke of apoplexy put an end to the royal life, placed the prince on the throne, and

turned the panegyrics of opposition into sarcasms on Scotch influence, burlesques on the princess-mother's presumed passion for the handsome minister, and wrath at the sovereign.

In other lands the king is a despot, and the heir-apparent a rebel; in England, the relation is softened, and the king is a tory, and the heir-apparent a whig. Without uncovering the grave, to bring up things for dispute which have lain there till their shape and substance are half dissolved away in that great receptacle of the follies and fortunes of mankind, it may well be admitted, that there was much in the contrast of men and parties to have allured the young Prince of Wales to the side of opposition.

Almost prohibited, by the rules of the English court, from bearing any important part in the government; almost condemned to silence in the legislature by the custom of the constitution; almost restricted, by the etiquette of his birth, from exerting himself in any of those pursuits which cheer and elevate a manly mind with the noble consciousness that it is of value to its country; the life of the eldest born of the throne offers strong temptations to those who would make it a splendid sinecure. The valley of

Rasselas, with its impassable boundary, and its luxurious and spirit-subduing bowers, was but an emblem of princely existence ; and the moralist is unfit to decide on human nature who, in estimating the career, forgets the temptation.

It is neither for the purpose of undue praise to those who are now gone beyond human opinion, nor with the zeal of hazarding romantic conjectures, that the long exclusion of the Prince of Wales from public activity is pronounced to have been a signal misfortune to himself and to the nation. The same mental and bodily gifts which were lavished on the listless course of fashionable life might have assisted the councils, or thrown new lustre on the arms of his country : other benefits, too, might have followed—the royal tree, exposed to the free blasts of heaven, might have been relieved from those parasite plants and weeds which encumbered its growth ; and the nation might have learned to be proud of its stateliness, and loved to shelter in its shade.

The education of the royal family had been conducted with so regular and minute an attention, that the lapses of the prince's youth excited peculiar displeasure in the king. The family

discipline had been almost that of a public school; their majesties generally rose at six, breakfasted at eight with the two elder princes, and then summoned the younger children: the several teachers next appeared, and the time till dinner was spent in diligent application to languages and the severer kinds of literature, varied by lessons in music, drawing, and the other accomplishments. The king was frequently present: the queen superintended the younger children, like an English mother. The two elder princes laboured at Greek and Latin with their tutors, and were by no means spared in consequence of their rank. “How would your majesty wish to have the princes treated?” was said to be Markham’s inquiry of the king. “Like the sons of any private English gentleman,” was the manly and sensible answer—“If they deserve it, let them be flogged: do as you used to do at Westminster.”

The command was adhered to, and the royal culprits acquired their learning by the plebeian mode.

The story is also told, that on the subsequent change of preceptors, the command having been

repeated, Arnald, or one of his assistants, thought proper to inflict a punishment, without taking into due consideration, that the infants whom Markham had disciplined with impunity were now stout boys. However, the Prince and the Duke of York held a little council on the matter, and organised rebellion to the rod: on its next appearance they rushed upon the tutor, wrested his weapons from him, and exercised them with so much activity on his person, that the offence was never attempted again.

Louis the Fourteenth, when, in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction; exclaiming, "Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?" George the Third was determined that no reproach of this nature should rest upon his memory; and probably no private family in the empire were educated with more diligence in study, more attention to religious observances, or more rational respect for their duties to society, than the children of the throne.

This course of education is so fully acknow-

ledged, that it has even been made a charge against the good sense of that excellent man and monarch, as stimulating some of the dissipations of the prince's early life, by the contrast between undue restraint and sudden liberty. Yet the charge is frivolous; the princes were under no restraint but from evil; they had their little sports and companionships; they were even, from time to time, initiated into such portions of court life as might be understood at their age; children's balls were given; the king, who was fond of music, had frequent concerts, at which the royal children were present, forming, from their number and remarkable beauty, by much the most striking portion of the spectacle; and in the numerous celebrations at Kew and Windsor they enjoyed their full share. All their birthdays were kept with great festivity; and August, from its being an auspicious period for the royal family, the month of the Hanover accession, the battle of Minden, and the birth of three of the princes, was almost a continual holiday: prizes were given to the watermen on the Thames, sports were held in Windsor and Kew, and the old English time of both rustic

and royal merriment seemed to have come again.

But, there can be no difficulty in relieving the memory of George the Third from the charge of undue restraint; for nothing can be idler than the theory, that to let loose the passions of the young is to inculcate self-control. Vice is not to be conquered by contagion; and the parent who gives his sons a taste of evil will soon find, that what he gave as a sedative has been swallowed as an intoxication.

The palpable misfortune of the prince was, that on emerging from the palace he had still to learn human character, the most essential public lesson for his rank. Even the virtues of his parents were injurious to that lesson. Through infancy and youth he had seen nothing round him that could give a conception of the infinite heartlessness and artifice, the specious vice, and the selfish profession, that must beset him from his first step into life. A public education might have in some degree opened his eyes to the realities of human nature; for even among boys, some bitter evidence of the hollowness and hypocrisy of life is administered. The prince's

understanding might thus have been early awakened to that salutary caution, which would have cast out before him, naked, if not ashamed, the tribe of flatterers and pretended friends who so suddenly and so long perverted his natural popularity.

Yet there was much in the times to perplex a man of his high station and hazardous opportunities. The habits of society have been since so much changed, that it is difficult to conceive the circumstances of that singular and stirring period. We live in a day of mediocrity in all things. The habits of fifty years ago were, beyond all comparison, those of a more prominent, showy, and popular system. The English nobleman sustained the honours of his rank with a larger display; the English man of fashionable life was more conspicuous in his establishment, in his appearance, and even in his eccentricities: the phaeton, his favourite equipage, was not more unlike the cabriolet, that miserable and creeping contrivance of our day, than his rich dress and cultivated manners were unlike the wretched costume and low fooleries that make the vapid lounge of modern society.

The women of rank, if not wiser nor better than their successors, at least aimed at more conspicuous objects; they threw open their mansions to the intelligent and accomplished minds of their time, and instead of *fête*-ing every foreign coxcomb, who came with no better title to respect than his grimace and his guitar, surrounded themselves with the wits, orators, and scholars of England.

The contrivance of watering-places, too, had not been then adopted as an escape, less from the heats of summer than from the observances of summer hospitality. The great families returned to their country-seats at the close of parliament, and their return was a holiday to the country. They received their neighbours with opulent entertainment; cheered and raised the character of the humbler ranks by their liberality and their example; extinguished the little oppressions, and low propensities to crime, which habitually grow up where the lord is an absentee; and by their mere presence, and in the simple exercise of the natural duties of rank and wealth, were the great benefactors of society. A noble family of that time would no

more have thought of flying from its country neighbours to creep into lodgings at a watering-place, and hide its diminished head among the meagre accommodations and miscellaneous society of a sea-coast village, than it would of burning its title-deeds. The expenses of the French war may have done something of the modern mischief; and the reduced rent-rolls of the nobility may countenance a more limited expenditure. But whether the change have been in matter or mind, in the purse or the spirit, the change is undeniable; and where it is not compelled by circumstances, is contemptible.

The prince was launched into public life in the midst of this high-toned time. But, with an income of 50,000*l.* a year, he was to take the lead of the English nobility, many of them with twice his income, and, of course, free from the heavy incumbrances of an official household. All princes are made to be plundered; and the youth, generosity, and companionship of the prince marked him out for especial plunder. He was instantly fastened on by every glittering profligate who had a debt of honour to dis-

charge, by every foreign marquess who had a *bijou* to dispose of at ten times its value, by every member of the turf who had an unknown Eclipse or Childers in his stables, and by every nameless claimant on his personal patronage or his unguarded finance ; until he fell into the hands of the Jews, who offered him money at fifty per cent. ; and from them into the hands of political Jews, who offered him the national treasury, at a price to which a hundred per cent. was moderation.

At this time the prince was nineteen, as ripe an age as could be desired for ruin ; and in three short years the consummation was arrived at—he was ruined.

The Prince of Wales had now reached the second period of his public life. He had felt the bitterness of contracted circumstances, and the still keener trial of parliamentary appeal. His personal feelings had been but slightly squared in either ; and we can be scarcely surprised at his shrinking from that cabinet in which he had found none but baffled castigators, and attaching himself more closely to that oppo-

sition in which he had found none but successful friends.

It is certain, that few men of his rank had ever been more irritated by the severity of public inquisition into the habits of their lives. Court scandals are at all times precious ; but the power of probing the wounds of princely life was never indulged in more unhesitatingly, for the sake of popular science. The public writers, too, plunged fiercely into the merits on both sides, and

“ By decision more embroiled the fray.”

The newspapers, those formidable scourges of public error, were just beginning to assume their modern influence ; and, like all possessors of unexpected power, their first use of it was to lay on the lash without mercy. Crabbe, then young, tremulously describes the terrors that must have naturally startled the chaplain of a duke at the rise of those flagellators ; though, like all satirists, he overlooks the actual and measureless good in the picturesque evil.

“ But Sunday past, what numbers flourish then,  
What wondrous labours of the press and pen !

Diurnal most, some thrice each week affords,  
Some only once; O, avarice of words!  
When thousand starving minds such manna seek,  
To drop the precious food but once a week!

“Endless it were to sing the powers of all,  
Their names, their numbers, how they rise and fall.  
Like baneful herbs, the gazer's eye they seize,  
Rush to the head, and poison where they please;  
Like summer flies, a busy, buzzing train,  
They drop their maggots in the idler's brain;  
The genial soil preserves the fruitful store,  
And there they grow, and breed a thousand more.

• • • • •

“Nor here th' infectious rage for party stops,  
But flits along from palaces to shops;  
Our weekly journals o'er the land abound  
And spread their plague and influenza round.  
The village, too, the peaceful, pleasant plain,  
Breeds the whig farmer and the tory swain;  
Brook's and St. Alban's boasts not, but instead  
Stares the Red Ram, and swings the Rodney's Head.

“Here clowns delight the weekly news to con,  
And mingle comments as they blunder on;  
To swallow all their varying authors teach,  
To spell a title, and confound a speech.  
One with a muddled spirit quits the News,  
And claims his native licence,—to abuse;  
Then joins the cry, that 'all the courtly race  
Strive but for power, and parley but for place;'

Yet hopes, good man, that all may still be well,  
And thanks his stars—he has a vote to sell.”\*

If the prince had been a man of a harsh and gloomy mind, he had already found matter to qualify him for a Timon. But his experience produced no bitterness against human nature, though it may have urged him into more intimate connexion with the party which promised, at once to protect and to avenge. Long attracted to Fox by the social captivations of that singularly-gifted individual, he now completely joined him as the politician, made friends of his friends, and enemies of his enemies, unfurled the opposition banner, and all but declared himself the head of the great aristocratic combination, which was more than ever resolved to shake the minister upon his throne.

In 1792 † the prince had been introduced to the house of peers, attended by the Dukes of Cumberland, Richmond, Portland, and Lord Lewisham, and had spoken on the Marquess

\* Poem of “The Newspaper,” published in 1784.

† November 11.

of Abercorn's motion for an address on the proclamation for repressing seditious meetings. This speech, much admired for the remarkable grace of its delivery, was in substance, that – "He was educated in the principle, and he should ever preserve it, of a reverence for the constitutional liberties of the people; and as on those liberties the happiness of the people depended, he was determined, as far as his interest could have any force, to support them. The matter at issue was, whether the constitution was or was not to be maintained; whether the wild ideas of theory were to conquer the wholesome maxims of established practice; and whether those laws, under which we had flourished for so long a series of years, were to be subverted by a reform unsanctioned by the people.

"As a person nearly and dearly interested in the welfare, and he would emphatically add, in the happiness and comfort, of the people, it would be treason to the principles of his mind if he did not come forward and declare his disapprobation of those seditious publications which had occasioned the motion now before their lordships: his interest was connected with the interests

of the people; they were so inseparable, that unless both parties concurred, happiness could not exist.

“On this great, this solid basis, he grounded the vote which he meant to give; and that vote should unequivocally be, for a concurrence with the address of the commons.” He concluded by saying, with peculiar effect,—“I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence of the people, and them I never will forsake as long as I live.”

This speech, whether suggested by the Duke of Portland (as was rumoured), or conceived by the prince, was obviously ministerial. But in those days, when the lord of the treasury might in the next month be thundering at the head of its assailants, and in the month after be flinging back their baffled bolts from the secure height of ministerial power; when in one month he might be the rebellious Titan, and in the next the legitimate Jove, the waving of whose curls shook the Olympus of Downing-street from its summit to its base; the rapid changes of administration made party allegiance curiously fugitive. Before the worshipper had

time to throw himself at the foot of the altar, the idol was often gone, and another was in possession – before the cargo of fealty could reach the port, the port was often in dust and ashes, or a hostile ensign waved upon its walls. North, Pitt, Shelburne, Fox, and Rockingham, successively mastered the treasury bench, from session to session, until government had begun to be looked on as only a more serious masquerade, where every man might assume every character in turn, and where the change of dress was the chief difference between the Grand Turk and his buffoon.

The prince was now the great political prize. From the hour when he was first shewn behind his gilded lattice, at St. James's, to the people, he had been the popular hope. The king's early illness, which made it probable that the heir might soon be the master of the crown, had fixed the public interest still more anxiously upon him, and the successive cabinets felt the full importance of his name: but now the whole advantage was on the side of opposition. England had never before seen such a phalanx armed against a minister. A crowd of men of the highest natural

talents, of the most practised ability, and of the first public weight in birth, fortune, and popularity, were nightly arrayed against administration, sustained by the solitary eloquence of the young Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Yet Pitt was not careless of followers. He was more than once even charged with sedulously gathering round him a host of subaltern politicians, whom he might throw forward as skirmishers,—or sacrifices, which they generally were. Powis, describing the “forces led by the right hon. gentleman on the treasury bench,” said, in this sense,—“the first detachment may be called his body-guard, who shoot their little arrows against those who refuse allegiance to their chief.”\* This light infantry were, of course, soon scattered when the main battle joined. But Pitt, a son of the aristocracy, was an aristocrat in all his nature, and he loved to see young men of family round him; some were chosen for their activity, if not for their force; and some, probably, from personal liking. In the latter period of his career, his train was swelled by a more influential and pro-

\* Wraxall's Memoirs.

ming race of political worshippers, among whom were Lord Mornington, since Marquess Wellesley; Ryder, since Lord Harrowby; and Wilberforce, undignified by title, but possessing an influence which, perhaps, he valued more. The minister's chief agents in the house of commons were Mr. Grenville (since Lord Grenville) and Dundas.

Yet, among those men, whether of birth or business, what rival could be found to the popular leaders on the opposite side of the house,—to Burke, Sheridan, Grey, Windham, or to Fox, that

" Prince and chief of many throned powers,  
Who led th' embattled seraphim to war."

Without adopting the bitter remark of the Duke de Montausier to Louis the Fourteenth, in speaking of Versailles:—" Vous avez beau faire, sire, vous n'en ferez jamais qu'un favori sans mérite," it was impossible to deny the inferiority of the ministerial followers on all the great points of public impression. A debate in that day was one of the highest intellectual treats: there was always some new and vigorous feature in the display on both sides; some striking

effort of imagination, of masterly reasoning, or, at least, of that fine sophistry, in which, as was said of the vices of the French noblesse, half the evil was atoned by the elegance. The ministerialists sarcastically pronounced that, in every debate, Burke said something which no one else ever said; Sheridan, something which no one else ever ought to say; and Fox, something which no one else would ever dare to say. But the world, fairer in its decision, did justice to their extraordinary powers; and found in the Asiatic amplitude and splendour of Burke; in Sheridan's alternate subtlety and strength, reminding it at one time of Attic dexterity, and another, of the uncalculating boldness of barbarism; and in Fox's matchless English self-possession, unaffected vigour, and overflowing sensibility, a perpetual source of admiration.

Yet it was in the intercourses of social life that the superiority of opposition was most incontestible. Pitt's life was in the senate: his true place of existence was on the benches of that ministry which he conducted with such unparalleled ability and success: he was, in the fullest sense of the phrase, a public man; and his in-

dulgences, in the few hours which he could spare from the business of office, were more like the necessary restoratives of a frame already shattered, than the easy gratifications of a man of society. On this principle we can safely account for the common charge of his propensity to wine. He found it essential, to relieve a mind and body exhausted by the perpetual pressure of affairs; wine was his medicine, and it was drunk in total solitude, or with a few friends from whom the minister had no concealment. Over his wine the speeches for the night were often concerted; and when the dinner was done, the table council broke up, only to finish the night in the house.

The secret history of those symposia might still clear up some of the problems which once exceedingly perplexed politicians. On one occasion, Pitt's silence on a motion brought forward by the present Earl Grey, with great expectation and some effect, excited no less surprise, than its being replied to by Dundas, whose warfare was generally subordinate. The clubs next day were in a fever of conjecture on this

apparent surrender of a supremacy, of which the minister was supposed to be peculiarly jealous.

The mystification lasted until long after; when Dundas laughingly acknowledged that, on the night before the debate, Pitt and some of their immediate friends had been amusing themselves after dinner with imaginary speeches for opposition; he himself had made a burlesque speech for the motion, and Pitt enjoyed the idea so highly, that he insisted on his replying to the mover in the house, saying, “that by the law of parliament, nobody could be so fit to make a speech *against*, as he who had made a speech *for*; and that his only chance of escaping the charge of being a proselyte was, by being an assailant.” When the debate came on, Dundas had waited for the minister’s rising, as usual; but, to his surprise, he found that Pitt was determined to keep up the jest, and compel him, *malgré, bongré*, to speak. There was no resource; Pitt was immovable; and the festive orator, to his considerable embarrassment, was forced to lead.

But wine, if a pleasant associate, is prover-

bially a dangerous master; and an after-dinner frolic is mentioned as having nearly cost the minister his life. Returning, past midnight, with his friends to Wimbledon, from Mr. Jenkinson's, at Croydon, they found one of the turnpike gates open; and, whether from the natural pleasure of baffling a turnpike-man, or of cheating the king, the party put spurs to their horses and galloped through. Those sportive personages were no less than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, and the Treasurer of the Navy—Pitt, Thurlow, and Dundas. The gate-keeper called after them in vain; until deciding, from their haste, and there having been rumours of robberies on the road, that they were three highwaymen, he summarily took the law into his own hands, and discharged a blunderbuss at their backs. However, their speed, or his being unaccustomed to shoot ministers flying, saved them; and they had to suffer from nothing but those "paper bullets of the brain" which Benedict so much despised. Of those they had many a volley. The Rolliad thus commemorated the adventure:—

“ Ah, think what danger on debauch attends !  
Let Pitt o'er wine preach temperance to his friends,  
How, as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,  
His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne,  
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,  
Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood.”

But those were rare condescensions to society in the premier. From remaining unmarried, he was without an establishment; for the attempt which he made to form one, with his fantastic relative Lady Hester Stanhope at its head, soon wearied him, and he escaped from it to the easier hospitality of Mr. Dundas; whose wife, Lady Jane, was a woman of remarkable intelligence, and much valued by Pitt. His official dinners were generally left to the management of Steele, one of the secretaries of the treasury.

But with Fox all was the bright side of the picture. His extraordinary powers defied dissipation. No public man of England ever mingled so much personal pursuit of every thing in the form of indulgence with so much parliamentary activity. From the dinner he went to the debate, from the debate to the gaming-table, and returned to his bed by day-

light, freighted with parliamentary applause, plundered of his last disposable guinea, and fevered with sleeplessness and agitation, to go through the same round within the next twenty-four hours. He kept no house; but he had the houses of all his party at his disposal, and that party were the most opulent and sumptuous of the nobility. Cato and Antony were not more unlike, than the public severity of Pitt and the native and splendid dissoluteness of Fox.

They were unlike in all things. Even in such slight peculiarities as their manner of walking into the House of Commons, the contrast was visible. From the door Pitt's countenance was that of a man who felt that he was coming into his high place of business. "He advanced up the floor with a quick, firm step; with the head erect and thrown back, looking to neither the right nor the left, nor favouring with a glance or a nod any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many of the highest would have been gratified by such a mark of recognition."\* Fox's entrance was

\* Wrexall.

lounging or stately, as it might happen, but always good-humoured ; he had some pleasantries to exchange with every body, and until the moment when he rose to speak, continued gaily talking with his friends.

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As the royal residences were all occupied by the king, or the younger members of the royal family, the prince was forced to find a country seat for himself ; and he selected Brighton, then scarcely more than a little fishing village, and giving no conception of the sea-side London that it has since become. Our national rage for covering every spot of the land with brick, and blotting out the sky with the smoke of cities linked to cities, had not then become epidemic ; and Brighton, in all its habits, was as far removed from London as Inverness ; but its distance, not above a morning's drive for the rapid charioteering of his royal highness, made it eligible ; and at Brighton he purchased a few acres, and began to build.

Probably no man has ever begun this operation without having the prince's tale to tell. Walpole advised a man never to lay the first stone

until he had settled his children, buried his wife, and hoarded three times the amount of the estimate. There is no royal road to building; and the prince soon found, that he must undergo the common lot of all who tempt their fate with architecture.

His first work was a cottage in a field. The cottage was a pretty and picturesque little fabric, in a small piece of ground, where a few shrubs and roses shut out the road, and the eye looked unobstructed over the ocean. But visitors naturally came, and the cottage was found to be too small. The prince's household and visitors gradually increased, and there was then no resource but in a few additional apartments. It was at last found that those repeated improvements were deformities, and that their cost would be better employed in making a complete change.

From this change grew the present Pavilion; the perpetual ridicule of tourist wit; and certainly unsuited in style to its present encumbered and narrow site. But, if no man is a hero to his valet de chambre, no man is a prince to his architect. Whatever be his repugnance,

he is bound hand and foot by the dictator of taste; is accountable for nothing, but the rashness of surrendering himself at discretion; and has thenceforth nothing to do, but to bear the public pleasantries as patiently as he may, and consider how he shall pay his bill.

Yet the happiest hours of the prince's life were spent in this cottage. Still, it is not for men of his condition to expect the quiet of an humbler and perhaps a more fortunate situation,—the happy, honied lapse of years occupied only in cultivating the favourite tastes or the gentle affections of the human heart. He was too important to the public, in all senses of the word, to be suffered to enjoy the "*jucunda oblivia*," which every man of common sense feels to be among his best privileges. He was too essential to the great competitors for power; to the dependent tribe, who look upon the purse of princes as their own; and even to the general eagerness of the populace for royal anecdote, to be left unmolested in any retreat, however remote or however secluded. His best quiet was only that of the centre of a vortex; and he was scarcely suffered to make the experiment of

case, when the question of the Regency led, or rather flung, him into that tumult of conflicting interests from which he was destined never to emerge.

His royal highness had joined the Foxites almost at the commencement of his public life. The captivation of Fox's manners, the freedom from restraint which he found in the society of which Fox was the idol, and the actual elegance and high life of the whig circle, were probably the chief sources of his choice. For what could be the *politics* of a handsome boy of nineteen, living in a perpetual round of entertainments, with nothing to take care of but his beauty, and with all the world saying flattering things to him, and himself saying flattering things to all the world? But, once fairly in the harness of party, the only difficulty was, to keep him from overturning the machine by his eagerness.

In the debates on the celebrated India bill, which Fox called the pyramid of the British power, but which he might more justly have called the mausoleum of his own, the Prince of Wales made himself conspicuous to a degree,

which brought down strong charges on his friends, and which certainly embarrassed North and Fox, already almost overborne by national displeasure. It was remarked, on the prince's frequent presence in the House of Commons during this perilous discussion, that "if the great personage in question, not content with merely listening to the debates, should, on any occasion, testify by his behaviour or gesticulation, while in the house, a predilection or partiality for any set of men, such marks of his preference would be unbecoming, and might operate as a means of influence." Lord North delicately defended the practice by a panegyric on the prince's "eminent abilities," and by expressing his personal gratification in seeing "a prince to whom the country must look up as its hope, thus practically becoming acquainted with the nature of this limited government, rather than taking up the hearsay of the hour, or looking for his knowledge to flatterers.

Fox, with his usual boldness, dashed out at once into lofty invective on the charges, as "pernicious and ridiculous alike, adopted by men no less the enemies of free discussion in that house,

than the calumniators of the motives of a distinguished personage, whose whole spirit was honour."—"Was," said he "the mind which might, at any hour, by the common chances of mortality, be summoned to the highest duties allotted to man, to be left to learn them by accident? Was he to be sent to discover the living spirit of the constitution in the dust of libraries, or in the unintelligible compilations of black-letter law; or to receive it from the authority of the politicians, *pious* or otherwise, who had doled out doctrines to the house, which the house and the country, he believed, had heard with equal astonishment, however popular they might be in the inquisition, or perhaps in the conventicle? For his part, he rejoiced to see that distinguished personage disdaining to use the privileges of his rank, and keep aloof from the debates of that house. He rejoiced to see him manfully coming among them, to imbibe a knowledge of the constitution within the walls of the commons of England. He, for his part, saw nothing in the circumstances which had called down so much volunteer eloquence and

unnecessary reprobation, but a ground for praise, an evidence of the British mind of that high personage, and a practical pledge to the free institutions of the country.”

The member alluded to as the conventicle orator was Sir Richard Hill, (brother of the preacher;) who had indulged himself in the foolish and indecorous habit of introducing Scripture phraseology into his speeches,—a habit by which, without increasing any man’s respect for the Scriptures, he naturally brought his own oratory into constant ridicule. Sir Richard was often thus more troublesome to his friends than to his enemies. One evening, in contrasting Pitt’s influence at St. James’s with Fox’s full-blown power in the house, he burst upon the astonished audience with the information, that “the honest Israelite, Mordecai, repaired privately to court, and averted the danger which threatened the people from Haman’s ambition; who, being driven from the *cabinet*, was finally suspended from a gibbet.”

The comparison with the *Israelite*, intended as a matchless compliment to Pitt, was received

by him without a smile ; and he was probably the only man in the house whose countenance did not wear one.

The Rolliad, which spared none on the ministerial side, naturally delighted in such a victim,—

“ Brother of Rowland ! or, if yet more dear  
Sounds thy new title, cousin of a peer ;  
Scholar of various learning, good and evil,  
Anke what Heaven inspired, and what the devil ;  
Speaker well skilled, what no man reads to write,  
Sleep-giving poet of a sleepless night ;  
Polemic, politician, saint, and wit,  
Now lashing Madan, now defending Pitt ;  
Thy praise shall live till time itself be o’er,  
‘ Friend of King George, but of King Jesus more.’ ”

The last line was verbally one of Sir Richard’s declarations. The critical knife was again plunged deep:—

• • • • •

“ His reverend jokes see pious Richard cut.  
Let meaner talents from the Bible draw  
Their faith, their morals these, and those their law.  
His lively genius finds in holy writ  
A richer mine of unsuspected wit ;  
What never Jew, what never Christian taught,  
What never fired one sectary’s heated thought,  
What not even Rowland dreamed, he saw alone,

And to the wondering senate first made known  
How bright o'er mortal jokes the Scriptures shine."

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To Fox the prince's connexion was a tower of strength; for it partially discountenanced the rumours, that in his fall he had abandoned more than place, and was embittered not only against his successful antagonists, but against the laws and the throne. As Pope replied to Prince Frederic, on being asked, "how he contrived to feel so much regard for princes, and so little for kings," that "he was afraid of the full-grown lion, but could play with it before its teeth and claws were come;" Fox might have liked, or loved, the heir of the monarchy, however indignant at the grasp of the monarch himself. But his association with the prince may have done even more than assisted his public name. In the proverbial madness of ambition, the contumacious temper of the time, and the angry workings of utter defeat upon a powerful and impassioned mind, there was formidable temptation to the great demagogue.

Too generous and too lofty in his habits to

stoop to vulgar conspiracy; perhaps, alike too abhorrent of blood, and too fond of his ease, to have exhibited the reckless vigour, or endured the long anxieties, or wrapt up his mystery in the profound concealment of a Catiline, he had all the qualities that might have made a Caius Gracchus—the eloquence, the ingenuousness of manner, the republican simplicity of life, and the shewy and specious zeal of popularity in all its forms. Fox would have made the first of tribunes. He unquestionably possessed the means, at that period, to have become the most dangerous subject of England.

Fox's life is a memorable lesson to the pride of talents. With every kind of public ability, every kind of public opportunity, and an unceasing and indefatigable determination to be at the summit in all things, his whole life was a succession of disappointments. It has been said, that, on commencing his parliamentary course, he declared that there were three objects of his ambition, and that he would attain them all:—that he should be the most popular man in England, the husband of the handsomest woman, and prime minister! He *did* attain

them all; but in what diminished and illusory degree; how the “juggling fiend kept the promise to the ear, and broke it to the hope,” is long since known. He was the most popular man in England, if the Westminster electors were the nation; his marriage secured him beauty, if it secured him nothing else; and his premiership lasted just long enough for him to appear at the levee. In a life of fifty-eight years, Fox’s whole existence as a cabinet minister was but nineteen months; while Pitt, ten years his junior, and dying at forty-seven, passed almost his whole life, from his entrance into parliament, at the head of the country.

. The public and parliamentary language of the time was contemptuous of all government. Junius had set the example, by insulting, not only the throne, but the personal feelings of the sitter on the throne. Going beyond the audacity of Cromwell, who desperately declared that, “if he saw the king opposite to him in the field, he would fire his carbine into his bosom as soon as into any other man’s,” Junius adopted the joint atrocity and insolence of Horne Tooke, who had declared, that “he would fire

it into the king's bosom *sooner* than into any other man's." English libel had, till then, assailed only the public life of royalty; Junius was the subtle traitor who dropped poison into the cup at its table. The ability of the writer is undoubted; but its uses deprive it of all the higher admiration due to the exercise of ability in an honest cause. The remorseless and malignant venom of this political serpent destroys all our praise of its force and beauty. While the school of Junius continued to be the model of English political writing, a ceaseless perversion was festering the public sense of truth, justice, and honour.

Perhaps the safety of the constitution at that hour was owing to that personal character on which the whole host of libel turned all their artillery. A king jealous of his authority would have haughtily avenged it by a stretch of his power; a vindictive king would have fiercely torn away the covering from his libellers, and in lashing them have hazarded blows at higher interests; an ambitious king would have grasped at the opportunity always offered by popular licence to royal aggression, have raised against

the mob barriers from which he might afterwards menace the nation ; and have more than retaliated as a tyrant, all that he had suffered as a victim.

But George the Third confided his quarrel to his virtues ; he saw deeper than the ostentatious sagacity of those declaimers, into the true character of the people ; he knew that those “yeasty waves” of sedition were passing and superficial things ; that the time must come when the depth and breadth of the public mind would find its level, and be open to the light ; and in pious and manly resignation he awaited his time.

The failure of the American war finally centered upon the king the whole weight of party obloquy. Lord North, terrified at his own responsibility, instead of standing before the throne, flung himself at its feet, and exhibited the repulsive spectacle of a first minister without resource in himself or in his friends ; first exhausting the royal means by his struggle for power, and then encumbering the royal person by his weakness. But if we must disdain the clamour of party for the cause of America,

with what feeling shall we listen to the language of the great senatorial authorities for its loss? History never gave a sterner rebuke to political foresight. "What," said Lord Chatham, in the famous speech which he almost died uttering; "what is to be the compensation for the thirteen colonies? Where are we to look for it? I never will consent to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man who *dares* advise such a measure?" With this statesman the loss was fatal.

The sentiment branded itself on the reputation of all the leading public men.

"When I hear," said Lord George Germaine, "the topic of abandoning the colonies calmly proposed, I own my astonishment; I own that I cannot comprehend the proposal; I see in it only national ruin. I own I have not that philosophic equanimity, that more than political nerve, which can contemplate without shuddering the opening of a gulf into which all that is valuable in the British empire must inevitably be merged. I must pause, I must tremble, when I stand on its edge; for it is my firm belief, that from the moment of acknowledg-

ing the independence of America, England is *ruined*."

Lord Shelburne, a minister not celebrated for rashly giving way to his feelings, exceeded, if possible, the melancholy prophecies of Chatham and Germaine. Even when first lord of the treasury,\* and with all the restrictions of official speech, he could glow on this subject, and ominously pronounce, that,—“in whatever year, in whatever hour, the British parliament should lose the sovereignty of the thirteen colonies, *the sun of England's glory was for ever set*. He had hoped that there would be some reserve for national safety, if not for national honour; that a spark at least would be left, which might light us up in time to a new day. But if independence were once conceded, if parliament considered that measure to be advisable, he, for his part, must avow his belief; he foresaw, in his own mind, that *England was undone!*"

Such was the wisdom of the wise; or rather, such was at once the blindness, which could not see that the growing patronage of the colonies

• April, 1778.

might speedily have given a designing minister a power deadly to a free constitution; that colonies, which in our negligence we had suffered to be filled with every shape of religious schism, the inevitable parent of every shape of political discontent, were a dominion which no authority three thousand miles off could safely administer; and that their whole speculation exhibited only the narrow and ungrateful disregard of those immeasurable means of strength, happiness, and national stability which Providence has lavished on Great Britain. Such is the caution with which men of public weight should form their judgments. The headlong language of those powerful men degraded their wisdom; it did more, it endangered their country. Who can be surprised that opinions thus inculcated by the gravest names of politic council, voices that came like oracles, should have sunk deep into the popular bosom? A bitter repugnance to every act of the throne was rapidly engendered, thoughts of a general change began to be familiar, and the language of the principal members of opposition

assumed a tone, at whose violence we can now only wonder. Dunning, though a lawyer, and at an age not likely to be inflamed by enthusiasm; the keen, cold man of jurisprudence, actually moved, in the House of Commons, that the power of dissolving parliament should be taken from the crown; his motion being, that\* “the parliament should not be dissolved, nor the session prorogued, until proper measures were adopted for diminishing the influence of the crown, and correcting the other evils complained of in the petitions.” Fox carried his extravagances still further; and coming hot from the contact of the Corresponding Society, and full of the popular grievance of seeing a body of soldiers placed to protect the members of the house from insult; unhesitatingly declared, that “if the soldiery were to be thus let loose on the assemblages of the people, the people who attended them *must go armed*.” Mirabeau’s rebel declaration in the national assembly, that, “if the king desired the French deputies to retire, it

\* April, 1780.

must be at the point of the bayonet," the watchword of the republic, was scarcely more defying than this insolent menace to the constitution.

But the better genius of England prevailed. The empire shrank from the hideous worship of the devil of revolution. Even Fox soon felt himself reluctant to pass at once from the princely banquet to the obscene riot of the democratic carousal. He grew weary alike of the furious fondness and the irrational hate of the populace; his angry temperament cooled, his natural tastes were restored, and long before the close of his life, Fox was, what he had begun, the high aristocrat by habit, by association, and by nature. He still continued member for Westminster, and he paid its penalty, in his periodic humiliations. But if he wore the robes of the worship, he abandoned the fanaticism; he no longer menaced the institutions of England with the fierce fervour of his old prophecies of evil; he no more shook against the throne the brand snatched from the revolutionary altar; he no longer poured out his mad libation to the "sovereignty of the people." If he still went through the established ceremonial; the mo-

ment it was done, he cast aside the tarnished vestments, and hastened to be the companion of nobles and princes again.

The society at the Pavilion was remarkably attractive. No prince in Europe passed so much of his time in society expressly chosen by himself. Intelligent conversation is the great charm of man ; the simplest, yet most effectual and delightful, mode of at once resting and invigorating the mind, whether wearied by study or depressed by fortune. Next to the power of extensive benevolence, there is no privilege of princes which humbler life may be so much justified in desiring, as their power of collecting accomplished minds from the whole range of the community. The Prince of Wales availed himself largely of this privilege. It happened that English society at this period singularly abounded with men of conspicuous ability. To his royal highness, of course, all were accessible ; and though his associates were chiefly men of rank or of high political name, yet talents, grace of manners, and conversational brilliancy, were still the principle of selection.

Frederic the Great had attempted to draw round him a circle of this kind. But he chose ill; for he chose dependents, and those Frenchmen. His own habits were querulous and supercilious; and as the fashions of royalty are quickly adopted by its associates, Frederic's *coterie* was in a state of perpetual warfare. No man in a state of perfect idleness can be satisfied with his life; and the Frenchmen, at length, had nothing to do but to quarrel, invent royal scandals, and yawn.

Thiebault, one of the chosen dwellers in the paradise of Sans Souci, tells us, that their only occupation from morning till night was conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*, through all persons, moods, and tenses. Frederic treated them like monkeys in a cage; came in from the council or the parade to amuse himself for the half-hour with looking at their tricks and their visages; then turned on his heel, left them to the eternal weariness of their prison, and went about the business of the world. The Frenchmen at last slipped, one by one, out of this gilded menagerie; ran off to Paris, the only spot where a Frenchman can live; and libelled

the royal wit and infidel with a pungency and a profligacy even superior to his own—the whole fruit of the experiment being, that they turned the “Grand Frederic” into a public laugh in every corner of Europe beyond the lash of his drum-majors.

Frederic, Prince of Wales, the grandfather of his late majesty, had also attempted to collect a familiar and literary society round him. But the attempt was a reluctant one, and it naturally failed. It had been Lyttleton’s suggestion as a source of popularity; and it humiliated Thomson and Mallet, by making them pensioners on an individual. Authorship, to be worthy of public honour, cannot shrink too sensitively from personal protection. The past age scandalized the natural rank of genius. But a wiser, because a more dignified, feeling now prevails among men of literary name. They appeal only to the public, and honourably disdain to stoop to the degradation of any patronage, below that of the country and the throne.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PRINCE'S FRIENDS.

THE prince's table afforded the display of men too independent by both their place in society, and their consciousness of intellectual power, to feel themselves embarrassed by the presence of superior rank. Hare, Jekyll, Fitzpatrick, Erskine, with the great parliamentary leaders, were constant guests; and the round was varied by the introduction of celebrated foreigners, and other persons capable of adding to the interest of the circle.

Hare, "the Hare and many friends," as he was called by the clever Duchess of Gordon, in allusion to Gay's fable, and his own universal favouritism; was then at the head of conversational fame. Like Johnson's objection to

Topham Beauclerk; "Sir, a man cannot dine with him and preserve his self-applause; Sir, no man who gives a dinner should so overwhelm his guests;" Hare's chief fault was even said to be his superabundant pleasantry; a talent which suffered nothing among his friends or enemies to escape, yet which had the rare good fortune of being pointed without ceasing to be playful.

Some of the sayings of the circle are still remembered. But if they are given here in the miscellaneous and accidental order of their transpiring in the chances of society, it is by no means without a sufficient feeling, that the repetition of a *bon-mot* can seldom give more than a proof of the fading nature of pleasantry. In wit, the manner is always much, sometimes all. The promptness of the idea, the circumstances, the company, even the countenance, are essential to its poignancy. But the revived pleasantry is a portrait drawn from the dust, the originals of whose features have passed away—the amusement of a masquerade, when we have nothing of the masquerade left but the mask and the robe. If actors "come like

shadows, so depart," the fame of wits is so much more fugitive; that it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that the security of their fame depends on the speed of our consigning all its specimens to oblivion. Selwyn was the wit *par excellence* of his day, and so paramount, that he turns even Horace Walpole into a worshipper—Walpole, himself a wit, and as full of the keenest venom, and the smallest ambition, as any man who ever prostrated himself to a court, and libelled it. Yet Selwyn's best sayings are now remarkable for scarcely more than their stiffness, their sulkiness, or their want of decorum. They are stamped with bald, dry antiquity; and seem perfectly worthy of the fate which has, a second time in our age, sent the skeleton to the grave.

The merit of Hare's *jeux-d'esprit* was their readiness and their oddity.—Fox, after the fall of the Coalition, coming to dinner at the Pavilion just as he had returned from London, and apologizing for appearing in his *dishabille*, and without powder,—

"Oh," said Hare, "make no apology; our

great guns are *discharged*, and now we may all do without *powder*."

"Pleasant news, this, from America," said he, meeting General Fitzpatrick on the first intelligence of Burgoyne's defeat. The general doubted, and replied, "that he had just come from the secretary-of-state's office without hearing anything of it." "Perhaps so," said Hare, "but take it from me as a *flying* rumour."

Fox's negligence of his fortune had induced his friends to look for a wife for him among the great heiresses. Miss Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath, was fixed upon; and Fox, though probably without any peculiar inclination to the match, paid his court for a while. A seat was frequently left for him beside the lady, and he made his attentions rather conspicuous during Hastings' trial. Some one observed to Hare the odd contrast between Fox's singularly dark complexion, and Miss Pulteney's pale face and light hair. "What a strange sort of children they will make," was

the observation. "Why, *duns*, to be sure," replied Hare; "cream-coloured bodies with black manes and tails."

Fox was more celebrated for fulness of conversation, for the outpouring of an abundant mind, than for piquancy of phrase. His animation was unequal, and there were periods when a stranger might have pronounced him even taciturn. But those times were generally brief; a sudden influx of ideas would seem to fertilize his mind, and he then overbore everything by the richness and variety of his conceptions. Yet the chief remembrances of Fox in private society are some little poems, thrown off with the carelessness of the moment, and deriving their principal value from his name.

The Duchess of Devonshire once applied to him for a charade. "On what subject?" said Fox. "The happiest of all subjects—myself," was the laughing reply. Fox took his pencil, and on the back of a letter wrote the lines, so often since made the property of wits and lovers in distress:

My *first* is myself in a very short word,  
My *second's* a plaything,  
And *you* are my *third*.                      *Idol*.

His lines on the Rose are pretty and pathetic :

The rose, the sweetly-blooming rose,  
Ere from the tree 'tis torn,  
Is like the charm which beauty shews  
In life's exulting morn.

But ah ! how soon its sweets are gone,  
The rose-bud withering lies ;  
So, long ere life's pale eve comes on,  
The flower of beauty dies.

But, since the fairest heaven e'er made  
Soon withering we shall find,  
Be thine, sweet girl, what ne'er shall fade,  
The *beauties* of the *mind*.

The well-known lines on Poverty, and on Mrs. Crewe, are of a higher order. But all those things are trifles which might be produced by any pen, and which can be given only as instances of the occasional lightness of a grave and powerful mind. Fox's triumphs were all parliamentary. But his conversation, when he was "i' the vein," is always spoken of

as leaving us only to regret that so little of it is recoverable.

One evening, at Devonshire House, some remark happening to be made on the skill of the French in emblems, the duchess playfully said, "that it would be impossible to find an emblem for *her*." Several attempts were made with various success. The duchess still declared herself dissatisfied. At length Fox took up a cluster of grapes and presented it to her, with the motto, "*Je plais jusqu'à l'ivresse*;" his superiority was acknowledged by acclamation.

Burke was contending, in his usual enthusiastic manner, for the possibility of raising Italy to her former rank; and instanced, that several nations which had sunk under the sword had risen again. Fox argued, that her ruin was irretrievable, and that the very tardiness and tranquillity of her decay made restoration hopeless. "The man," said he, "who breaks his bones by being flung from a precipice may have them mended by his surgeon;

but what hope is there, when they have dissolved away in the grave?"

A high official personage, since dead, notorious for his parsimony, and peculiarly for his reluctance to contribute to charitable institutions, was seen at a charity sermon for some school, in which Fox and Sheridan were accidentally interested. How far the sermon had acted on this noble person's liberality became a question over the table. "He gave his pound," said Fox. "Impossible!" said Sheridan, "the rack could not have forced such a sum from him." "But I *saw* him give it," said Fox. "Yes, and I saw him too, but I did not believe it," said Sheridan.

Gibbon, one of the most fastidious of men, and disposed by neither party nor personal recollections to be enamoured of Fox, describes his conversation as admirable. They met at Lausanne, spent a whole day without other company, "and talked the whole day." The test was sufficiently long, under any circumstances; but Gibbon declares that Fox never

flagged; his animation and variety of topic were inexhaustible.

Major Doyle, the late Gen. Sir John Doyle, who, after a course of renown in the field and the senate, continued the life of his circle, and abounded to the last in the spirit and pleasantry of his early years, was, for a long period, private secretary to the prince. The choice had nothing to do with politics or English connexions, for Doyle was an Irishman and a stranger, or known only by his character for wit and eloquence in the Irish parliament, where he had attained a high rank in the opposition. The prince met him in the crowd of an enormous London rout, was struck with his gay intelligence, and invited him at the moment to accompany a large party who were going to spend the week at the Pavilion. There the first impression was so fully confirmed, that he offered him the private secretaryship, and Doyle was thenceforth one of the stars of the Brighton galaxy. It was an honour to this distinguished gentleman and soldier, that neither time nor circumstance had worn away his feelings for

his royal friend; to whom, on all occasions, he unequivocally and eloquently gave the tribute of having been one of the most attractive and accomplished men whom he ever met, in the range of a life spent in the best society of Europe; as the most open-hearted of human beings, during the entire period of their intercourse; as possessing a remarkable degree of knowledge, even on military subjects; and, on the whole, as gifted with acquirements and abilities, which, if the field for their exertion had been opened at the commencement of his public life, must have placed the Prince of Wales among the most popular individuals who ever inherited the British throne.

The charges of those sudden checks to familiarity which have been subsequently laid against him; if they were not founded more in the angry presumption of those who made them, than the caprice of him who might have had no other means of repulsing unworthy society; seem to have had no existence at this period. The table was free and equal; the prince enjoyed his jest, and bore its reply; and perhaps at no table in England was there more

ease, liveliness, or freedom from the royal frown that looks subjects into silence, than in the cottage of the future king.

On the king's opening the session of parliament, the prince had gone in state, a military uniform with diamond epaulettes. At dinner Doyle came in late, and, to the prince's inquiry, "whether he had seen the procession?" answered, "that he had been among the mob, who prodigiously admired his royal highness's equipage." "And did they say nothing else?" asked the prince, who was at this time a good deal talked of, from his embarrassments.

"Yes. One fellow, looking at your epaulette, said, 'Tom, what an amazing fine thing the prince has got on his shoulders!' 'Ay,' answered the other, 'fine enough, and fine as it is, it will soon be *on our shoulders*.'" The prince paused a moment, then looked Doyle in the face, and laughing, said, "Ah! I know where that hit came from, you rogue; that could be nobody's but yours. Come, take some wine."

Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, was a

frequent guest at the Pavilion, and all his recollections of it were panegyrical. He said, and that at a time when his intercourse with courts, and nearly with life, was at an end; that, considered as a test of colloquial liveliness and wit, he had never met anything superior to the prince's table, and that the prince himself was among the very first there; that he had never met any man who kept him more on the *qui vive*; and "that if his own habits might have given him a little more practice, the prince 'fairly kept up at saddle-skirts with him.'"

Among the adventures to which the prince's unrestricted style of life exposed him, he was once robbed; not by his friends, or his household, for that seems to have been the daily occurrence with, at least, the lower ranks of both; but by those professional collectors of the streets who, fifty years ago, made a midnight walk in London as perilous as a journey in Arabia. The prince and the Duke of York had remained till a late hour at one of the St. James's Street clubs, where the duke had played, and, by an unusual fortune with that honest and open cha-

racter, had won a considerable sum. The royal brothers got into a hackney coach, and were driving down Hayhill, when the coach was suddenly stopped, the doors were thrown back, and the robbers, masked, presented their pistols. Resistance would have been idle. But the prince had a diamond watch of great value, which he cleverly slipped under the cushion, and thus saved: the duke was obliged to refund all his winnings; and the robbers were so well satisfied with their prize, that they forgot the prince's purse, closed the doors, and wished them a good night. The coach had evidently been followed from the club-house, and, it was strongly suspected, by some of the gamesters themselves.

The leading barristers, Erskine, Adam, Ponsoby, Curran, and others, were frequent guests at the Pavilion. The society of those accomplished men speaks not slightly for the intellect that could have enjoyed their company; and innumerable anecdotes might be told of their intercourse.

Erskine, always animated, full of conversation, and sportive, was then in the flower of his

fame. Led by his original propensities to take the side of the whigs, and personally attracted by Fox, Erskine had embraced party with a vividness natural to his character, and a sincerity new to his profession. No man, within memory, had so rapidly mastered the difficulties of rising at the bar. His singular eloquence, boldness, and fervour, broke down the barriers of that most jealous and repulsive of all professions; and, from the moment of his appearing, he was visibly marked for the highest success. He less solicited popularity, than was carried on its shoulders up to fame and fortune. The Dean of St. Asaph's case, the trials of Keppel, Hardy, and a succession of others, made him the idol at once of the people and the bar. By the power given to genius alone, of impressing its own immortality on all that it touches; he turned the dry details of law into great intellectual and historic records, exalted the concerns of private individuals into monuments of national freedom; and raised, on common and temporary topics, some of the richest trophies of forensic eloquence in any age or nation.

Erskine, by the result of those extraordinary

displays, was a benefactor to the whole state—to the crown, the government, and the people. The times were disturbed, in both the earlier and later periods of those great orations. In the former, the people were agitated by fears of the crown; in the latter, the crown was made jealous by fears of the people; prerogative in the one instance, and revolution in the other, were the terrors on both sides. The success of Erskine's eloquent appeals to the law relieved both,—he shewed the people that they had a sure defence in the last extremity; and by thus quieting their alarms, he gradually quieted the alarms of the crown. By exalting the law, he gave both king and people a common security. He proved that revolutionary principles were but on the surface, that the depths of the soil were of the same ancient and generous mould, and that the worst evil of the day was but the admixture of a few weeds foreign to the clime, and certain to be soon over-grown and extinguished by the native loyalty of England.

With the usual fate of lawyers, Erskine added nothing to his legal distinctions by his appearance in parliament. Locke, in his chapter on

the association of ideas, speaks of a man who, having learned to dance in a chamber where his trunk lay, could never afterwards dance where that trunk was not present to inspire his agility. Something of this fetter, perhaps, clings to all men long accustomed to an effort, mental or bodily, in a peculiar place. The barrister, divested of the array of judge, jury, counsel, and constables, often loses the sources of his oratory; the props of his invention are stricken from under him; the spring-wells of his fancy are dried up; the landscape, adust as it is, on which his eye fixed with the delight of a life of litigation, inspires his periods no more. He is the Arab of the desert; his hand may be against every man, and every man's hand against his: but he must have the desert for his display: and thrown into the "populous ways of men," the prince of plunderers is strange and helpless, a fugitive or a mendicant. Curran, the readiest and most versatile of human beings, a man whom it would seem impossible to embarrass by circumstances, pathetically declared, that "without his wig he was nothing." He pronounced that he felt not merely his barristerial physiognomy diminished,

but his brains; he acknowledged the hand of another Dalilah upon him, the extinction of his faculties following the shorn honours of his brow. In this humorous spirit, once, when the Dublin barristers were compelled to appear without their wigs in court, the chamber where they were kept being overflowed by the river, Curran, opening a cause, began, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, the counsel for the plaintiff is —what *remains* of me."

But Erskine, like many other characters of peculiar liveliness, had a morbid sensibility to the circumstances of the moment, which sometimes strangely enfeebled his presence of mind. Any appearance of neglect in his audience, a cough, a yawn, or a whisper; even among the mixed multitude of the courts, and strong as he was there; has been known to dishearten him visibly. This trait was even so notorious, that a solicitor, whose only merit was a remarkably vacant face, was said to have been often planted opposite to Erskine by the adverse party, to yawn when the advocate began.

The cause of his first failure in the house was not unlike this curious mode of discon-

certing an orator. He had been brought forward to support the falling fortunes of Fox, then struggling under the weight of the "coalition." The "India Bill" had heaped the king's almost open hostility on the accumulation of public wrath and grievance which the ministers had with such luckless industry been employed during the year in raising for their own ruin. Fox looked abroad for help; and Gordon, the member for Portsmouth, was displaced from his borough; and Erskine was brought into the house, with no slight triumph of his party, and perhaps some degree of anxiety on the opposite side. On the night of his first speech, Pitt, evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand, prepared to catch the arguments of this formidable adversary. He took a note or two, as Erskine proceeded; but with every additional sentence Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed, his look became more careless, and he obviously began to think the orator less and less worthy of his attention. At length, while every eye in the house was fixed upon him, he, with a contemptuous smile, dashed the pen through the paper, and flung it on the

floor. Erskine never recovered from this expression of disdain ; his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat, dispirited and shorn of his fame.

But a mind of the saliency and variety of Erskine's must have distinguished itself wherever it was determined on distinction ; and it is impossible to believe, that the master of the grave, deeply-reasoned, and glowing eloquence of this great pleader, should not have been able to bring his gifts with him from Westminster-hall to the higher altar of parliament. There were, consequently, times when his efforts in the house remind us of his finest effusions at the bar. Yet those were rare. He obviously felt that his place was not in the legislature ; that no man can wisely hope for more than one kind of eminence ; and except upon some party emergency, he seldom spoke, and probably never with much expectation of public effect. His later years lowered his name. By his retirement from active life he lost the habits forced upon him by professional and public rank ; and thenceforth he wandered through society, to the close of his

days; a pleasant idler; still the gentleman and the man of easy wit, but leaving society to wonder what had become of the great orator, in what corner of the brain of this man of careless conduct and rambling conversation had shrunk the glorious faculty which, in better days, flashed with such force and brightness; what cloud had absorbed the lightnings which had once alike penetrated, and illumined, the heart of the British nation.

Erskine's well-known habit of talking of himself often brought the jest of the table upon him. He was thus once panegyrising his own humanity: "There," said he, "for instance, is my dog; I wish it to be happy in this life, I wish it to be happy in the other. Like the Indian, I wish that wherever I may go, my faithful dog shall bear me company." "And a confoundedly *unlucky dog* he would be," murmured Jekyll.

All the London world was amused by Mingay's retort on Erskine, in one of those fits of laudation. The trial was on some trivial question of a patent for a shoe-buckle. Erskine held up

the buckle to the jury, and harangued on "the extraordinary ingenuity of an invention which would have astonished and delighted past ages. How would my ancestors," added he, "have looked upon this specimen of dexterity?" From this point he started into a panegyric on his forefathers. Mingay was counsel for the opposite side; and concluded his speech with,—“Gentlemen, you have heard a good deal to-day of my learned friend’s ancestors, and of their probable astonishment at his shoe-buckle; but, gentlemen, I can assure you, their astonishment would have been quite as great at his *shoes and stockings*.”

The conversation at the Pavilion once turned on the choice of professions. After a variety of opinions in favour of the church, the army, and the other leading pursuits; Erskine pronounced for the bar, as “conducting to surer public distinctions than any other;” rather loftily adding, that “it was fitter for combining with *noble* blood than any of them, the army excepted.” The allusion to his own noble descent was obvious; and Curran, on being

asked his sentiments, poignantly said, “that *he* had not the same reasons for cherishing the bar: he had brought to it no hereditary honours to foster; he had no infusion of noble blood to pour into it; but he believed that as much money, and as much vexation, could be earned in it as in any other profession.—For one thing, however,” he added, with the skill of a courtier, “I must feel indebted to the bar, and that is, its having raised me from an humble origin into the society of persons of the highest merit, and introduced the son of a peasant to the friendship of his prince.”

Curran and Erskine had frequent opportunities of meeting, and must have looked on each other's powers with respect. But the notorious foible of the English barrister sometimes shook the Irishman's philosophy. Grattan's name was once casually mentioned; and Erskine asked, “what he said of himself.” “Said of himself!” was Curran's astonished interjection; “nothing.—Grattan speak of himself! Why, sir, Harry Grattan is a great man; sir, the torture could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan,

—a team of six horses could not drag an opinion of himself out of him. Like all great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march like the trumpeter of a puppet-show. —Sir, Grattan stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire and the incense. You will never see *him* stooping to do either the one or the other."

This sally may have been stimulated in some degree by one of those fits of irritability to which Curran was liable; but no man could be more entitled to the praise than the speaker himself. Of course, every man of vigorous faculties knows his own powers, and knows them better than the world can. But no popular applause, and he was its idol; no homage of his profession, and he was the acknowledged meteor of the Irish bar; and no admiration of private society, and he was the delight of the table; could ever betray Curran into the weakness of self-praise.

It may justly be supposed, that when he was thus scrupulous in his own instance, he demanded

no less reserve from others. When Lord Byron rose into fame, Curran objected to his constantly writing of himself; as the great drawback on his poetry.

“Any subject,” said he, but “that eternal one of self. I am weary of knowing once a month the state of any man’s hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I should as soon read a register of the weather,—the barometer up so many inches to-day and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel scepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper, when those are agonies that come as regular and as notorious as the full of the moon. The truth is, his lordship *weeps for the press*, and *wipes his eyes with the public*.”

Curran, even when he found all the objects of his ambition broken up, and himself placed in an unsuitable and uncongenial office, while his whole party were enjoying the rewards of political success; fixing him, as he characteristically said, “in a garret-window to see the procession go by below,” rather laughed at his mischance, than contrasted it with his ability. His services were matter of public record, and

to those he appealed boldly ; but his talents he left to be judged of by his countrymen ; and to be rivalled, if they could, by the ablest of a party which had betrayed and defrauded the most brilliant mind of Ireland.

An occasional guest at Brighton, and a sufficiently singular one, was the Irish Franciscan, Arthur O'Leary : a man of strong faculties and considerable knowledge. His first celebrity was gained as a pamphleteer, in a long battle with Woodward, the able bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, on questions of the establishment ; in which the Friar generally contrived to have what a Frenchman would reckon as victory, *les ricurs de son côté*.—One of his retorts to the bishop's arguments against purgatory was a recommendation, that "his lordship would be content to stop *there*, for he might go *further and fare worse*."

O'Leary abounded in Irish anecdote, and was a master of peasant humour, rude enough, but novel and characteristic. His chief claim, however, was, that he was no unskilful medium of intercourse between his church and the

whigs; and contributed in no slight degree to the popularity of the prince in Ireland.

Curran once professed, that he kept up his acquaintance with O'Leary in the hope that, as St. Francis occasionally holds the keys of paradise, he might let him in. "Better for you," was the reply, "that he should keep the keys of the other place, that he might let *you out*."

An officer of remarkable stature was complaining at the prince's table of the neglect of some memorial at the Horse-guards. O'Leary consoled him by observing, that "no gentleman *stood higher* in the opinion of his friends, and no man could *look down* on him, at the Horse-guards or elsewhere."

Another Irishman, introduced at this period to the prince, was a memorable instance of the power of fortune. This was O'Beirne, afterwards bishop of Meath, in Ireland. He had been educated at St. Omer's for the Roman-catholic priesthood. Returning to his college from a visit to his friends in Ireland, he happened to arrive one evening at the inn of an

English village, so humble, that its whole stock of provisions was but one shoulder of mutton; which he immediately ordered for dinner. While it was preparing, a post-chaise with two gentlemen stopped to change horses; the roasting shoulder of mutton attracted their appetites; they had travelled some distance, felt weary, and agreed that the next half-hour could not be better spent than in dining on what they could get.

But a new difficulty now arose, on their being told that the only dinner in the house belonged to a "young Irish gentleman above stairs." The travellers were at first perplexed; but after a little consultation, agreed with the landlady's idea, that the shoulder should be theirs; but that, to save the credit of her house, the young Irishman should be invited to partake of it. She was despatched as ambassadress; but returned, after an ineffectual attempt at persuasion, announcing, that "the young gentleman was not to be persuaded; but, on the contrary, protested that no two travellers, nor any ten on earth, should deprive him of his dinner." This menacing message, however, was followed by

the appearance of O'Beirne himself, good-humouredly saying, that though he could not relinquish the shoulder of mutton to any body, yet "if they would partake of it with him, he would be happy to have their company at dinner."

The proposal was pleasantly made, and pleasantly accepted. The party sat down; the bottle went round; none of the three was deficient in topics; and before the evening closed, the travellers were so much struck with the appearance and manners of their entertainer, then a very handsome young man, and always a very quick, anecdotal, and intelligent one, that they asked him, "What he meant to do with himself in the world?" He told his story. His destination for the Irish priesthood was immediately set down as altogether inferior to the prospects which might lie before his abilities in English life. On parting, the travellers gave him their cards, and desired him to call on them on his arrival in London. We may judge of his surprise, when he found that his guests were no less than Charles Fox and the Duke of Portland!

Such an invitation was not likely to be declined. His two distinguished friends kept their promise honourably ; and in a short period O'Beirne enjoyed all the advantages of the first society of the empire. What his graceful appearance and manners gained in the first instance, was kept by his literary acquirements and the usefulness of his services. He was for a considerable period on a confidential footing in the Duke of Portland's family, and much employed in the party negotiations of the time. Among his lighter labours were two dramas from the French, which he assisted the Duchess of Devonshire in translating and adapting for the stage : and of whose failure, for they seem to have been blown away by a tornado of criticism, the assistant gallantly bore the blame. But he had now securely anchored himself in prosperity, and "neither domestic treason nor foreign levy," neither the check of a negotiation nor the overthrow of a drama, could shake him. On Howe's conciliatory mission to America, O'Beirne was sent with him as chaplain, and in some measure as secretary. The mission was flung into utter scorn by the Americans, as

every one predicted that it would be ; but the chaplain preached a famous sermon at New York, and brought home the only laurels of the embassy.

On Lord Fitzwilliam's fatal appointment to the viceroyalty of Ireland, O'Beirne accompanied him, as first chaplain and private secretary, with the usual promise of the first mitre. The viceroyalty lasted but six months; yet six months which were long enough to lay the foundations of a rebellion. The alternate feebleness and violence of this brief government, of whose results the noble viceroy was probably as uncalculating as the babe unborn, made the recall one of imperious necessity. Yet O'Beirne, escaped from the wreck, floated when all was going down round him, and had scarcely re-appeared in London when he was raised to the peerage, and the opulent bishopric of Meath, valued at 8000*l.* a-year.

Whether this accession of rank and wealth added equally to his happiness is a graver question. It may well be presumed, that they were not gained without envy, nor, at such a time, held without attack. His change of re-

ligion, though at an early period of life, and on conviction; was not forgotten by his fellow-students at St. Omer's, who were now scattered through Ireland as priests. His political connexions, too, were at an end; their debt had been paid; and except a solitary letter from the Duke of Portland, his English intercourse was nearly closed. The party fiercenesses of Ireland are always bitter in the degree of their unimportance; their patriotism tears the country with the passion, and the impotence, of children. And to this worthless and nameless strife was a man consigned, who had spent the flower of his days in the first society of England; among women, the "cynosures" of elegance and fashion; in constant intercourse with men of first-rate ability and national influence; and in the centre and living glare of those great transactions, which moved all Europe, and which will shape its history for ages to come.

He died some years ago; after a career which might have made an instructive and curious biography, and no imperfect manual of "the art of rising in the world."

Those statements are given from public rumour; but the fact, that O'Beirne was the extinguisher of the "commercial propositions," so well known in the history of the Irish legislature, in 1785, rests on higher authority.—Ministers, for the purpose of equalizing the system of trade, and diminishing the restrictions on the commerce between England and Ireland, had transmitted a series of resolutions to the Irish viceroy, the Duke of Rutland; whose chief secretary, Mr. Orde, was the instrument of bringing them forward in the Irish parliament. The measures were advantageous; for, in Grattan's language, who favoured them on their introduction, "They put an end to debt, they established Irish economy, and they made the British minister a guarantee for the integrity of the House of Commons and the economy of the Irish government." The address was carried unanimously.

O'Beirne was at that period occupied on commercial subjects; and a pamphlet, in which he examined the "propositions," threw so strong a light on their disadvantages to the

trade of the English outports, that ministers began to be startled at their own measure. The propositions were accordingly returned to Ireland *modified*. But the Irish opponents of government had now found a theme, and they made unsparing use of it. Flood, a man of great natural powers, highly cultivated, and who "wielded the fierce democracy" without a rival," until the spirit of place came over him, and in a showy sinecure he buried his fame and his faculties together; was vehement in his reprobation of the measure. He charged it with overthrowing the independence of Ireland. "The British parliament has declared," said he, "that the laws of British commerce shall be adopted in Ireland. There is but one thing more for the British parliament to declare, — that there shall be a slave-trade in Ireland! The freedom of our constitution is necessary to support the freedom of our trade. But *if* a parliament could be so *profligate* as to attempt that liberty——(here Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, the chief organ of the Irish government, contemptuously cheered.) "I ask *you*," exclaimed Flood, raising his tone, "may

it not be attempted? But my voice shall be heard at the extremities of the land. My head and my heart are independent. My fortune is independent of prince or people. I am content to be a fellow-subject with my countrymen; but I will not be their fellow-slave. *That man shall not descend to the grave in peace*, who would destroy the freedom of my country."

The menace was characteristic, and perfectly intelligible. But nothing could fall lighter on Fitzgibbon, who was as fearless in the field as he was haughty in the cabinet; and who, being a good swordsman and a capital shot, was in all points a first-rate Irish attorney-general!

But if Flood lashed the contrivers of the measure, Grattan thundered and lightened on the measure itself. "Contemplate for a moment," exclaimed this nervous orator, "the powers this bill presumes to perpetuate; a perpetual repeal of trial by jury; a perpetual repeal of the great charter; a perpetual writ of assistance; a perpetual felony to strike an exciseman."

"The late Chief-Baron Burgh, speaking on the revenue bill, justly said, 'You give to the

dipping rule what you should deny to the sceptre.'

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"Could the parliament of England covenant to subscribe your laws? Could she covenant that young Ireland should command, and that old England should obey? If such a proposal to England were treachery, in Ireland it cannot be constitution. I rest on the authority on which the revolution rests. Locke says, in his chapter on the abolition of government, that 'The transfer of legislative power is the abolition of the state, not a transfer.'

"Thus I congratulate this house and myself, that it is one of the blessings of the British constitution, that it cannot perish of rapid mortality,—not die in a day, like the men who should protect her. Any act which would destroy the liberty of the people is dead-born from the womb. Men may put down the public cause for a season; but another year will see the good institution of parliament shaking off the tomb, to re-ascend in all its pomp and plenitude."

Grattan then turned to the prohibitions, and

smote them in a memorable passage,—“ See, now, what you obtain by compensation. A covenant *not* to trade beyond the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan! This is not a surrender of the political rights of the constitution, but of the natural rights of man,—not of the privileges of parliament, but of the rights of nations. Not to sail beyond the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan!—an awful interdict! Not only European settlements, but neutral countries excluded; and God’s providence shut out in the most opulent boundaries of creation! Other interdicts go to particular places; for local reasons; because they belong to certain European states; but here are neutral regions forbidden, and a path prescribed to the Irishman in the open sea. Other interdicts go to a determinate period of time; but here is an eternity of restraint! You are to have no trade at all during the existence of any company; and no free trade to those countries after its expiration. This resembles rather a *judgment of God* than an *act of the legislature*, whether you measure it by immensity of space or infinity of duration,

and has nothing *human* about it but its *presumption*."

It has been the habit of late years to scoff at Irish eloquence ; but let the scoffers produce among themselves the equal of this passage, or of a thousand others that still live in the records of the fallen parliament of Ireland. The meagre and affected style which has at length so universally pervaded all the departments of public speaking — parliament, bar, and pulpit—shrinks with natural jealousy from the magnificence and native power of this great faculty of appeal to the understandings of all men alike ; whose excellence was, that, at once enriched and invigorated by the noblest imagination, it awoke the reason not less than the feelings ; and even in its most fantastic decoration, lost nothing of its original strength. It was ornamented ; but its force was no more sacrificed to its ornament, than the solid steel of the Greek helmet to its plumage and sculptures. Grattan and Curran in Ireland, Sheridan and Burke in this country, were among the most logical of speakers ; their finest illustrations were only more powerful arguments. The gold and

jewels of that sceptre which they waved over the legislature with such undisputed supremacy, only increased the weight and substantial value of the emblem.

The obnoxious resolutions were finally withdrawn, and the house was in an uproar of applause. Curran finished a speech, full of every attribute of oratory, with a fine peroration.

“The bill is at an end The cloud that had been collecting so long, and threatening to break in tempest and ruin on our heads, has passed harmlessly away. The siege that was drawn round the constitution is raised, and the enemy are gone: *Juvat ire et Dorica castra*. We may now go abroad without fear, and trace the dangers from which we have escaped. Here was drawn the line of circumvallation that cut us off for ever from the eastern world, and there the corresponding one that enclosed us from the west.” The orator then adverted to the principal members who had contributed to the defeat of the measure, in a few words, which, from their locality, produced an electric effect on the whole eager assemblage. “Here,” said he, pointing to Mr. Conolly, a country gentle-

man of great public influence, and brother-in-law of the Duke of Leinster, "Here stood the trusty mariner on his old station, the mast-head, and gave the signal. Here stood the collected wisdom of the state (Flood), explaining your weakness and your strength, detecting every ambuscade, and pointing to the masked battery that was brought to bear on the shrine of freedom; and here, one (Grattan) was exerting an eloquence almost more than human; inspiring, forming, directing, animating to the great purposes of your salvation."

The introduction of a doubt of the legislative independence of Ireland into one of the resolutions, had produced the result of overthrowing the whole. Whether that were accident, or (as is more probable) cabinet dexterity, the purpose of the English government was answered. It was even more than answered; for the withdrawal of the resolutions actually raised the popularity of the minister in Ireland. Thus the parliament exulted in the Hibernian triumph of *gaining a loss*; and the English administration were relieved from the burden of a measure which might have deeply shaken their popu-

larity at home. But the inspirer of this piece of unwilling wisdom was O'Beirne.

There was still a little characteristic appendix to the debate; for Fitzgibbon having said, with his usual haughtiness, "that if Ireland sought to quarrel with Great Britain, she was a besotted nation; and that Great Britain was not easily roused, nor easily appeased:" adding the still more offensive remark, "that Ireland was *easily roused*, and *easily appeased*;" this extra-official taunt raised a storm of indignation. The whole opposition demanded an apology; which was tardily made by Fitzgibbon's proud heart, in the shape of an *explanation*. But Curran was not to be so pacified. He had been bruised by the attorney-general's official superiority in the courts, and he took a bitter delight in inflicting vengeance on him where his precedence went for nothing. He now pounced upon the assailant, tore his character in pieces, and declared that—"the libel which he had so contumeliously ventured to fix on Ireland, was in his own person a truth; that *he* was *easily roused*, and *easily put down*." The result was a duel; in which the parties fired without effect. But the

hatred did not pass away with the rencontre, Fitzgibbon, on leaving the ground, saying, with rather unchivalric hostility, "Well, Mr. Curran, you have escaped for this time," and Curran retorting with severer pungency—"If I did, it was no fault of yours, Sir; *you took aim enough.*"

The hostility continued through life, in the house and out of the house. Fitzgibbon rose to the summit of his profession, and was, in a few years after, Lord Chancellor. But he had not the magnanimity to forget in the chancellor what he had suffered in the lower grades of the bar. The "king did not forgive the injuries of the Duke of Orleans:" power seemed only to reinforce his hostility; and Curran constantly charged him with labouring to crush, by the weight of the bench, the antagonist whom he could not overcome by his talents. But never man less consulted his own case, than the chancellor by this perversion of authority. His adversary was not to be extinguished; the contest only roused him into the keener exertion of his great abilities. On all occasions Curran smote, or stung him; and the whole annals of vindictive oratory probably contain nothing

more excoriating, more utterly tearing off the skin, and steeping the naked nerve in poison, than Curran's celebrated invective on Lord Clare, in his speech before the privy-council of Ireland.

The prince was fond of manly sports; and cricket was often played in the lawn before the Pavilion, and the dinner which followed was served in a marquee. On one of those occasions, the Duke of York and Sheridan fell into dispute on some point of the game. The day was "a burning day in the month of September," the wine had gone round rapidly, and the disputants, who had heated themselves with play, began to attract the notice of the table. Sheridan at length angrily told the duke, "that *he* was not to be talked out of his opinion there or any where else, and that at play all men were on a par." The blood of the Brunswicks flamed, and the duke was evidently about to make some peculiarly indignant reply; when the prince stood up, and addressed them both.

The narrator of the circumstance, a person of rank, who was present, himself one of the most

attractive public speakers of the day, has often declared, that he never, on any occasion, saw any individual under the circumstances acquit himself with more ability. The speech was of some length, ten or fifteen minutes; it was alternately playful and grave, expressed with perfect self-possession, and touching on the occurrences of the game, the characters of both disputants, and the conversation at the table, with the happiest delicacy and dexterity. Among other points, the prince made a laughing apology for Sheridan's unlucky use of the phrase "on a par," by bidding his brother remember, that the impressions of school were not easily effaced, that Dr. Parr had *inflicted* learning upon Sheridan, and that, like the lover in the "Wonder," who mixes his mistress's name with everything, and calls to his valet, "roust me these Violantes;" the name of Parr was uppermost in Sheridan's sleep: he then ran into a succession of sportive quotations of the word *par*, in the style of — "*Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ*;" until the speech was concluded in general gaiety, and the dispute was thought of no more.

Biography has, at least, not flattered Sheridan. Some of the writers of his life have evidently taken for their maxim, the more libel the more truth; and even his ablest biographer has suffered the clouds on Sheridan's moral character to spread to his intellectual. But where, in the whole compass of literature, shall we look for wit equal, not merely to what might be collected from the mass of Sheridan's dramatic efforts, but to that of any one of them. Congreve is the only dramatist who approaches him in variousness and grace of dialogue. But in wit, in the power of condensing and refining language until it sparkles, those alone who read Congreve with a view to the comparison can conceive his inferiority. There is, probably, more of the essence of wit in a single scene of the "School for Scandal" than in all that Congreve ever wrote. The facility and playfulness of Vanbrugh's dialogue were often praised by Sheridan, as a model for the stage. But Vanbrugh is content with humour, seldom aims at wit, and still seldomer reaches his aim. If we are to be told that Sheridan often covered the margin of his paper with facetiæ, reserved to be

used on further occasion ; what is this, but the evidence that his fancy teemed faster than he required its offspring, that his vein was over-redundant, and that the thoughts which he deposited on the margin of his manuscript were only those which he could not crowd into his already crowded dialogue? The true test of the rarity and vigour of his talent is, how much has it done—how immeasurably had it distanced all rivalship in its time—how dim is the prospect of a successor—and with what native and perpetual enjoyment the public, after the lapse of half a century, still look upon the polished point and Attic structure of the “School for Scandal.” Unhappily, this opinion must be limited to its wit. The moral, the characters, and the plot, belonged to a state of public manners, which no man of decorous feelings can desire to see revived.

Sheridan's life furnishes only one more of the melancholy instances, of talent rendered useless, and great opportunities turned into shame and suffering, by the want of qualities higher than wit, and crowning the head of man with honours more enduring than public applause. But let

justice be done ; let him have upon his tomb the prize for which he toiled, and for which, neither living nor dead, has he found a competitor.

It will be fully allowed that this extraordinary man, of whom it was said that “he never kept either a receipt or a key,” was as careless in the abandonment, or the appropriation, of wit as of money. His seizure of the quaint expression of Sir Philip Francis, on the unlucky peace of Amiens—“This is a peace which every one will be pleased with, but no one will be proud of,” is as well known, as the indignation of the baronet at the plunder, such as it was.

Sheridan's ruin was ambition ; and the ruin began at his first step into life. He rashly launched into an expenditure beyond his means ; coped with men of ten times his fortune, for the first year ; and before it was over, was in debt for the rest of his days. His carelessness was systematic ; for he openly professed, as his maxim, that “debt, though an inconvenience, was no disgrace.” The next rock on which his fatal ambition drove him was parliament. By attempting to combine the two characters of stage proprietor and statesman, he lost the ad-

vantages of both; the emoluments of the stage vanished from the touch of a man whose whole soul was in the struggles of party; while the substantial honours of public life were hopeless to one hourly perplexed by the task of stage management, and perpetually driven to extremity by the shattered finances of his theatre. By adopting the firm resolution to abandon either career, he might have made himself opulent and eminent in the other; for such were the superabundant powers of his mind, that nothing but a steady determination was wanting, to have given him eminence in any pursuit within the reach of genius.

Yet few men could plead such excuses for parliamentary ambition. Of all the great speakers of a day fertile in oratory, Sheridan had perhaps the most conspicuous natural gifts. His figure, at the period of his first introduction into the house, was striking; his countenance expressive, when excited by debate; his eye singularly large, black, and intellectual; and his voice one of the richest, most flexible, and most sonorous, that ever came from human lips. Pitt's was powerful, but monotonous; and its measured tone

often wearied the ear. Fox's was all confusion in the commencement of his speech; and it required some tension of ear throughout, to catch his words. Burke's was loud and bold, but unmusical; and his contempt of order in his sentences, and the abruptness of his grand and swelling conceptions, that seemed to roll through his mind like billows before a gale, often made the defects of his delivery still more striking. But Sheridan, in manner, gesture, and voice, had every quality that could give effect to eloquence.

Pitt and Fox were listened to with profound respect, and generally in silence, broken only by occasional cheers; but from the moment of Sheridan's rising, there was an expectation of pleasure, which to his last days was seldom disappointed. A low murmur of eagerness ran round the house; every word was watched for; and his first pleasantry set the whole assemblage on a roar. Sheridan was aware of this; and he has been heard to say, "that if a jester would never be an orator, yet no speaker could expect to be popular in a *full house* without a jest; and that he always made the experiment,

good or bad ; as a hearty laugh gave him the country gentlemen to a man."

Yet, it is a remarkable instance of the advantages of time and place to an orator, that his speeches on Hastings' trial, which were once the wonder of the nation, and which Pitt, Fox, and Burke, loaded with emulous panegyric, are now scarcely reckoned among his fortunate efforts. With the largest allowance for party or policy, it is impossible to doubt that the utterers of the panegyric were, to a great extent, sincere ; and that the nation at large hailed those speeches as the most consummate work, the twelfth labour, of modern eloquence. Yet Sheridan's total carelessness, if not cautious suppression, of them shews that his sagacity had formed another estimate of their value ; and the remnants which have come down to us appear memorable for nothing more than their success in bewildering the senatorial understanding, and their dexterity in deluding the national sense of justice.

But, in the house he was always formidable ; and though Pitt's moral or physical courage never quailed before man, yet Sheridan was the

antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did occur, was of the most fretful nature. Pitt's sarcasm on him as a theatrical manager, and Sheridan's severe, yet fully justified, retort, are too well known, to be now repeated; but there were a thousand instances of that "keen encounter of their wits," in which person was more involved even than party.

"I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an attack of this kind; "I leave the honourable gentleman what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word." Sheridan started up: "I am perfectly sensible," said he, "of the favour which the right honourable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. *I have no wish for the last word; I am content with having the last argument.*"

He sometimes aimed more sweeping blows, and assailed the minister with his whole power. In a speech on the suspension of the habeas corpus act, during the disturbances of 1795; after detailing the sources of the popular irri-

tability, he drew Pitt's portrait to his face; of course, in the overcharged colours of a political enemy, but with great keenness and dexterity of exaggeration.

"I can suppose the case," said he, "of a haughty and stiff-necked minister, who never mixed in a popular assembly, and who had, therefore, no common feeling with the people—no knowledge of the mode in which their intercourse is conducted; who was not a month in the ranks of this house before he was raised to the first situation; and though but on a footing with any other member, was elevated with the idea of a fancied superiority. Such a minister *can* have no communication with the people of England but through the medium of spies and informers; he is unacquainted with the mode in which their sentiments are expressed; he cannot make allowance for the language of toasts and resolutions adopted in the convivial hour. Such a minister, if he lose their confidence, will bribe their hate; if he disgust them by arbitrary measures, he will not leave them till they are completely bound and shackled; above all, he will gratify the vin-

dictive spirit of apostasy, by prosecuting all who dare to espouse the cause which he has betrayed; and he will not desist, till he has buried in one grave, the peace, the glory, and the independence of England."

But the effect of those vehement appeals was singularly heightened by the orator's facility of turning at once from the severe to the ludicrous, and giving light and distinctness, by the flashings of his wit, to his deepest-toned pictures of national calamity. In allusion to the state trials of 1794, he contemptuously said, "That *he* never pretended to preternatural valour, and that, having but one neck to lose, he should be as sorry to find *his* undergoing the operation of the lamp-post as any honourable gentleman in that house; but, that he must confess he felt himself considerably cheered by the discovery that the danger existed alone within the vision of the treasury bench. He could not help thinking, with the chief justice, that it was much in favour of the accused, that they had *neither men, money, nor zeal*."

He then ridiculed the fears of government. "I own," said he, "that there was something

in the case, quite enough to disturb the virtuous sensibilities and loyal terrors of the right honourable gentleman. But so hardened is this side of the house, that our fears did not much disturb us. On the first trial *our* pike was produced. That was, however, withdrawn. Then a terrific instrument was talked of, for the annihilation of his majesty's cavalry; which appeared, upon evidence, to be a *te-totum in a window in Sheffield*. But I had forgot—there was also a *camp in a back shop*; an arsenal provided with *nine muskets*; and an exchequer containing the *same number of pounds*, exactly nine; no, let me be accurate, it was nine pounds and *one bad shilling*."

On the rumours of the Scottish conspiracy,—  
"There is now," exclaimed he, "but one way of wisdom and loyalty, and that is panic. The man who is not panic-struck is to be incapable of common sense. My honourable friend (Windham) has acquired this new faculty, and has been a sage on the new plan, above a week old. Another friend (Burke) was inspired in the same fortunate manner. He has been so powerfully affected, that he saw in the sky

nothing but cloud, on the earth nothing but a bleak opposition, where there was not a politic bush or a shrub to shelter him from the coming tempest. But he has luckily taken refuge in the ministerial gaberdine, where I hope he may find security from the storm.”—“The alarm had been brought in with great pomp and circumstance on a Saturday morning. At night, the Duke of Richmond stationed himself, among other *curiosities*, at the Tower! and a great municipal officer, the lord mayor, made a discovery in the east. He had found out that there was in Cornhill a debating society, where people went to buy treason at sixpence a-head; where it was retailed to them by inch of candle; and five minutes, measured by the glass, were allowed to each traitor, to perform his part in overturning the state.—In Edinburgh an insurrection was planned; the soldiers were to be corrupted; and this turned out to be—by giving each sixpence for porter. Now, what the *scarcity of money may be in that country* I cannot tell, but it does not strike me that the system of corruption had been carried to any great extent. Then, too, numbers were kept in pay, they were

drilled in dark rooms by a sergeant in a brown coat, and on a given signal they were to sally from a back parlour and overturn the constitution."

His quotations from the classics were often happy. The allusion to the motto of the *Sun* newspaper, which had been commenced under ministerial patronage, was universally cheered.—"There was one paper in particular, said to be the property of members of that house, which had for its motto a garbled part of a beautiful sentence; when it might with much more propriety have assumed the whole:

*Solem quis dicere falsum*

*Audeat ?—Ille etiam cecos instare tumultus*

*Sæpe monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella."*

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The prince, himself remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humour of the Irish peasantry. One of those was—the history of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By

what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But at length he crossed France also; and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was the day of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else; except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a-day his regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized on by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who *forced* him to *volunteer* into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honour behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the

frontier was too closely watched; and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederic looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

"How much did his majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan to his corporal. "Four hundred dollars," was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk. "They cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan, "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well known road to favouritism, five were worth at least a pair of colours to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But

he had instantly lost all memory on the subject. —“ He had no brothers ; he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die.” But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed, that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that “ nothing on earth could stir them from their spades.”

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. “ Send the fellow himself for them,” he exclaimed, “ and let him bring them back.” The order was given, but Morgan was suddenly “ broken hearted at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment.” He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederic’s word was always irrevocable ; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, at length prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty now struck him. “ How was he to make his brothers come, unless he shewed them something in the shape of the recruiting money ?” This objection was at last

obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt anything for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But, as he was stepping beyond the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being a good deal in the exercise of that style themselves; and that when he should go back to his own country, and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was—"that they would laugh in his face;" as to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But, undoubtedly, when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was *sure* that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would, about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who,

doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, ordered Morgan to be made a *sous officier*, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine, to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the county Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day in which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his farm, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and, with the most contemptuous gesture which he could possibly contrive, bade good-by to his majesty! The *ruse* was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, *Morgan Prussia*.

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Burke was among the earliest friends of the

prince; and his admirable talents, sincere honesty, and inexhaustible zeal in whatever cause he undertook, made him one of the most valuable advocates and advisers whom his royal highness could have found in the empire. No individual, in the memory of the house, had risen to such sudden fame as Burke; if the difficulties of his first years are taken into consideration. Pitt's youth was sustained by his hereditary renown, at a time when to be the son of Chatham was a passport to all honours. His early official rank also gave an extraordinary weight to his authority as a speaker; and when the house listened at once to eloquent language, and the sentiments of the first minister of the crown, the impression was complete.

Fox had the same advantage of hereditary renown; for if Lord Holland was an inferior orator to Chatham, he still was a speaker of distinguished acuteness, force, and knowledge, and the most daring and able antagonist of that great man which the house had ever witnessed.

Fox, too, as the head of opposition, had a species of official weight scarcely less than that of the minister. He was the oracle of a party

which might, within twenty-four hours, be masters of the government; and the most common declaration from the lips of the leader must be received with the attention due to the public will of the aristocracy of England.

But Burke had nothing to depend upon but himself; he possessed none of the powerful levers of English birth and connexion, to raise him above the natural obstacles which in all lands obstruct the stranger. Of all helpless beings, an Irishman cast loose into the streets of London, in that day, was the most helpless. The Scotchman clung to some lucky emigrant from the north, colonised in the fat fertility of the metropolis; or found protection in his national name, and patiently worked his passage to fortune. But the Irishman landed in the metropolis as if he landed on the shores of Africa; he was on *terra firma*, but no more,—the earth produced no fruits to him; the landscape shewed him nothing but a desert; and it was a piece of no common good fortune, if his first fraternal embrace were not from a brotherhood luckless like himself, and his final residence were not in a dungeon.

At this period, but little intercourse subsisted between the two countries. They talked of each other as if half the world lay between. To England, Ireland was, what Sicily was to the Greek—a land of monsters and marvels, of rebellious giants and desperate hazards, which made the sleek skin of England quiver to its extremities. To Ireland, England was a place of inordinate prejudice and national gloom; memorable only for licence at home and ambition abroad; lavishing her vindictiveness on Ireland in perpetual visitations of super-subtle secretaries and dull viceroys; in unintelligible acts of parliament, and taxes without mercy and without end; yet, nevertheless, having certain paths knee-deep in gold-dust for the gallant adventurers who were bold enough to run the chance of being starved, or hanged, in the discovery.

The romance on both sides has been much cooled by time and knowledge. England is no more the El Dorado, nor Ireland the Cyclop's cave: the peaceful annual importations of her ten thousand paupers and her hundred representatives, shew the generosity with which the

sister country can part with her population for the sake of the empire ; as the zeal with which the importation of both is welcomed here, shews that England is not to be outdone in the magnanimous virtues.

Burke had scarcely entered the house when he drew all eyes upon him. He was marked out for eminence, from his first speech. " A young Irishman has just appeared here, who astonishes everybody by his information and eloquence," was Fitzpatrick's account of him to his correspondent in Ireland.

Parliament was Sheridan's undoing ; for it excited his vanity, already too headstrong ; prevented him from making any rational effort to restore his fortune, already falling into decay ; and, by its temptations alike to the peculiar species of indolence and the peculiar species of exertion which he most unwisely loved, led him from one evil to another, until his fate was decided.

To Sheridan, parliament, in its best day, was but a larger club, where he found a ready entertainment, an easy fame, irregular hours, and a showy, amusing, and various society, always

willing to receive his jest, and to repay it with applause. Thus he fluttered through life, the moth round the candle; continually wheeling closer to ruin, until his flight was scorched at last, and he dropped, like the insect, withered and wingless, to writhe on the ground in misery for awhile, and die.

But Burke was created for parliament. His mind was born with a determination to things of grandeur and difficulty.

*"Spumantemque dari, pecora inter inertia, votis  
Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem."*

Nothing in the ordinary professions, nothing in the trials or triumphs of private life, could have satisfied the noble hunger and thirst of his spirit for exertion. This quality was even so predominant, that to it a large proportion of his original failures, and of his subsequent unfitness for all that public business which belongs to detail, is to be ascribed. No Hercules could wear the irresistible weapons and the lion's skin with more natural supremacy; but none could make more unhappy work with the distaff. Burke's magnitude of grasp and towering conception were so much a part of his nature, that

he could never forego their exercise, however unsuited to the occasion. Let the object be as trivial as it might, his first instinct was to turn it into all shapes of lofty speculation, and try how far it could be moulded and magnified into the semblance of greatness. If he had no large national interest to summon him, he winged his tempest against a turnpike bill, or flung away upon the petty quarrels and obscure peculations of the underlings of office, colours and forms that might have emblazoned the fall of a dynasty.

It is perfectly consistent with this power, that but few recollections of his private thoughts should remain. Though his conversation was remarkable for fluency and variety, and Johnson's character of it must have been deserved,—“Sir, if a stranger were to be driven with Mun Burke under a gateway, from a shower, he must discover him to be a great man,”—still, his thoughts had little to do with the level of society. Where his treasure was, there were his watchings and his aspirations; and even the fragments of his familiar talk which remain, generally bear some reference to the public and

engrossing topics of the orator and the statesman. Windham, always chivalric, had been once paying some extravagant compliment to the old French noblesse. Burke, who with all his abhorrence of the revolution, was fully awake to the follies of the old regime, took his pupil to task on the subject.

"Sir," said he, "you should disdain levity on such a theme. I well knew the unhappy condition of those gentlemen. They were brave, gay, and graceful; they had much more honour than those who tore them down and hunted them like wild beasts; and to the full as much public virtue as those who libelled them most for the want of it; but, for all the true enjoyment of life, for everything in the shape of substantial happiness, they might as well have been so many galley-slaves. Forbidden, by custom, every natural exertion, and, of course, every natural reward, of the human understanding; excluded from the professions; from literature, except as scribblers of love songs; and from ambition, except as the wearers of blue and red ribands, and hangers on about the court; what could they enjoy? Political dis-

tion, the noblest stirrer of the indolence of man, was closed upon them. To do, they had nothing but to die of war or *canxi*. They absolutely did nothing. Their very look wearied me; I would rather have looked on the skulls in the catacombs."

"Yet," retorted Windham, "I suppose not from *their* industry. I never heard that they did much."

"True, Sir," gravely answered Burke; "but they did not shock one's feelings by *pretending to be alive*."

He was sometimes vexed into humour. David Hartley, who had been employed as a negotiator of the treaty with America, was remarkable for the length and dulness of his speeches in the house. One day, when Burke was prepared to take an important part in the debate, he saw, to his infinite vexation, the house melting down, under Hartley's influence, from an immense assemblage into a number scarcely sufficient to authorize the speaker's keeping the chair. In the course of this heavy language, Hartley had occasion to desire that

some clause in the riot act should be read at the table. Burke could restrain himself no longer. "The riot act," said he, starting from his seat; "my honourable friend desires the riot act to be read! What would he have? Does he not see that the mob has dispersed already?"

It was of this interminable talker against time, that Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, told the amusing story,—that once, seeing Hartley rise to speak, he left the house, to breathe a little of the fresh air. A fine June evening tempted him on. It was no more than five o'clock. He went home, mounted his horse, and rode to his villa, some miles from town; where he dined, rambled about the grounds, and then returned at an easy pace to London. The hour was now nine o'clock; and conceiving that the division must be nigh, he sent a note to the house to inquire what had been done, and who had spoken. The answer was, that "nobody had spoken but Mr. Hartley, and that he was speaking still!" The note, however, contained the cheering conjecture, "that he might be expected to close soon." Even that conjecture was disappointed; for,

when Jenkinson at last went down to Westminster, he found Hartley on his legs, in the same position in which he had left him half a day before, pouring out the same sleepy wisdom, and surrounded by a slumbering house. The story does not tell by what means this inveterate haranguer was ever induced to conclude. But he had, by that time, been speaking five hours.

Fitzpatrick was one of the prince's circle, which he adorned by his wit and courtly manners. He was a handsome man, with all the air of fashion, and the acquirements which belong to a life spent in the first opportunities of cultivating both mind and manners. Like all the leading whigs, he was distinguished for those poetical *jeux d'esprit*, those toyings about the foot of Parnassus, which enabled them to possess the indulgences, and some of the fame, of letters, without challenging criticism. They wrote in the spirit of the French school of "royal and noble" poets; and with that easy mixture of sportiveness and sarcasm which raised the laugh of the moment, and passed

away—the true spirit of the *vers de société*. But they sometimes affected a graver strain; and Fitzpatrick's "Inscription on the Temple of Friendship, at St. Anne's Hill," has, with Horatian lightness, a touch of that philosophy which so delicately shades the mirth of the Epicurean bard,—

- " The star, whose radiant beams adorn  
With vivid light the rising morn,—  
The season changed; with milder ray  
Cheers the sweet hour of parting day.  
So Friendship (of the generous breast  
The earliest and the latest guest)  
In youth's rich morn with ardour glows,  
And brightens life's serener close.
- " Benignant power! in this retreat,  
Oh, deign to fix thy tranquil seat!  
Where, raised above life's dusky vale,  
Thy favourites brighter scenes shall hail:  
Think of the past but as the past,  
And know true happiness at last.  
From life's too anxious toils remote,  
To thee the heart and soul devote;  
(No more by idle dreams betrayed,)   
See life, what life's at best, a shade;  
Leave fools to fling their hearts away,  
And scorn the idol of the day.  
Yes, while the flowret's in its prime  
We'll breathe the bloom, redeem the time,

Nor waste a single glance to know  
What cares disturb the world below !”

Fitzpatrick, educated with Fox, brought into public life with him, initiated at Brookes's, and familiar with the whole round of high life, was inevitably a Foxite. Fox made him secretary at war, and his faith was never impeached, among the changes of a time rich in political versatility. It would have been fortunate for this attractive personage if he had not extended his fidelity to an imitation of more than the public life of his friend. But he played deep, and exhausted his income and his life together in a round of dissipation. Fox, by some marvellous power, resisted the effects of gaming, politics, and pleasure alike ; misfortune seemed to rebound from him, until it was at last weary of its attacks, and he reached almost the tranquil age of a philosopher. But Fitzpatrick's powerful frame broke down into premature decay, and for some years before his death he could be scarcely said to live.

The trial of Hastings had brought Sir Philip

Francis into public notice, and his strong Foxite principles introduced him to the prince's friends. His rise is still scarcely explained. From a clerk in the war-office, he had been suddenly exalted into a commissioner for regulating the affairs of India, and sent to Bengal with an appointment, estimated at ten thousand pounds a-year! But, on his return to England he joined opposition, declared violent hostilities against Hastings, and gave his most zealous assistance to the prosecution, though the House of Commons would not suffer him to be on the committee of impeachment. He was an able and effective speaker; with an occasional wildness of manner and eccentricity of expression which, if they sometimes provoked a smile, often increased the interest of his statements.

But the usual lot of those who have identified themselves exclusively with any one public subject, rapidly overtook him. His temperament, his talents, and his knowledge, were all Indian. With the impeachment he was politically born, with it he lived, and when it withered away, his adventitious and local celebrity perished

along with it. He clung to Fox for a few years more ; but while the great leader of opposition found all his skill necessary to retain his party in existence, he was not likely to solicit a partisan, at once so difficult to keep in order and to employ. The close of his ambitious and disappointed life was spent in ranging along the skirts of both parties, joining neither, and speaking his mind with easy, and perhaps sincere, scorn of both ; reprobating the whigs, during their brief reign, for their neglect of early promises ; and equally reprobating the ministry, for their blindness to fancied pretensions.

But he was still to have a momentary respite for fame. While he was fast going down into that oblivion, which alone rewards the labours of so many politicians, a pamphlet, ascribing Junius's letters to Sir Philip, arrested his descent. Its arguments were plausible, and, for awhile, opinion appeared to be in favour of the conjecture, notwithstanding a denial from the presumed Junius ; which, however, had much the air of his feeling no strong dislike to being sus-

pected of this new title to celebrity.\* But further examination fatally diluted the opinion, and left the secret, which had already perplexed so many unravellers of literary webs, to perplex the grave idlers of generations to come.

Yet the true wonder is less in the concealment—for a multitude of causes might have produced the continued necessity even after the death of the writer—than in the feasibility with which the chief features of Junius may be fastened on almost every writer of the crowd for whom claims have been laid to this dubious honour; while, in every instance, some utter discrepancy finally starts upon the eye, and excludes the claim.

\* His note, on the occasion, to the editor of one of the newspapers, might mean anything, or nothing. It was in this form: "Sir,—You have attributed to me the writing of Junius's letters. If you choose to propagate a false and malicious report, you may."

Yours, &c.

"P. F."

Sir Francis died some years since; but the evidence which was to settle the question has not transpired, and an iron chest left by the late Lord Grenville is now said to be the depository. The tantalizing rumour, however, is, that it is not to be opened for fifty years to come!

Burke possessed all, and more than all, the vigour, the information, and the command of language; but he was incapable of the virulence and the disloyalty. Horne Tooke had the virulence and the disloyalty in superabundance; but he totally wanted the cool sarcasm and the polished elegance; even if he could have been fairly supposed to be at once the assailant and the defender. Wilkes had the information and the wit; but his style was incorrigibly vulgar, and all its metaphors were for and from the mob: in addition, he would have rejoiced to declare himself the writer: his well-known answer to an inquiry on the subject being, "Would to heaven I had!" *Utinam scripsissem!* Lord George Germaine has been more lately brought forward as a candidate; and the evidence fully proves that he possessed the dexterity of style, the powerful and pungent remark, and even the individual causes of bitterness and partisanship, which might be supposed to stimulate Junius: but, in the private correspondence of Junius with his printer, Woodfall, there are contemptuous allusions to Lord George's conduct in the field,

which at once put an end to the question of authorship.

Dunning possessed the style, the satire, and the partisanship: but Junius makes blunders in his law, of which Dunning must have been incapable. Gerard Hamilton (Single-speech) *might* have written the letters, but he never possessed the moral courage; and was, besides, so consummate a coxcomb, that his vanity must have, however involuntarily, let out the secret. The argument, that he was Junius; from his notoriously using the same peculiarities of phrase, at the time when all the world was in full chase of the author, ought in itself to be decisive against him; for nothing can be clearer than that the actual writer was determined on concealment, and that he would never have toyed with his dangerous secret, so much in the manner of a school-girl, anxious to develop her accomplishments.

It is with no wish to add to the number of the controversialists on this bluestocking subject that a conjecture is hazarded, that Junius will be found, if ever found, among some of the humbler names of the list. If he had been a

political leader, or, in any sense of the word, an independent man, it is next to impossible that he should not have left some indication of his authorship. But, it is perfectly easy to conceive the case of a private secretary, or dependent of a political leader, writing by his command, and for his temporary purpose, a series of attacks on a ministry; which, when the object was gained, it was of the highest importance to bury, so far as the connexion was concerned, in total oblivion. Junius, writing on his own behalf, would, in all probability, have retained evidence sufficient to substantiate his title when the peril of the discovery should have passed away, which it did within a few years; for who would have thought, in 1780, of punishing even the libels on the king in 1770? or when, if the peril remained, the writer would have felt himself borne on a tide of popular applause high above the inflictions of the law.

But, writing for another, the most natural result was, that he should have been *pledged* to extinguish all proof of the transaction; to give up every fragment that could lead to discovery at any future period; and to surrender

the whole mystery into the hands of the superior, for whose purposes it had been constructed, and who, while he had no fame to acquire by its being made public, might be undone by its betrayal.

The marks of *private secretaryship* are so strong, that all the probable conjectures have pointed to writers under that relation; Lloyd, the private secretary of George Grenville; Greatrakes, Lord Shelburne's private secretary; Rosenhagen, who was so much concerned in the business of Shelburne house, that he may be considered as a second secretary; and Macauley Boyd, who was perpetually about some public man, and was at length fixed by his friends on Lord Macartney's establishment, and sent with him to take office in India.\*

But, mortifying as it may be to the disputants of the subject, the discovery of the living Junius is now beyond hope; for Junius intimates his having been a spectator of parliamentary proceedings

\* Dyer, a clever member of the Johnson Club, and to whom Burke and Reynolds were executors, has been suggested, but hitherto without sufficient evidence.

even further back than the year 1743; which, supposing him to have been twenty years old at the time, would now give more than a century for his experience. In the long intervals since 1772, when the letters ceased, not the slightest clue has been discovered; though, doubtless, the keenest inquiry was set on foot by the parties assailed. Sir William Draper died with but one wish, though a sufficiently uncharitable one, that he could have found out his castigator, before he took leave of the world. Lord North often avowed his total ignorance of the writer. The king's reported observation to Gen. Desaguliers, in 1772, "We know who Junius is, and he will write no more," is unsubstantiated; and if ever made, was probably prefaced with a supposition; for no publicity ever followed; and what neither the minister of the day, nor his successors, ever knew, could scarcely have come to the king's knowledge but by inspiration, nor remained locked up there but by a reserve not far short of a political error.

But the question is scarcely worth the trouble of discovery; for, since the personal resentment is past, its interest could arise only from pulling

the mask off the visage of some individual of political eminence, and giving us the amusing contrast of his real and his assumed physiognomy; or from unearthing some great unknown genius. But the leaders have been already excluded; and the composition of the letters may have, after all, demanded no extraordinary powers. Their secret information has been vaunted; but Junius gives us no more than what would now be called the "chat of the clubs;" the currency of conversation, which any man mixing in general life might collect in a half-hour's walk down St. James's Street; he gives us no insight into the *purposes* of government; of the *counsels* of the *cabinet* he evidently knows nothing. The style was undeniably excellent for the purpose, and its writer must have been a man of ability. If it had been original, he might even have been a man of genius; but it was notoriously formed on Col. Titus's letter, which, from its strong peculiarities, is of no difficult imitation. The crime and the blunder together of Junius was, that he attacked the king, a man so publicly honest and so personally virtuous, that his assailant inevitably pronounced himself

a libeller. But if he had restricted his lash to the contending politicians of the day, justice would have rejoiced in his vigorous severity. Who could have regretted the keenest application of the scourge to the Duke of Grafton, that most incapable of ministers, and most offensively profligate of men; to the indomitable selfishness of Mansfield; to the avarice of Bedford, the suspicious negotiator of the scandalous treaty of 1763; or to the slippered and drivelling ambition of North, substituting jests for statesmanship, and sacrificing an empire to the passion for power, which he was able neither to wield nor to sustain.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE KING'S ILLNESS.

THE prince's adoption of whig politics had deeply offended his royal father. The coalition ministry had made Fox personally obnoxious to the monarch, who remembered its power only by a series of mortifications, so keen, that they had inspired the idea of seeking refuge for his broken spirit and insulted authority in Hanover. This conception the king was said to have so far matured, as to have communicated to Thurlow, who, however, resisted it in the most direct manner; telling his majesty,—that “though it might be easy to go to Hanover, it might be difficult to return to England; that James the Second's was a case in point; and that the best plan was, to let the coalition take their way for

awhile, as they were sure to plunge themselves into some embarrassment, and then he might have them at his disposal.

The advice was solid, and it was successful. But the king exhibited his aversion to the ministry in the most open manner, by steadily refusing to bestow an English peerage while they were in power; and it was surmised, that Fox was driven by his consciousness of this total alienation, to the rash and defying measure of the India bill, as a support against the throne. The game was a bold one; for its success would have made Fox king of lords, commons, and people; and George the Third, king of masters of the stag-hounds, gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and canons of Windsor. But it failed, and its failure was ruin. It not merely overthrew Fox, but it spread the ruin to everything that bore the whig name. His banner was not simply borne down in the casual fortunes of the fight; but it was broken, trampled on, and extinguished. By the India bill the languors of political warfare were turned into the fierceness of personal combat; and whiggism, pressed by the new-armed wrath of the monarch, and losing

its old refuge in the popular sympathy, hated by the throne, and repelled by the nation, feebly and finally, dispersed on the field.

Such is the fate of the most powerful parties, when the spirit that once animated them has passed away. The high-minded patriots of 1688 would have found it impossible to recognise their descendants in the shifting politicians of the eighteenth century. But woe be to the people whose liberties depend upon the character of individuals! The revolution itself would have been a mockery, but for its taking refuge in the religious virtue of the nation. All the overthrows of all the tyrannies of ancient or modern days were never able to make corruption free, any more than the loudest professions of principle ever made a profligate the fit trustee and champion of national freedom. The personal vice nullifies and contaminates the public profession. No revolution ever succeeded, nor ever deserved to succeed, which was not demanded by the same natural and righteous necessity which demands the defence of our fireside; and which was not conducted by men unstained by the crime of individual ambition,

or the still deeper crime of bartering the national blood for their own avarice, licentiousness, or revenge;—men who felt themselves periling their lives for an object that dignifies death; and, in the impulse of holiness and faith, offering up their existence a willing and solemn sacrifice to their fellow-men and their God.

The success of the first French revolution is no answer to this principle; for France had shewed only the frightful rapidity with which the name of freedom can be vitiated, and the incalculable means of public convulsion and misery which may exist under the surface of the most ostentatious patriotism. Her second revolution is yet to display its results; but however auspicious may have been its commencement, its only security will be found in purifying the habits of the people.

The same evidence and evil are to be found in every country of Europe. If Italy, with her magnificent powers, her vivid susceptibility, her living genius, and her imperishable fame—Italy, where every foot of ground was the foundation of some monument of the supremacy of the human mind, is now a prison; the crime

and the folly are her own; her own vices have rivetted the chain round her neck, her own hand has barred the dungeon; and in that dungeon she will remain for ever, if she wait until vice shall give vigour to her limbs, or superstition throw back the gates of her living sepulchre. A purer influence must descend upon her. A deliverer, not of the earth, earthy—an immortal visitant, shedding the light of holiness and religion from its vesture, must descend upon her darkness, and bid her arise.

If Spain and Portugal have been deeply convulsed with civil discord; who can hope to see rational freedom ever existing in those lands, while the corruption of the people feeds the licence of the throne; while, if the sovereign imprisons, the peasant stabs; while, if the crown violates the privileges of the subject, the subject habitually violates the holiest ties of our nature; while, if government is tyranny, private life is rapine, bigotry, dissoluteness, and revenge? Let the public reforms be as specious as they may, the political suffering will only deepen; until personal reform comes to redeem the land, until faith is more than an intolerant superstition,

courage than assassination, and virtue than confession to a monk. Till then, freedom will be but a name; and the fall of a Spanish or Portuguese tyrant but a signal for his assailants to bury their poniards in each other's bosoms; constitution will be but an upbreking of the elements of society; and the plunging of despotism into the gulf, but a summons to every gloomy and furious shape of evil below to rise upon the wing, and poison the moral atmosphere of mankind.

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The India bill gave the final blow to the existence of the Old Whigs. The name had long survived the reality; but now even the name perished. When the fragments of the party were collected, in the course of years, after this long and desperate dispersion, they were known by another name; and the New Whigs, however they might claim the honours of the title, were never recognised as successors to the estate. From this period, Pitt and toryism were paramount. Fox, defeated in his ambition of being a monarch, was henceforth limited to such glories as were to be found in being a

partisan. Unequalled in debate, he talked for twenty years, and delighted the senate; was the idol of Westminster, the clubs, and the conversations at Devonshire House; but he still saw himself in an inexorable minority in the only place where triumph was worthy of his abilities, or dear to his ambition. Perhaps, too, if Fox had never existed, his rival might never have risen to his full eminence; for even great powers require great opportunities, and the struggle with the colossal frame and muscle of Fox's genius might be essential to mature the vigour of his young antagonist and conqueror. Still, when all hope of wresting the supremacy out of Pitt's hand was past, the exercise was useful; and Fox, for the rest of his days, had the infelicitous honour of keeping those powers in practice, whose security might have dropped the sceptre. He was the noblest captive linked to Pitt's chariot-wheel, but to that chariot-wheel he was linked for life; and no other arm could have so powerfully dragged his rival's triumphal car up the steep of fame.

The prince, unhappily, soon created a new

grievance, that came home more directly to the royal bosom than even his politics. Rolle's allusion to his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert\* was believed by the king to be true, and no act could be calculated to give deeper offence to the monarch, as a parent, a Protestant, or a man of virtue. The lady was high-bred and handsome; and, though by seven years the prince's elder, and with the formidable drawback of having been twice a widow, her attractions might justify the civilities of fashion. But her rank and her religion were barriers, which all should have known to be impassable.

The king was peculiarly sensitive to *mésalliances* in the blood royal. The Marriage Act of

\* Mrs. Fitzherbert was the daughter of Wm. Smythe, Esq. of Tonge Castle, and niece of Sir E. Smythe, Bart. of Acton Burnel, Salop. Her sister was married to Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Bart. At an early age she married Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorset. On his death, she married Mr. Fitzherbert, of Swinnerton, Leicestershire, a remarkably handsome man, who died of either over exertion in a walk from Bath to town, or some imprudence of the same kind at the burning of Lord Mansfield's house, in the riots of 1780. The lady was a Roman catholic.

1772 had originated in the royal displeasure at the marriages of his brothers,\* the Dukes of Cum-

\* The Duke of Cumberland had married Mrs. Horton, Lord Irnham's daughter; the Duke of Gloucester the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, but this marriage was not acknowledged for some time after. The bill passed rapidly through parliament, yet was debated with unusual perseverance in all its stages. With the public it was highly unpopular, and was assailed by every weapon of seriousness, and ridicule. It was described as intolerably aristocratical; as insulting to English birth and beauty; as violating one of the first laws of our being; and even as giving a direct encouragement to crime. Epigrams and sautes innumerable were showered upon the bill, and its opponents certainly had all the wit and all the women on their side. One of those *jeux d'esprit* was—

#### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

Says Dick to Tom, "This Act appears  
The oddest thing alive;  
To take the crown at eighteen years,  
The wife at twenty-five.

The thing a puzzle must remain;  
For, as old Dowdswell† said,  
"So early if one's fit to reign  
One must be fit to wed."

Says Tom to Dick, "The man's a fool,  
Or knows no rubs of life;  
Good friend, 'tis easier far to rule  
A kingdom than a wife!"

† An opponent of the bill,

berland and Gloucester, with subjects; and the determination with which the bill was urged through the legislature against the strongest resistance, shewed the interest which his majesty took in preserving the succession clear.

But the prince's error threatened further consequences than the passionate violation of an unpopular law; for the known marriage of the heir-apparent with a Roman catholic must have defeated his claim to the throne.

During his life, the marriage had been neither proved nor disproved. It was early rumoured, that the lady's scruples were soothed by having the ceremonial performed according to the rites of her own church. But no Roman-catholic dispensation could have acquitted the parties of sustaining a connexion notoriously void by the laws of the land. Fox's declaration in the house admits of no subterfuge; language could not have been found more distinctly repelling the entire charge.

The theme is repulsive. But the writer degrades his moral honour, and does injustice to the general cause of truth, who softens down such topics into the simplicity of romance.

Yet, between the individuals in question there can be no comparison. The prince was in the giddiest period of youth and inexperience; he was surrounded by temptation; it was laid in his way by individuals craftily accomplished in every art of extravagance and ruin; for him to have escaped the snare would have been not less than the most fortunate of accidents, or an exhibition of the manliest sense and virtue. But, for those who ministered to his errors, or shared in them, the condemnation must be altogether of a deeper dye.

In this unhappy intercourse originated all the serious calamities of the prince's life. From its commencement it openly drew down the indignation of his excellent father; it alienated his general popularity in an immediate and an extraordinary degree; it shook the confidence of the wise and good in those hopes of recovery and reformation, which such minds are the most ready to conceive, and the most reluctant to cast away; even the cold gravity of this unlover-like connexion gave it the appearance of a premeditated offence against the morals and feelings of the country. It was the prince's

ruin; it embarrassed him with the waste of a double household, when he was already sinking under the expenses of one; and precipitated him into bankruptcy. It entangled him, more and more inextricably, with those lower members of the cabal, who gathered round him in the mask of politics only to plunder; and who, incapable of the dignified and honourable feelings which may attach to party, cared nothing for the nation, or for political life, beyond what they could filch for their daily bread from the most pitiful sources of a contemptible popularity. It disheartened all his higher friends, the Duke of Portland, Fox, Grey, Burke, and the other leaders of opposition; while it betrayed the prince's name and cause into the hands of men who could not touch even royalty without leaving a stain behind. Finally, it destroyed all chance of happiness in his subsequent marriage; and was the chief ingredient in that cup of personal anxiety and public evil which was so sternly forced to his lips, almost to the close of his days.

Fox's declaration in the house had given the first example of the pangs which the prince was

condemned to feel. It unquestionably threw dishonour on the connexion. Yet, to expect Fox to retract his words, and this, too, when the object gained was the payment of the prince's debts, was too much even for friendship. Grey was then sounded;\* but he declined this singular office. Sheridan was the next resource; and, with that lamentable pliancy which, in him, resulted less from a casual deference to the will of others, than from a total want of moral elevation, an unhappy callousness to the principle of self-respect, he undertook to equivocate the house into sufferance. In allusion to the prince's offer, through Fox, to undergo an examination in the lords, he affectedly said, "That the house deserved credit for decorum in not taking advantage of the offer, and demanding such an inquiry. But while his royal highness's feelings had been, doubtless, considered on the occasion, he must take the liberty of saying, however some might think it a subordinate consideration, that there was another person entitled, in every delicate and

\* Moore's Life of Sheridan.

honourable mind, to the same attention; one whom he would not otherwise venture to describe, or allude to, but by saying, it was a name which malice or ignorance alone could attempt to injure, and whose character and conduct claimed, and were entitled to, the truest respect."

Nothing could be more filmy than this veil; and nothing more contemptible than the conduct of the man who exhibited himself thus ready to cast it, thin as it was, across the eyes of the house. But the question had been settled long before; the equivocation was scornfully left undisturbed; and the individuals were given over to that tardy prudence which will learn no lessons but from misfortune.

A second and more expressive proof of the public disappointment painfully followed. In October, 1788, symptoms of that disease of mind, which afterwards broke out into such violence, were apparent in the king. In November, the fears of the nation were confirmed; and it was declared expedient to provide for the government of the country.

On the occasion of a similar, but slighter, at-

tack,\* his majesty's speech in parliament, on his recovery, declared, that the "thoughts with which the memory of his illness affected him, touching the welfare of his people and his children, urged him to propose to its consideration, whether it might not be expedient to vest in him the power of appointing, from time to time, by instruments in writing, under his sign manual, the queen, or some other person of the royal family usually residing in Great Britain, to be the guardian of any of his children who might succeed to the throne before the age of eighteen; and to be regent of the kingdom until his successor should attain that age, subject to the restrictions and regulations specified in the act made on occasion of his father's death.—The regent so appointed to be assisted by a council, composed of the several persons who, by reason of their dignities and offices, were constituted members of the council established by that act, together with those whom they might think proper to leave to his majesty's nomination."

\* April 24, 1765.

A bill on this principle, but with considerable modifications relative to the individuals who might be appointed to the regency and guardianship, was passed in the same year.\*

The recurrence of the king's illness now made the immediate meeting of parliament necessary; and on the 20th of November, the day to which it had been prorogued, the session began. But the opinions of the royal physicians were still so dubious, and both ministers and opposition were still so imperfectly prepared for any direct measures, that a fortnight's adjournment was agreed to without difficulty.

Fox was then absent on a foreign tour; but he had been sent for, and was expected hourly. In the mean time, Sheridan appears to have acted as the chief counsellor of opposition, in which capacity he addressed the following letter to the prince:†—

“ Sir,—From the intelligence of to-day, we are led to think that Pitt will make something more of a speech, in moving to adjourn, on

\* May 15, 1765.

† Moore's Life of Sheridan.

Thursday, than was at first imagined. In this case, we presume your royal highness will be of opinion that we must not be totally silent. I possessed Payne\* yesterday with my sentiments on the line of conduct which appears to me best to be adopted on this occasion, that they might be submitted to your royal highness's consideration; and I take the liberty of repeating my firm conviction, that it will greatly advance your royal highness's credit, and, in case of events, lay the strongest grounds to baffle every attempt at opposition to your royal highness's just claims and rights, that the language of those who may be in any sort suspected of knowing your royal highness's wishes and feelings, should be that of great moderation in disclaiming all party views, and avowing the utmost readiness to acquiesce in any reasonable delay.

“At the same time, I am perfectly aware of the arts which will be practised, and the advantages which some people will attempt to gain by time. But I am equally convinced, that a third party will soon appear, whose efforts

\* Captain Payne (afterwards Admiral), the prince's private secretary.

may, in the most decisive manner, prevent this sort of situation and proceeding from continuing long.

“Payne will probably have submitted to your royal highness more fully my idea on this subject, towards which I have already taken some successful steps. Your royal highness will, I am sure, have the goodness to pardon the freedom with which I give my opinion; after which I have only to add, that whatever your royal highness’s judgment decides shall be the guide of my conduct, and will undoubtedly be so to others.”

Those negotiations are now chiefly valuable for the light which they throw on human nature, and Lord Chancellor Thurlow was destined to afford the chief illustration. His lordship, so well known as a leading lawyer and a clamorous partisan, was especially a boaster of immaculate principle. The present transaction shewed him to be also a low intriguer and a contemptible hypocrite. While he sat at the council table of the ministry he was intriguing with opposition; while he was intriguing with opposition he was

watching the king's physicians; and the moment he was assured, from the king's symptoms, that he might be heroic without hazard, he marched down to the house, proclaimed himself the inalienable servant of the throne, and obtested Heaven in language little short of blasphemy, that—"whenever he forgot his king, might his God forget him."

Sheridan's allusion to the "third party" referred to Thurlow. This negotiation took Fox by surprise, who had been previously pledged to give the seals to Loughborough. Thurlow, however, was hired, and must have his hire; to which Fox, after no slight struggle with himself, acceded. His letter on this subject is a striking instance of the vexatious compliances to which men are sometimes driven, who seem to be at the height of their ambition, and whom the world looks on as carrying everything at their will.

"Dear Sheridan,—I have swallowed the pill; a most bitter one it was,—and have written to Lord Loughborough, whose answer must, of course, be, content. What is to be done next?

Should the prince himself, or you, or I, or Warren, speak to the chancellor? The objection to the last is, that he must probably wait for an opportunity, and that no time is to be lost. Pray tell me what is to be done. I am convinced, after all, the negotiation will not succeed, and am not sure that I am sorry for it. I do not remember feeling so uneasy about any political thing I ever did in my life. Call if you can.

Yours ever,

C. J. F.

It is astonishing to see how feebly a sense of public decency or personal honour sometimes acts upon the minds of men accustomed to the traffic of politics. In Thurlow, we have the instance of an individual at the head of an honourable profession, and therefore doubly bound to think of character; opulent, and therefore under no necessity of consulting the increase of his income; advanced in life, and therefore at once destitute of the excuses of young ambition, and incapable of the long enjoyment of power; and yet involving himself in a labyrinth of self-degradation, for the wretched purpose of retaining place. There is a just pleasure in being able to

state after this, that he lost the object of his scandalous compromise. He retained the name of chancellor, but he lost alike the public respect attached to his rank, and the real power of a cabinet minister. The hollowness of his colleague could not escape the eye of Pitt. He suffered him to linger for awhile in a condition of half-confidence in the cabinet, which must have been a perpetual torment to his haughty heart; but even the half-confidence at length changed into open bickering, and Pitt was said to have charged him with direct inefficiency, as "a man who proposed nothing, opposed everything, and gave way to everything." Thurlow's day was now done; the prize slipped from his hands; and, with abilities and professional knowledge which might have made him one of the pillars of the state, he rapidly sank into the deserved decay of a selfish and unprincipled politician.

The chancellor's brutal manners in private life, and insolence on the bench, were, as they always are, repaid by private and public disgust. His habit of execration on all subjects was no-

torious, and excited a still deeper aversion ; and it was equally an error in opposition and in ministers to have suffered themselves to negotiate with a man whose merited unpopularity must have heavily encumbered any party which he espoused. In the crowd of pamphlets and verses produced by the struggle, Thurlow was not forgotten ; he figured at great length in the “ Probationary Odes,” where he is represented as expectorating curses on every public name ; or, as an epigram expressed it,—

“ Here bully Thurlow flings his gall  
Alike on foes and friends ;  
Blazing, like blue devils at Vauxhall,  
With sulphur at both ends.”

The Probationary Ode, after some verses too much in the style of his lordship’s vocabulary for quotation here, gives a strophe of calmer scorn :

“ Fired at her voice, I grow profane !  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :  
To Thurlow’s lyre more daring notes belong.  
Now tremble every rebel soul,  
While on the foes of George I roll  
The deep-toned *execrations* of my song.

In vain my brother's piety, more meek,  
Would preach my kindling fury to repose,  
Like Balaam's ass, were he inspired to speak,  
"Twere vain, I go to curse my prince's foes."

But Thurlow's treachery, even at the moment when he was probably surest of having hoodwinked both the parties, happened to be made ludicrously visible to both. He raised an open laugh against himself at the council-table by coming in *with the prince's hat in his hand!* which, in the confusion of his double plot, he had carried away from a Carlton-house conference. Fox and his friends were as fully aware of him. A letter from Lord Loughborough, who watched him with the keenness of a rival candidate, lays bare the chancellor's policy. Thurlow had contrived to obtain permission to visit the king during his illness, and thus ascertain the chances of recovery; a knowledge which he employed for the due regulation of his own conscience. This privilege the letter deprecates, as giving him the entire advantage of position. It is addressed to Sheridan.

"The chancellor's object evidently is to make

his way by himself, and he has managed hitherto as one very well practised in that game. His conversations both with you and with Mr. Fox were encouraging; but at the same time checked all explanations on his part, under a pretence of delicacy towards his colleagues. When he let them go to Salt-hill, and contrived to dine at Windsor, he certainly took a step that most men would have felt not very delicate in its appearance; and, unless there was some private understanding between him and them, not altogether fair; especially if you add to it the *sort of conversation he held with regard to them*.

“I cannot help thinking that the difficulties of managing the patient have been *excited or improved, to lead to the proposal* of his inspection, (without the prince’s being conscious of it;) for, by that situation, he gains an easy and frequent access to him, and an opportunity of *possessing the confidence* of the queen. I believe this the more, from the account of the *tenderness* that he shewed at the first interview, for I am sure it is not in his character to feel any. With a little instruction from Lord Hawksbury, the sort of management that was

carried on by means of the princess dowager, in the early part of the reign, may easily be practised.

“In short, I think he will try to *find the key of the back stairs*, and with that in his pocket, take any situation that preserves his access, and enables him to hold a line between different parties.”

It was while all those vigilant eyes were fixed upon him, with every movement watched, ridiculed, and scorned, with the whole ordnance of party pointed against him, and ready to give fire at the first signal, that this noble intriguer, plumed in the full triumph of having escaped detection, came down to the house and astonished his brother peers by a burst of unexpected piety. But he was not suffered to remain long under this delusion. A storm of contempt and reproof was poured upon him by opposition. Thurlow had contrived to weep in the delivery of his speech. His tears were a new source of ridicule; his newborn virtue was held up in contrast with his life; and the chancellor's name was from that day a watch-

word for everything worthless in political tergiversation.

An epitaph, from some unknown pen, condenses the public feelings on the occasion :—

TO THE MEMORY OF —

Here lies, beneath the prostituted mace,  
A patriot, with but one base wish—for place :  
Here lies, beneath the prostituted purse,  
A peer, with but one talent—how to curse :  
Here lies, beneath the prostituted gown,  
The guardian of all honour—but his own ;  
Statesman, with but one rule his steps to guide—  
To shun the sinking, take the rising side ;  
Judge, with but one base law—to serve the time,  
And see in wealth no weakness, power no crime ;  
Christian, with but one value for the name,  
The scoffer's proudest privilege—to blaspheme ;  
Briton, with but one hope—to live a slave,  
And dig in deathless infamy his grave.

The details of the royal illness must now be passed over. There would be neither wisdom nor feeling in recalling to the public mind the circumstances of an affliction which then threw the empire into sorrow, and which still must give pain to bosoms which it is our duty to honour. But the transactions arising from it are invaluable, as a lesson to partisanship.

To make the prince unrestricted regent would have been to make him virtually king for the time, and to have made Fox "viceroy over him." The prospect was dazzling, but there were difficulties in the way. The royal fortress stood upon a hill, which was not to be stormed even by the boldness of opposition, while it remained embarrassed with the restraints of law, popular rights, and personal declarations and pledges of all kinds. But the time pressed; every hour added to the strength of the garrison; and Fox took the reckless resolution of cutting away his whig encumbrances, and assaulting the battlements in the unembarrassed right of despotism.

"I have heard," exclaimed he, "of precedents for binding the regent; but I can find none existing for laying a hand on an heir-apparent of full capacity and age to exercise power. It behoves, then, the house not to waste a moment, but to proceed with all becoming speed and diligence to *restore* the sovereign power and the exercise of the royal authority. From what I have read of history, from the ideas I have formed of the law, and, what is

still more precious, of the spirit of the constitution, I declare that I have not, in my mind, a doubt that I should think myself culpable if I did not take the first opportunity of saying, that in the present condition of his majesty, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has as clear, as express a right to exercise the power of sovereignty, during the continuance of the illness and incapacity with which it has pleased God to afflict his majesty, as in the case of his majesty's having undergone a natural demise."

This was so palpable an abandonment of the first principles of constitutional law, that it is scarcely to be accounted for, but by that frenzy which sometimes seizes on powerful understandings when tempted by more powerful passions. Fox was evidently inflamed, by the sight of all the objects of his ambition within his grasp, into the desperate experiment of casting away his character, and leaving it to success to justify the abjuration of his principles. By this language he had nullified the power of parliament and the nation alike. "The circumstance to be provided for," he repeated,

“did not depend on their deliberations as a house of parliament,—it rested elsewhere.” This “elsewhere” was the hereditary *right* of the prince to assume the throne!—not less. Sheridan followed him, and presumptuously warned the house “of the *danger* of provoking” the prince’s assertion of his claim. But Pitt instantly threw back the menace, in language which found an indignant echo in the house and the nation.

“We have now,” said he, “an additional reason for asserting the authority of the house, and defining the boundaries of right; when the deliberate faculties of parliament are invaded, and an indecent menace is thrown out to awe our proceedings. I trust the house will do its duty, in defiance of any threat. Men, who feel their native freedom, will not submit to a threat, however *high the authority* from which it may come.”

But Fox was the great antagonist, and it was over him that Pitt exulted with the loftiest sense of superiority. When he heard him utter the ominous sentence, declaring the regent’s independence of parliament, he turned round to

the member who sat next him, and, with a brightened countenance, and striking his thigh triumphantly, said,—“I’ll *un-whig* the gentleman for the rest of his life.”\*

Pitt, now master of the house, and secure of the national support, urged his measures vigorously; and in the committee on the state of the nation,† carried, by a division of 268 to 204, after a long debate, the two resolutions: first, “that there was an interruption of the royal authority;” and secondly, “that it was the duty of the two houses of parliament to supply that defect.” The next step taken by the triumphant minister was to embody his intentions in a letter to his royal highness:—

“Sir,—The proceedings in parliament being now brought to a point, which will render it necessary to propose to the House of Commons the particular measures to be taken for supplying the defect of the personal exercise of the royal authority during the present interval; and your royal highness having some time

\* Moore.

† Dec. 16, 1788.

since signified your pleasure that any communication on this subject should be in writing, I take the liberty of respectfully entreating your royal highness's permission to submit to your consideration the outlines of the plan which his majesty's confidential servants humbly conceive (according to the best judgment which they are able to form) to be proper to be proposed in the present circumstances.

“ It is their humble opinion, that your royal highness should be empowered to exercise the royal authority, in the name and on the behalf of his majesty, during his majesty's illness; and to do all acts which might legally be done by his majesty; with provisions, nevertheless, that the care of his majesty's royal person, and the management of his majesty's household, and the direction and appointment of the officers and servants therein, should be in the queen, under such regulations as may be thought necessary. That the power to be exercised by your royal highness should not extend to the granting real or personal property of the king, (except as far as relates to the renewal of leases,) to the granting any office in reversion, or to the granting,

for any other term than during his majesty's pleasure, any pension, or any office whatever, except such as must by law be granted for life, or during good behaviour; nor to the granting any rank or dignity of the peerage of this realm to any person except his majesty's issue, who shall have attained the age of twenty-one years.

“ Those are the chief points which have occurred to his majesty's servants. I beg leave to add, that their ideas are formed on the supposition that his majesty's illness is only temporary, and may be of no long duration. It may be difficult to fix beforehand the precise period for which those provisions ought to last; but if, unfortunately, his majesty's illness should be protracted to a more distant period than there is reason at present to imagine, it will be open hereafter to the wisdom of parliament, to reconsider these provisions whenever the circumstances appear to call for it.

“ If your royal highness should be pleased to require any further explanation on the subject, and should condescend to signify your orders that I should have the honour of attending your

royal highness for that purpose, or to intimate any other mode in which your royal highness may wish to receive such explanation, I shall respectfully wait your royal highness's commands.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With the utmost deference and submission,

Sir,

“ Your royal highness's most dutiful

“ And devoted servant,

“ W. PITT.”

“ *Downing Street, Tuesday Night, Dec. 30, 1788.*”

The prince's letter in answer attracted remarkable attention, from its tone of dignity, and the general grave excellence of its composition. All the leading persons of the prince's councils were guessed as the writers, and each with some degree of plausibility; but the votes fell chiefly on Sheridan. However, the question is cleared up at last, and the authorship is given to Burke, on the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh, and the following note of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot (Lord Minto), Jan. 31, 1789:

“ There was not a word of the prince's letter to Pitt mine. *It was originally Burke's, altered*

a little, but not improved, by Sheridan and other critics.

“The answer made by the prince yesterday to the address of the two houses was entirely mine, and done in a great hurry, half an hour before it was to be delivered.”\*

*Answer to Mr. Pitt's Letter, delivered by his Royal Highness to the Lord Chancellor, Jan. 1, 1789.*

“The Prince of Wales learns from Mr. Pitt's letter, that the proceedings in parliament are now in a train which enables Mr. Pitt, according to the intimation in his former letter, to communicate to the prince the outlines of the plan which his majesty's confidential servants conceive to be proper to be proposed in the present circumstances.

“Concerning the steps already taken by Mr. Pitt, the prince is silent. Nothing done by the two houses of parliament can be a proper subject of his animadversion; but when, previously to any discussion in parliament, the outlines of

\* Moore.

a scheme of government are sent for his consideration, in which it is proposed that he shall be personally and principally concerned, and by which the royal authority and the public welfare may be deeply affected, the prince would be unjustifiable, were he to withhold an explicit declaration of his sentiments. His silence might be construed into a previous approbation of a plan, the accomplishment of which every motive of duty to his father and sovereign, as well as of regard for the public interest, obliges him to consider as injurious to both.

“ In the state of deep distress in which the prince and the whole royal family were involved by the heavy calamity which has fallen upon the king, and at a moment when government, deprived of its chief energy and support, seemed peculiarly to need the cordial and united aid of all descriptions of good subjects, it was not expected by the prince that a plan should be offered to his consideration, by which government was to be rendered difficult, if not impracticable, in the hands of any person intended to represent the king's authority, much less in the hands of his eldest son, the heir-

apparent of his kingdoms, and the person most bound to the maintenance of his majesty's just prerogatives and authority, as well as most interested in the happiness, the prosperity, and the glory of the people.

“The prince forbears to remark on the several parts of the sketch of the plan laid before him; he apprehends it must have been formed with sufficient deliberation to preclude the probability of any argument of his producing an alteration of sentiment in the projectors of it; but he trusts with confidence to the wisdom and justice of parliament, when the whole of this subject, and the circumstances connected with it, shall come under their deliberation.

“He observes, therefore, only generally on the heads communicated by Mr. Pitt, and it is with deep regret that the prince makes the observation, that he sees in the contents of that paper a project for producing weakness, disorder, and insecurity, in every branch of the administration of affairs; a project for dividing the royal family from each other, for separating the court from the state; and therefore, by disjoining government from its natural and accus-

tomed support, a scheme for disconnecting the authority to command service from the powers of animating it by reward, and for allotting to the prince all the invidious duties of government without the means of softening them to the public by any one act of grace, favour, or benignity.

“ The prince's feelings on contemplating this plan are also rendered still more painful by observing, that it is not founded on any general principle, but is calculated to infuse jealousies and suspicions (wholly groundless, he trusts) in that quarter whose confidence it will ever be the first pride of his life to merit and obtain.

“ With regard to the motive and object of the limitations and restrictions proposed, the prince can have but little to observe. No light or information is offered him by his majesty's ministers on these points. They have informed him *what* the powers are which they mean to refuse him, not *why* they are withheld.

“ The prince, however, holding as he does, that it is an undoubted and fundamental principle of this constitution, that the powers and

prerogatives of the crown are vested there as a trust for the benefit of the people, and that they are sacred only as they are necessary to the preservation of that poise and balance of the constitution which experience has proved to be the true security of the liberty of the subject, must be allowed to observe, that the plea of public utility ought to be strong, manifest, and urgent, which calls for the extinction or suspension of any one of those essential rights in the supreme power or its representative, or which can justify the prince in consenting, that in his person an experiment shall be made to ascertain with how small a portion of the kingly power the executive government of this country may be carried on.

“ The prince has only to add, that if security for his majesty’s repossessing his rightful government, whenever it shall please Providence, in bounty to the country, to remove the calamity with which he is afflicted, be any part of the object of this plan, the prince has only to be convinced that any measure is necessary, or even conducive to that end, to be the first to

urge it, as the preliminary and paramount consideration of any settlement in which he would consent to share.

“ If attention to what is presumed might be his majesty's feelings and wishes on the happy day of his recovery be the object, it is with the truest sincerity the prince expresses his firm conviction, that no event would be more repugnant to the feelings of his royal father, than the knowledge that the government of his son and representative had exhibited the sovereign power of the realm in a state of degradation, of curtailed authority, and diminished energy—a state hurtful in practice to the prosperity and good government of his people, and injurious in its precedent to the security of the monarch and the rights of his family.

“ Upon that part of the plan which regards the king's real and personal property, the prince feels himself compelled to remark, that it was not necessary for Mr. Pitt, nor proper to suggest to the prince, the restraint he proposes against his granting away the king's real and personal property. The prince does not conceive that, during the king's life, he is by law

entitled to make any such grant; and he is sure that he has never shewn the smallest inclination to possess any such power. But it remains with Mr. Pitt to consider the eventual interests of the royal family, and to provide a proper and natural security against the mismanagement of them by others.

“The prince has discharged an indispensable duty, in thus giving his free opinion on the plan submitted to his consideration.

“His conviction of the evil which may arise to the king’s interests, to the peace and happiness of the royal family, and to the safety and welfare of the nation, from the government of the country remaining longer in its present maimed and debilitated state, outweighs, in the prince’s mind, every other consideration, and will determine him to undertake the painful trust imposed upon him by the present melancholy necessity, (which, of all the king’s subjects, he deploras the most,) in full confidence that the affection and loyalty to the king, the experienced attachment to the house of Brunswick, and the generosity which has always distinguished this nation, will carry him through

the many difficulties inseparable from this critical situation, with comfort to himself, with honour to the king, and with advantage to the public.

(Signed)

“ G. P.

*“ Carlton House, January 2, 1789.”*

The minister suffered no further delay to take place ; but brought in his propositions, and carried them by large majorities, in the face of the whole strength of opposition, armed with protests, motions, and the formidable resistance of the blood-royal. The Dukes of York, Cumberland, and fifty-five other peers, signed a remonstrance against the restrictions. The princes of the royal family even expressly refused to suffer their names to appear in the commission for opening the session. But Pitt was not to be shaken ; the first reading of the bill was firmly carried in the Commons ;\* and another week had brought it to the verge of commitment ; when the struggle was stopped at once, by the cheering intelligence that the king's illness was already giving way, and that within a short

\* Feb. 12, 1789.

time his perfect recovery might be expected. Those tidings, which diffused sincere joy through the nation, were speedily confirmed; and within a month, a commission for holding the parliament was issued by the king.

This had been the lottery of politics. If the prince had ascended the throne, even with limited powers, Fox and his friends would have obtained every wish which it was in the regent's power to realize. A turn of chance had now flung them into political exile; and the minister used his first leisure unhesitatingly to punish the symptoms of wavering among his own followers. The Duke of Queensberry, Lords Carteret and Malmesbury, and the Marquess of Lothian, were summarily dismissed from office. But it was in Ireland, where the defection had been most glaring, that vengeance and justice were gratified together, in a sweeping exclusion of functionaries "venturous enough to speculate on London politics, and criminal enough to speculate on the unlucky side."

Yet the wit and eloquence of opposition were never more conspicuous than in those disastrous times of their party. Sheridan was in a per-

petual glow; and, whether sportive or sarcastic, was the delight of the house.

"I am staggered," said he, "when I hear Dr. Willis's assertions. I hear him attribute his majesty's illness to twenty-seven years of study, abstinence, and labour; and he tells us that his medicine has cured all this. What must I think of Dr. Willis, when I hear that his physic can, in one day, overcome the effects of seven-and-twenty years' hard exercise, seven-and-twenty years' study, and seven-and-twenty years' abstinence? It is impossible for me to preserve gravity on such a subject. It reminds one of the nostrums that are to cure this or that malady, and also *disappointments in love, and long sea voyages!*"

In allusion to the usual charge of insincerity against the minister, he declared, "that he believed the right honourable gentleman sincere in his intention, though he did not profess Dr. Willis's gift, that of seeing hearts by looking into countenances. He remembered the doctor's telling the committee, 'that he could thus see the *heart* of any man, whether he was sick or not.' And

the declaration appeared to have *particularly alarmed* the right honourable gentleman."

The restrictions had left the regent the power of making war and peace; but had prohibited his making any change in the household. Sheridan treated this reserve with unceasing ridicule.

"Talk of his majesty's feelings when he shall recover, and find his *household* changed. We are to be told that his feelings would be less shocked to learn that the constitution of the country was changed, or part of his dominions, by an unjust war, lost: or, by a foolish peace, ceded to foreign potentates. What was this, but like a man who, having entrusted his mansion to a person in his absence, to take care of it, and finding it gone to ruin, and the winds of heaven suffered to blow through every part of it, the enclosures to be broken, the sheep to be shorn, and all exposed to ruin and decay, yet should have no regret for those things, but feel all his anxiety awakened for a few looking-glasses and worthless *gilt lumber* locked up in an old-fashioned drawing room."

Burke's appeals to the house were in a loftier style, and distinctly shewed that he had already formed those views, which were to be yet developed in his immortal labours on the French revolution.

"I consider myself," said he, "fully justified in asserting that Great Britain is governed by a hereditary monarchy. Heaven forbid it should ever prove otherwise: it is our powerful barrier, our strong rampart, against the ambition of mankind. It says to the most aspiring, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther:' it shelters the subject from the tyranny of illegal tribunals, bloody proscriptions, and the long train of evils attendant upon the distractions of ill-guided and unprincipled republics."

His opinion of Thurlow was contemptuously avowed. "What is to be done when the crown is in a *deliquium*? It is intended, we are told, to set up a *man with black brows*, and a *large wig*, to be a *scurecrow* to the two houses, and give a fictitious assent in the royal name."

The chancellor's tears had excited great ridicule; but it was left for Burke to give him the castigation due to his hoary hypocrisy. "The

other house are not yet recovered from that extraordinary burst of the pathetic which had been exhibited the other evening; they have not yet dried their eyes, nor been restored to their placidity. The tears shed on that occasion were not the tears of patriots for dying laws, but of *lords for expiring places*. They were the ‘iron tears that flowed down Pluto’s cheek,’ and rather resembled the dismal bubbling of Styx than the gentle streams of Aganippe.

“In fact, they were tears for his majesty’s bread. There is a manifest difference between this house and the other, between plebeians and patricians. We, in an old-fashioned way, would have said, ‘If we could no longer serve the king, we will no longer receive his wages, we will no longer eat his bread.’ But the lords of the household held a different language; they would stick by the king’s loaf as long as a single cut of it remained; they would fasten on the crust, and gnaw it while two crumbs of it held together; and they would proudly declare, at the same time, that it was the honour of the service, the dignity of the office, which alone

they regarded. The lords of the household were beyond the reach of influence; they were a set of saints and philosophers, 'superior to the lusts of the flesh and the vanities of this world.'"

By a fiction of law, the great seal was to represent the royal authority, and under this semblance of a king the session was to be opened. For this singular substitution the valid plea was, the necessity of the case. But it was too open to burlesque to escape Burke, who, amid the laughter of the house, turned it in all the lights of vindictive pleasantry.

"I cannot, for my soul," he exclaimed, "understand the means of this art magic, any more than I can doubt the purpose. I see a phantom raised. But I never heard of one being raised in a family but for the purpose of *robbing the house*. The whole ceremonial, instead of being a representative of the forms of the constitution, is a masquerade, a mummery, a piece of buffoonery, used to ridicule every form of government. A phantom conjured up to fright propriety and drive it from

the isle; a spectre, to which, as to Banquo's ghost, it might be said—

‘Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
That thou dost glare with!’ ”

In adopting Fox's words, that the limitations of the regency went to establish a republic, and that it would have been the manlier way to call for a republic at once, Burke burst into a strain of lofty scorn, which may have suggested the famous apostrophe—“O calumniated crusaders! O tame and feeble Cervantes!”—in Fox's letter to the electors of Westminster.

“A republic! do I hate a republic! No. But it cannot be speculated upon, according to the principles of our constitution: I love, I adore, the true principles of a republic; but is this the mode of instituting a republic?”

“O republic, how art thou libelled! how art thou prostituted, buffooned, and burlesqued! O fabric! built after so many ages, and cemented by the blood of so many patriots, how art thou degraded! As well might it be said that the

creatures of the Opera-house were representatives of heroes, the true and perfect Cæsars, Catos, and Brutuses, as that strange and jumbled chaos the representative of a real republic."

The India bill had been the death-blow of the original whigs; the regency question was now all but the death-blow of the party which assumed the name. Disunion and discredit fell upon them from this hour; opposition lost its final hold on the national confidence. Partisanship was still active, and profession as loud as ever, but the empire looked upon it thenceforth in its true light, that of a mere combination to drive ministers from their places, and usurp them in their own persons. The three leaders of opposition were equally conscious that their cause was lost. And this consciousness was not relieved by feeling that any one of them had exhibited the wisdom essential to all great successes. Fox's extravagant assertion of the right of the prince had given the first advantage of the field to his antagonist. Sheridan's still more obnoxious threat of princely vengeance had embittered the constitutional

offence into personal indignation ; and Burke's wild indulgence in the impulses of a brilliant but uncontrollable fancy had dazzled his friends to the edge of a precipice, from which to retreat was ignominy, while to advance was ruin.

There can now be no doubt that the triumph of opposition would have been the downfall of law ; and that the doors of parliament might as well be closed for ever, when an unlimited regent, in his own misinterpreted right, should set his foot upon the first step of the throne.

Burke's dissatisfaction, at this period, was well known ; and a brief but sufficiently expressive record of it is preserved in a letter to his Irish friend, Lord Charlemont \*—" Perpetual failure," said he, " even though nothing in that failure can be fixed on the improper choice of the object, or the injudicious choice of means, will detract every day more and more from a man's credit, until he ends without success and without reputation. In fact, a constant pursuit even of the best objects, without

\* Hardy's Memoir.

adequate instruments, detracts something from the opinion of a man's judgment. This, I think, may in part be the cause of the inactivity of others of our friends who are in the vigour of life, and in possession of a great degree of lead and authority.

"I do not blame them, though I lament that state of the public mind in which the people can consider the exclusion of such talents and virtues from their service as a point gained to them. The only point in which I can find anything to blame in these friends is, their not taking the effectual means, which they certainly had in their power, of making an honourable retreat from their prospect of power into the possession of reputation, by an effectual defence of themselves. There *was* an opportunity which was not made use of for the purpose, and which could scarcely have failed of turning the tables on their adversaries."

Such are the bitter fruits of political ambition even in a noble mind, instinctively repellent of all the basenesses that, while they stimulate the passions of meaner spirits, envenom their punishment. Burke knew nothing of those

feelings which strew scorpions on the pillow of the artificial and the perfidious; yet this is the letter of a vexed heart, ready to exclaim that all is vanity. But his triumph was to come; and the time was already fast approaching when, with prouder objects in view than a struggle for the narrow distinctions of office, he was to stand forth the champion of the surviving religion, manliness, and loyalty of Europe; a light to England, and a redeeming honour to her legislature and her people.

The king's recovery closed the contest in the English parliament; but the luckless fortune of Ireland reserved her for one of those blunders which are ludicrously supposed to be indigenous to the soil. The Irish parliament had acknowledged the unlimited right of the regent almost by acclamation. There never had been a more precipitate worship of the rising sun. The Irish ministers were overwhelmed by this rush of new-born allegiance, or suffered themselves to swell the tide. All was principled hypocrisy and magnanimous defection; and the holders of office, the wearers of blue and green ribbons, and the bearers of

gold keys, black rods, and white sticks, exulted in being able to give such costly attestation of their new faith, as the sacrifice of their badges on the altar of the regency. But, from fraud the progress is easy to faction. In the midst of this carnival of party, treason began to fix its eye on darker objects; murmurs were heard that were little short of rebellion, and the key note of republicanism was touched more than once in this chorus of new-born loyalty. But, in the wild resolutions of the Irish whigs, and their still wilder speeches, were also founded those just alarms, which predisposed the English cabinet to the strong measure of the Union.

Still, whatever might have been the original plot of the drama, all finished in characteristic burlesque. The last scene of the pageant found a substitute in farce. The lord-lieutenant having naturally refused to make himself a culprit by forwarding the "resolutions," an embassy from the lords and commons was sent with them to London. The deputation reached London, and made their first bow to the prince; but it

was a week *after* the announcement of the king's convalescence ! Thus vanished into thin air that fabric of place, pension, and general spoil, which patriotism had erected with such triumphant anticipation. The rewards of the deputies were—a gracious answer from the prince, informing them that they were *too late* ; the shrinking thanks of the Irish parliament, conscious that it had committed an irreparable folly ; and the angry remorse of the whole array of officials, trembling at the just indignation of the throne.

But, the first infliction was the laugh of the empire. Caricatures of “ the six deputies riding on bulls,” and satirical squibs and verses of every kind, were poured upon this unhappy failure.

EPIGRAM.—THE BULL-RIDERS.

Though Pats are famed for sportive skulls,  
This feat all feats surpasses ;  
For, not content with breeding bulls,  
Those bulls are rode by asses.

## THE GLORIOUS HALF DOZEN.

Six rogues have come over our pockets to pick,  
And dispose of their second-hand ware ;  
To play the buffoon, and jump, tumble, and trick,  
But they've come—the *day after the fair*.

Productions like those are made only for the moment ; but one more, giving the names of the commission, must be quoted. It is obviously founded on Horace's Ode, "*Pastor quum traheret.*"

## THE PROPHECY.

When the packet o'er the tide  
Bore Ierne's patriot pride,  
Harry Grattan's delegates,  
Pregnant with a nation's fates,  
Pondering all on bribes and places,  
Making all, all kinds of faces ;  
Schemes of native thievery brewing,  
Scoundrels, made for fools' undoing ;  
While along the loaded deck  
Sickening lay the human wreck,  
Right beneath the pilot's nose  
From the wave a phantom rose ;  
Bull-necked, black-mouthed, water-bloated,  
Still buff-vested and blue-coated ;  
Round of belly, round of chin,  
Thus began the shape of sin . —

“ Asses, from the land of asses,  
Ere your cargo this way passes,  
While your worships have an ear,  
Hear your true-blue Prophet, hear !  
Hear me, every party hack !  
Scoffed at, ye shall all come back—  
Scoffed at as the tools of tools,  
All incorrigible fools !

“ Hear me, purse-bound, lack-brained Leinster !  
Model of an ancient spinster ;  
Hear me, mountebank O'Neill !  
Tied to every rabble's tail ;  
Hear me, Conolly ! the prime  
Of talkers against sense and time ;  
Hear me, sullen Ponsonby !  
Thou of the place-hunting eye ;  
Hear me, Stewart, of beaux supreme,  
Thyself thy everlasting theme ;  
Bold defier of the wave, .  
(Thine's a *terra firma* grave !)  
Hear me, simpering Charlemont,  
With thy Machiavellian front,  
With thy Opera lisp and smile,  
Israelite that knows no guile ;  
Compound soft of softest cant,  
Faction's gentle figurant !

“ Hear me, dotards, one and all—  
Sudden scorn shall on you fall ;  
Laughter follow on your track,  
Laughter drive you flying back ;

Scoffs from people, king, and prince !  
Till your ass-skin withers wince.  
Not a dinner for your pains,  
Not a stiver for your gains ;  
Till, though naked, not ashamed,  
All your patriot fires are tamed ;  
Till your mob-bepelted souls  
Wish your senders at the poles,  
Curse the hour they first harangued,  
And long to see them drowned or hanged."

Then, before their spell-bound view,  
Dived the phantom buff and blue :  
Laughter from the Cambrian rocks  
Mingled with the name of Fox ;  
Laughter from the British main  
Came with clanks of lash and chain ;  
Laughter in the tempest's roar  
Rolled from cloud, and sea, and shore.

The consternation of the ministerial deserters in Ireland was boundless, and for once they were not disappointed. They were cashiered in all directions. Office was cleared of every time-server of the tribe ; and the minister was justly said to have "made more patriots in a day than patriotism had ever made in a year." Sheridan's brother Charles, the Irish secretary of war, was among the culprits, and was cast

out like the rest ; though his fall was softened by some unaccountable arrangement, which gave him a pension of 1200*l.* a year, with a reversion of 300*l.* to his wife ! But if party was excoriated, the nation was rejoiced.

In England, the king's recovery broke up as many dreams of office as were ever kindled between vanity and selfishness. Opposition had cut royal patronage into suits for every shape. Every partisan, and every partisan's partisan, was to be provided for ; and the whole loose and pauper mob, who hang on the skirts of politics, were each to find a covering for his multitude of sins. To take the single instance of Sheridan himself ; he was to have had the treasurership of the navy ; an office totally unfit for his careless habits. But this was not the limit ; his brother-in-law, Tickell, an idler, was to have a seat in parliament ; and his associate, Richardson, another idler, was to have a commissionership of stamps. Who can regret that the caterpillars were shaken off the public tree ; or that the objects of a faction, which thus linked itself with avarice and in-

1788.]

THE KING'S ILLNESS.

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trigue, were defeated? The man must have been fertile in tears who could grieve that an association for the purposes of plunder should be deprived of the public spoil; or that mercenaries should be stripped of the honours due only to patriotism and virtue.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

THE regency question drove the prince from politics. No experiment could have been more disheartening. Fond of popularity, he saw it crush his last hope ; relying on the wisdom of his friends, he saw their councils ignominiously baffled, their connexion threatened by personal jealousy, and the great antagonist of both prince and party raised into undisputed power ; while, however, attached to his royal father, he found his personal conduct the object of reproof, and his defence answered only by more open displeasure.

The result was disastrous to himself, to the kingdom, and even to the king. It abandoned the prince to pursuits still more obnoxious than those

of public ambition. It encouraged his natural taste for those indulgences which, however common to wealth and rank, are, in all their shapes, hostile to the practical values and high-minded purposes of life; and it embarrassed his circumstances, until pressed by creditors, and entangled by a multitude of nameless perplexities, he suffered himself to be urged into a marriage, formed without respect or attachment, and endured in bitterness and vexation until its close.

It was said, that at this period a proposal was made to ministers by the prince to accept the viceroyalty of Ireland; a situation for which he would have been fitted, by his attachment to its people, and his general knowledge of its interests. But the proposal, if ever made, was discountenanced. An application was next forwarded to the king for military rank; but the prince still remained a colonel of dragoons, while all his royal relatives were advanced to the highest stations of the service. Chagrin might not unnaturally have seized upon the mind of any man thus in early life stopped in all his efforts for distinction. The state neces-

sity ought to be strong by which the heir of the crown is virtually consigned to either indolence or error.

For some years he abjured all appearance of political feeling. He received the nobility and public persons sumptuously; but with something like a determination to forget on what political side they ranged. He spent the chief part of his time at Brighton; came occasionally to Carlton House; signalized his presence by a ball or a dinner; and then, having done his share as a leader of the fashionable world, galloped back to Brighton, and amused himself with pursuits that cost him less trouble.

Here he was not companionless, though the times had changed in which his table was the scene of the highest discussions of public life. With political hope the leading names of opposition had disappeared, and their places were filled up by individuals chiefly remarkable for their faculties of amusing their royal entertainer. Occasionally, however, guests of a higher rank still appeared; and among those were the late memorable and ill-omened Duke of Orleans.

The Duke of Orleans had visited England

some years before, nominally on a tour of pleasure, but more probably by an order from the French cabinet, which had already suspected him of sowing disaffection in the court. Summoned back to France by an order of the king, after a few months' absence, he had returned, laden with English fashions, and followed by a train of race-horses, English jockeys, and a whole travelling establishment; which he displayed, to the horror of the ancient *régime* of jack-boots and diligences; to the infinite delight of the Parisians, who read liberty in this invasion of Newmarket caps and dock-tailed horses; and to the universal popularity of the *Anglomanie*, which in the Parisian intellect implied English boots, betting, prize-fighting, and the constitution.

In return, the duke had assisted the prince with his knowledge of play; and considerable sums were lost at the Pavilion. From this, a transaction arose, in which, under the various names of a loan, a debt, and a present, the duke was said to have made an offer of a large sum to his royal highness; but the offer was

finally declined, by the advice of Sheridan and the Duke of Portland.

In 1789, the duke visited England for the last time. France was then exhibiting symptoms of disturbance, which made his presence hazardous to the court; and under the pretext of a mission from the king, he was sent out of Paris. But the national assembly were already kings of France, and their passport too was necessary. It was at length granted; with no slight astonishment, that the leading regenerator should leave his country at the moment when she was on the wing, ascending to the third heaven of political perfection. But France had another race of kings, higher than even the national assembly,—the *poissardes* of Boulogne. Those legislators seized the royal envoy, nullified the king's commission on the spot, put the passport in their pockets, and marched him to his hotel, where they placed a guard over him, until they should send a deputation from their own body to the national assembly! The deputation at length returned, bearing the national sanction. The fishwomen expressed themselves

satisfied; the illustrious prisoner was let loose, —fortunate if he had been taught by this example the madness of popular licence,—and was received in London with great distinction by the prince and the chief nobility.

The bewildered career and unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans are now matter of history. He was born in a hazardous time for a man of weak understanding, strong passions, and libertine principles. All then was trial to the good, or temptation to the evil.—The monarch but a grown child: the queen, estimable but imperious, full of Austrian “right divine,” and openly contemptuous of the people: the court, jealous, feeble, and finding no resource for its weakness but in obsolete artifice and temporary expedient: the nobility, a mass of a hundred and twenty thousand idlers by prescription. A large portion of the priesthood were public despisers of religion and the common obligations by which society is held together; a still larger portion were poor, and living on the mendicant bounty of the people. But beyond those central, projecting points in the aspect of France, those fragments of the old system of the monarchy,

the politician saw a wilderness of living waves, a boundless and sullen expanse of stormy passions, furious aspirations, daring ambition, and popular thirst of slaughter; a deluge, rising hourly round the throne, and soon to overtop its last pinnacle.

Yet the Duke of Orleans was not to see this consummation. He returned to France; was seized by the men of liberty; condemned without a hearing by the votaries of immaculate justice; and murdered on the scaffold by the purifiers of the crimes of lawgivers and kings.

The son of that duke has now peaceably ascended the magnificent throne, which perhaps dazzled the ambition of his father. Whether France will long suffer a king, may be doubtful. But, while his claim rests on the national choice, unsullied by the old atrocities of revolution, Europe may well rejoice that France has obtained a man of vigour; and that man may well rejoice in so illustrious an opportunity of redeeming his name, and spreading the benefits of his wisdom and power to mankind.

A remarkable personage visited England at the same time, the Duc de Lauzun, the finished

representative of the French noblesse of the higher order. Of great elegance of manners, and of striking talents, but utterly prodigal and unprincipled, he was the chevalier whom Grammont would have delighted to draw, if his pencil could have touched the man of fashion with a shade of republicanism. Lauzun remained only a few months in England; but a Frenchman is a rapid pupil, and in those months he became the most matchless specimen of the *Anglomane*, that had ever captivated the glance of Paris.

Yet, one step more was necessary to perfection, and it was taken. He retired to Passy, a village in the suburbs, and there commenced philosopher. He had succeeded to the title of Biron, and was for awhile the wonder of those pre-eminent sons of science and freedom, who enjoyed his classic banquets, and exulted in the arrival of the golden age, in the prospect of his plunder. But the republic was now mounted on its car, and rushing, with fiery wheels, over the frontiers of rival states, and the necks of potentates and armies. Biron became an avowed republican, was placed at the head of an

army, fought and conquered; was suspected, was seized by the convention, and completed the course of a revolutionary leader, by dying on the scaffold. The axe was the substantial reformer; Biron was no longer to insult the natural equality of man.

He finished his career in the dramatic style of his country, *en héros*. Revolutionary justice suffered no stigma of the "law's delay;" and the ceremonial seldom consisted of more than the criminal's pronouncing his name, and the tribunal's ordering his execution. The scaffold followed the example of the tribunal, and the condemned were generally put to death within the next five minutes. In Biron's instance, there was the delay of a whole hour; and he used it to exhibit the Epicurean ease which distinguished the wits and sages of the era.

On returning to his dungeon, he ordered oysters and white wine. While he was indulging over this final meal, the executioner entered, to tell him that "the law could wait no longer." "I beg a thousand pardons, my friend," said the duke; "but do me the honour to allow me to finish my oysters." The request

was granted. "But I had forgot," observed Biron; "you will have something to do to-day, and a glass of wine will refresh you: permit me to fill one." The offer was graciously accepted. "Again; I had forgot," added the duke; "there is our mutual friend, the turnkey." The turnkey was called in; three glasses were filled; the three were drunk off—*à la santé*; and in a few minutes after, the head of this gay libertine, traitor, and philosopher was rolling on the scaffold.

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The prince's marriage now became the national topic. The Duke of York had already been married some years,\* but was childless; and the king, naturally anxious to see a secure succession, and leave his descendants masters of the throne, strongly urged the heir-apparent to select a wife from the royal families of Europe, and thus give a pledge to the empire of that change of habits, and that compliance with the popular wish, which, in those days of change, might be even essential to the public safety.

\* October, 1791.

No advice could have been more startling. His royal highness had often declared, that he would not give up "his free, unhoused condition" for any woman on earth: and he had even peculiarly turned into scorn those forms of princely marriages which preclude previous knowledge on both sides.

But the embarrassment extended further than the princely breast. The first announcement of the possibility of his marriage threw the whole female world into confusion. Fashion trembled through all her thrones. If we still have examples of female influence, it is hopeless to conceive the supremacy asserted by women of rank fifty years ago. Even our novelists, with all their eagerness to give pungency to the romance of the great, can find little for public curiosity beyond the common place echo of an elopement, or the childish canvass for the *entrée* of a ball-room. Our journals, the "brief abstracts and chronicles of the time," represent all women in the higher circles as giving head and heart to the domestic purpose of securing opulent alliances, the matrons for their daughters, and the daughters for themselves.

But the fashion of the last century was of another mould.

London then saw a constellation of female luminaries, any one of which would throw lustre on our modern hemisphere. Each had her peculiar source of homage. The Duchess of Devonshire gave the most sumptuous entertainments, and, by her elegance and accomplishment, sustained a long reign. The Duchess of Gordon, handsome in her youth, had become a *bel-esprit* when she ceased to be a beauty; and always said the cleverest, and often the keenest of things, with the easiest air of any high-born wit since the days of him

“Who never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.”

The Duchess of Rutland, who survived till within these few years, and long gave evidence of that beauty which once made her the “rose of the fair state,” was then, by universal acknowledgment, the loveliest woman of the English court. Thus was completed the celebrated trio, to whom the first homage of every man who aspired to the praise of taste was

paid, and of whom it was said in a popular epigram,—

Come, Paris, leave your hills and dells;  
You'll scorn your dowdy goddesses;  
If once you see our English belles,  
For all their gowns and bodices.

Here's Juno Devon, all sublime;  
Minerva Gordon's wit and eyes;  
Sweet Rutland, Venus in her prime—  
You'll die before you give the prize.

The age of English poetry had perished, and we were to wait long for its revival. But, in the interval, every one wrote verses; and the essential tribute to a reigning belle was a poetic panegyric upon her attractions. If an English beauty could have been overwhelmed, like Tarpeia, by her ornamental tributes, the women of rank of the last century must have died under a superabundance of verse. Fortunately, nothing is more evanescent: but an ode by Sir Hercules Langrishe, a popular member of the Irish house of commons, a favourite everywhere, and familiar with all that life has of the graceful and the gay, is among the surviving examples of this playful courtesy. The subject

is not of the heroic order,—a gnat's stinging the lady.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF  
RUTLAND.

As poor Anacteon bleeding lies  
From the first glance of Stella's eyes,—  
Too weak to fly, too proud to yield,  
Or leave an undisputed field,—  
He rallies, rests upon his arms,  
And reconnoitres all her charms.  
Vainly he fancies that, by peeping  
Through all the beauties in her keeping,  
He may, in such a store, collect  
The healing balm of *one* defect,—  
One feeble point, one faulty spot,  
By Nature's forming hand forgot ;  
Or left, in mercy, a defence  
Against her soft omnipotence,  
Which spurns philosopher nor sage,  
Nor tender youth nor cautious age.  
He viewed her *stature* towering high,  
The liquid lustre of her *cye* ;  
The rosy beauties of her *mouth*  
Diffusing sweetness like the south ;  
He viewed her whole array of charms,  
Her swan-like neck, her polished arms .  
He looked through every rank and file,  
The look, the sigh, the grace, the smile, —  
No advantageous pass was lost,  
No beauty sleeping on its post ;

the bold intrusion of a fly  
Had closed the lustre of an eye,  
And given him hopes that, thus b  
Of half her splendour, what was l  
He might resist, or else evade,  
Or cool his passion in the shade.  
But, while he thrills beneath her gl  
He sees another foe advance,—  
The *snowy arm's* sublime display  
Was raised to chase the cloud away.  
He felt how frail is hope, how vain :  
The vanquished lustre came again ;  
The living ivory supplied  
The splendour which the eye denied.  
So Savoy's snowy hills arise  
And pierce the clouds and touch the s  
And scattering round the silver ray  
Give added brightness to the day.

Thus disappointed in his dream  
Of imperfection in her frame,  
The lover ventures to explore  
One final, fond expedient more.  
“ Must I — — — — —

One tax, one countervailing duty,  
To balance her account of beauty ;  
One saving foible, balmy fault,  
One impropriety of thought,  
To lend its medicinal aid  
And cure the wounds her eyes have made ? ”

Presumptuous thought ! I viewed once more  
The blaze that dazzled me before,  
And saw those very eyes impart  
A soul, that sharpened every dart ;  
With every rich endowment fraught,  
The tender care, the generous thought,  
The sense of each exalted duty,  
The beauty that was more than beauty ;  
The wish, on every smile imprest,  
To make *all* happy, and *one* blest !  
The whole was softness mixed with love,  
The arrow feathered from the dove.

Finding no hope of safe retreat,  
I yield contented to my fate ;  
I unreluctant drag the chain,  
And in the *passion* lose the *pain* ;  
Feel her sweet bondage all so light,  
Her fetters all so soft and bright,  
That, vain and vanquished, I must own  
I never wish to lay them down,  
Nor longer struggle to be free ;  
Such chains are worth all liberty !

The announcement of a stranger, who was to be higher than the highest of those glittering and imperious rulers, produced an universal tumult. But there were others, of inferior rank and more disputable merits, who had deeper reasons for alarm; and public report gave them the discredit of a determined conspiracy against the peace and honour of the future Princess of Wales.

Even in the purer circle of the court, discussions arose which boded ill for her tranquillity. The king, who was much attached to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, had selected her daughter, the Princess Caroline Amelia Elizabeth; and, in the first instance, had corresponded with the court of Brunswick on the subject, where the prospect was contemplated with exultation. The queen, not less attached to her own connexions, had proposed her niece, Louisa, Princess of Mecklenburg, afterwards so distinguished and unfortunate as the Queen of Prussia. There was still a third personage to be conciliated, more interested and more reluctant than either—the future husband. But he

had a pressure upon him which no resolution can finally resist: he was overwhelmed with demands upon his income; his creditors were gathering round him again; that querulous and persevering eagerness for royal anecdote which had harassed so many of his earlier years, was again invading his private life with tenfold animosity; and at last, he gave way, and suffered himself to be announced as the suitor of the Princess Caroline. The king immediately sent a formal intimation of his wishes to the court of Brunswick, and the marriage was decided on.

Still, everything in this union seemed destined to be adverse. While the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick were unmeasured in their delight at seeing the succession to the British throne in their family, and themselves the probable ancestors of a race of kings, the princess was said to exhibit no trivial dislike to the match. Among the innumerable rumours which float in the atmosphere of courts on such occasions, it must be difficult to detect the truth; but it was openly asserted, that she had already formed an attachment to an individual in the

ducal service ; and the following letter unfortunately found its way to the public, presumed to be a declaration of her feelings to a German lady residing in England.

“ You are aware of my destiny. I am about to be married to my cousin, the Prince of Wales. I esteem him for his generosity, and his letters bespeak a cultivated mind. My uncle is a good man, and I love him much ; but I feel that I shall never be happy. Estranged from my connexions, friends, and all I hold dear, I am about to make a permanent connexion. I fear for the consequences.

“ Yet I esteem and respect my future husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, alas ! I say sometimes, I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it ; but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. I am debarred from possessing the man of my choice, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language. I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to make my husband

happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales."

Whether this letter be authentic or not, it is not improbable that it gives a true transcript of this unhappy princess's mind. The prince's perplexities, too, might be less public, yet not less trying; and, by that strange balance which so much equalizes the variety of human condition, there were probably but few in England, even of "the waifs and strays of fortune," who would have had reason to envy the pomps and honours of two beings apparently placed on the golden summit of prosperity.

But the prince's natural good humour soon returned, and he submitted to necessity like a philosopher. The princess's portrait had been sent to him, and he made a point of praising it. On one occasion, he shewed it to an intimate friend, and asked, with some seriousness, "What he thought of it?" The answer was, "That it gave the idea of a very handsome woman." Some observations followed; "However," said the prince, after a pause, "Lennox

and Fitzroy have seen her, and they tell me she is even handsomer than her miniature."

The newspapers, which, of course, collect much detail that naturally soon perishes, gave long accounts of the royal marriage, and are still the best authorities for the public feelings at the time. One of those says:—"The Princess of Brunswick, to whom his royal highness is shortly to give his hand, is twenty-five years of age; her person is very pleasing, and her accomplishments are exquisite.

"The first thought of the prince's nuptials originated some time ago with an exalted personage, who had the first interest in seeing the prince established; and it was accordingly hinted to him, but in so delicate a manner as to leave it entirely at his option. Juvenile pursuits at that time suspended all further discourse about it; till one day, his royal highness praising the person and accomplishments of the Princess Mary before the Duke of Clarence, the duke observed, she was very like the Princess of Brunswick, whom he had the honour of knowing and conversing much with.

The prince grew more inquisitive on the subject; and the duke so satisfied him in all particulars as to afford him the highest gratification.

“The affair seemingly dropped for the time; but on the morning of a late grand gala at Windsor, he mentioned it to a great personage, who was delighted with the proposal; it was instantly communicated to the queen, who felt equal satisfaction: it was then agreed to keep the matter entirely out of the cabinet, till it was in some train of forwardness, which was strictly complied with; and the first notice which the ministers of state had of it was, an official notice to prepare for the embassy, the forms, requisitions, &c.

“Presents and marriage favours, to a great amount, are preparing for the princesses, &c., as well as marks of his royal highness's remembrance to several persons of both sexes about the court.

“The Princess of Wales (we may now call her so) is esteemed one of the best harpsichord performers among the royal families on the continent. The prince being passionately fond

of music, *harmony* will, of course, be the order of the day.

“Carlton-house is furnishing for the reception of the royal pair, with all possible magnificence and despatch. An estimate has been made of the whole; and our readers will form some idea of the expensive grandeur of this new establishment, when they are informed, that the Princess of Wales’s dressing-room alone amounts to twenty-five thousand pounds.

“There has been made up, intended as a present from the Prince of Wales to the princess when she arrives, a most magnificent cap, on which is a plume in imitation of his highness’s crest, studded with brilliants, which play backwards and forwards in the same manner as feathers, and have a most beautiful effect. It is now at a banker’s in Pall Mall, carefully locked up.

“The betrothed consort of the Prince of Wales is of middling stature, and remarkably elegant in her person. Her appearance at court is majestic, but accompanied with a sweetness and affability of manners which rivet the admiration of all who behold her. Her

eyes are intelligent, her countenance highly animated, and her teeth white and regular. Her hair, of which she has an amazing quantity, is of a light auburn colour, and appears always dressed in a simple but elegant style. Her taste in every part of dress is equally graceful; so that there is no doubt but she will, on her arrival in this country, be the standard of fashionable dress and elegance."

The king's speech at the opening of the session of 1795 gave the first official knowledge of the intended marriage.

"I have," said his majesty, "the greatest satisfaction in announcing to you the happy event of the conclusion of a treaty of marriage of my son, the Prince of Wales, with the Princess Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. The constant proofs of your affection for my person and family persuade me that you will participate in the sentiments I feel on an occasion so dear to my domestic happiness, and that you will enable me to make provision for such an establishment as you may think suitable to the rank and dignity of the heir-apparent to the crown of these kingdoms."

The princess at length left Brunswick, attended by an escort, and the principal persons of the court. Those who were inclined to discover the future in omens, found ill fortune predicted in every point of her journey. It was commenced in the depth of winter; and, within a few days, was stopped by the sudden indisposition of the Duchess of Brunswick, who had intended to accompany her daughter to the shore. The embarkation was to have taken place at Helvoetsluys; but before the princess could reach Osnaburg, it was announced to her that her route must be changed, as the fleet had left the Dutch coast. She then had no resource but to take up her abode in Hanover. At last, on the arrival of the squadron off Cuxhaven, she embarked,\* after having spent three months of a German winter on her journey. Even her voyage was a specimen of the inclemency of our climate; and fogs, billows, and gales, were her first salutation to the British shore.

The princess landed at Greenwich.† After a short stay at the house of the governor, Sir

\* March 28, 1795.

† April 5.

Hugh Palliser, she proceeded to London, attended by her ladies. The roads were covered with people, who received her with acclamations; and in this species of triumphal entry she passed along, until she reached her apartments at St. James's. The Prince of Wales, always observant of courtesy, waited on her instantly, with all the visible ardour of a lover; complimented her on her arrival, her appearance, and her knowledge of English, and asked permission to dine with her. In the evening the royal family visited her, and the king was animated in his congratulations. The party did not break up till near midnight. It was the English family party which his majesty loved; and his honest and hospitable joy communicated itself to all round him.

Among princes, the hopes and fears of the passions are brief; and his royal highness had but three days for romance; for on the third\* from the arrival of the princess he was summoned to St. James's, to be married!

The ceremony had every adjunct of royal

\* April 8.

magnificence; the bride came, covered with jewels, with a diamond coronet on her brow, and attended by four daughters of nobility as bridesmaids, Lady Mary Osborne, Lady Charlotte Spencer, Lady Caroline Villiers, and Lady Charlotte Legge. The prince appeared in the collar of the Garter, and attended by two unmarried dukes, Bedford and Roxburgh. Throughout the whole ceremony the king's gratification was palpable. He peculiarly attended to the bride; and when the archbishop asked the usual question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" his majesty went hastily forward to the princess, and taking her hand in both his, affectionately gave her to her husband.

But another ceremonial of a sterner nature was to come. The prince had acceded to the royal commands, on a promise that his debts should be discharged. The king's natural and becoming wish to see a change in the habits of his heir; the peculiar importance of rescuing royalty from public imputation at a period when the revolutionary spirit was seeking offence against all thrones; and the humane necessity

of relieving the multitude of creditors who might be ruined by delay, had predisposed him to the promise. The statement of the debt was laid upon the table of the House of Commons. It was formidable.

Debt on various securities, and bearing

interest . . . . .	£500,571	19	1
Tradesmen's bills unpaid . . . . .	89,745	0	0
Tradesmen's bills and arrears of establish- ment, from 10th of Oct. 1794, to April 5, 1795. . . . .	52,573	■	■

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£642,890 4 4

The chief palliative of this expenditure is, that his royal highness knew but little of its extravagance, and had probably not so much actual enjoyment of it as many an English gentleman with a tenth of his income. He was surrounded by individuals whose interest it was to keep him in the dark relative to his own affairs; in his rank, he could scarcely be expected to inquire very deeply into household details, or to scrutinize tradesmen's bills; and those to whom the duty naturally fell, had keenness enough in pursuit of their own objects to take care that, even if he had scrutinized them, he should have been not less plundered. One instance of this system

of wholesale spoliation may serve as an example of the rest ; his farrier's bill, for horse medicine and shoeing, was £40,000.

The condition on which the prince had yielded to the royal will was now to be performed ; and the proposal for liquidating his debts was ushered in by one of the minister's ablest speeches.\* The king had sent a message to the legislature, calling on it to enable him to form an establishment for the newly married pair ; but adding, that the first point was to relieve the prince from his embarrassments, as until then he could derive no advantage from the settlement. The message stated also, that the only mode which the king contemplated of paying the debt was, by deducting a portion of the prince's proposed income, and by handing over the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall for a certain period for the use of the creditors ; finally, a pledge was to be given against all future recurrence of debt.

The measure was necessary ; but no time could have been more unfortunate for the

\* April 27, 1795.

demand. The nation was fretted with the failures of the French war, and was doubly irritated at the taxes which every session imposed; angry opinions on government had been eagerly spread through the nation; the imbecility of the Bourbons was made a charge against all sovereigns; the daring doctrines, seconded by the memorable military successes, of the new republic, were already influencing opinion in all countries; and England seemed on the verge of some great and fatal change. The prince's embarrassments now gave an additional topic to the declaimers, and the debates in the house were long and acrimonious. On the motion for the committee on the message, a formidable array of the county members appeared in opposition; and Stanley, member for Lancashire, adverted in strong terms to the former message, in 1787, and the promises then made relative to the prince's obligations. But there was no remedy; and the minister, with whatever reluctance, was compelled to persevere.

The heads of the proposed establishment were—

Annual income of the prince, exclusive of the			
duchy of Cornwall, to be raised to	.	.	£125,000
Jewels and plate for the marriage	.	.	28,000
For finishing Carlton House	.	.	26,000

The revenue of the duchy was £13,000. The accumulation during the prince's minority, from 1763 to 1783, was 233,764*l.*; and for the liquidation of the debt, a sum of 78,000*l.* a year was to be appropriated. To this proposal were appended clauses providing for the future punctual discharge of the arrears, and for making over Carlton House to the crown, with the furniture, as an heir-loom. A jointure of 50,000*l.* a year was settled on the princess.

The discussion continued nearly three months before the public, and during the whole time the feelings of party within and without the house were in a perpetual ferment. The Duke of Clarence, who had seldom taken a share in the debates, attracted public notice by the generosity and boldness with which he adopted the cause of the innocent sufferer, the Princess of Wales.

“Whatever may be thought,” said he, “of the stipulations for the payment of the debts,

there is at least one individual who ought not to be exposed to this harsh and stern inquisition,—a lovely and amiable woman, torn from her family; for though her mother is his majesty's sister, she must still be said to be torn from her family, by being suddenly separated from all her early connexions. What must her feelings be, from finding her reception in this country followed by such circumstances, when she had a right to expect every thing befitting her rank, and the exalted station to which she was called?"

The princess herself, unused to inquiries into the conduct of courts, was alternately indignant and dejected, declaring, that "she would rather live on bread and water in a cottage, than have the character and conduct of the royal family, and especially of her husband, thus severely investigated." Opposition, disheartened by perpetual defeat, was now almost reduced to Fox and Sheridan; who, however, with more than their usual prudence, pointed out the only way of rational extrication; and with even more than their usual boldness, assailed higher authority than that of ministers. But Sheri-

dan, animated by every motive that could kindle his passions or his genius,—attachment to the prince, vexation at the turn of fortune which had cast him immeasurably beyond the hope of public honours, and the still stronger offence of being charged with sharing the plunder of the prince's income,—eclipsed himself. The house was kept in a state of unwearied admiration by the variety of powers which this extraordinary man displayed night after night, in the midst of a life of that alternate embarrassment and excess, dreamy indolence and exhausting luxury, that ague of the mind, which most rapidly exhausts and enervates the intellectual frame.

The fragments of those speeches which remain can now only do injury to the reputation of the great orator. Yet, shattered as they are, they exhibit some traces of the master hand.

“I did disdain,” said he, “all this trifling and quibbling with the common sense of the nation. Let the people not be deceived by our taking the money out of their pockets as a royal income, and paying it back as a royal debt.

To-night it is not my intention to vote either way. This seems to surprise some gentlemen opposite; but, to those who make up their minds on all questions *before they come into the house!* some surprise may be natural at my not making up my mind after I am in it.

"The debt *must* be paid immediately, for the dignity of the country and the situation of the prince. He must not be seen rolling about the streets as an insolvent prodigal. But the public need not be burdened with the pressure of a hair in affording him that relief.

"In the course of these discussions, gentlemen have applied strong language to the conduct of an illustrious prince. But there are *other high and illustrious* characters, who, in future discussions, must be told as plainly, what the public have a right to expect from them, and what their conduct ought to have been on the present occasion, however ungracious the task may be."

The plan in Sheridan's contemplation was, that an advance should be made from the privy purses of the king and queen, and that

the incomes of the sinecure places should be thrown in.

“The king’s privy purse was 60,000*l.*, the queen’s, 50,000*l.* ; and all their houses and paraphernalia were now finished and furnished. The first and most natural feeling of a parent would be, to make some sacrifice to retrieve the imprudence of a son.” He then pounced upon the sinecures :—“As places which add to neither the dignity of the crown nor its strength. Let a committee of trustees be appointed, in whom might be placed the sinecure revenues after the death of their present holders. Posterity would look back with gratitude to the arrangement, and with wonder that such places ever existed. This would be the way to make our constitution stable, and to prevent the wild system of Jacobinism from undermining or overturning it. While we were spilling our blood and wasting our money in support of continental monarchy, this would be a national resource, and prove that monarchy, or those employed under it, could shew examples of self-denial, and do something for the benefit of the people. This would

add lustre to the crown ; unless, indeed, ministers might think that it shone with lustre in proportion to the gloom that surrounded it, and that *a king is magnificent as his subjects become miserable !*

—“ There is one class who love the constitution, but do not love its abuses. There is another who love it with all its abuses. But there is a third, a large and interested party, among whom I do not hesitate to place his majesty's ministers, who love it for nothing but its abuses ! But let the house, the best part of our constitution, consider its own honour. Let us destroy the sinecures. Let us build the dignity of the prince on the ruins of idleness and corruption, and not on the toils of the industrious poor, who must see their loaf decreased by the discharge of his encumbrances.”

To the charge of sharing in the prince's expenditure he gave the most distinct denial. “ He had never accepted anything, not so much as a present of a horse. He scorned the imputation, and would leave it to defeat itself.” He then repulsed with quick sarcasm the attacks made on him in the course of the debates by the

minor antagonists, who had rashly volunteered this proof of their ministerial devotion. Colonel Fullarton had said, in a long and desultory speech, that the prince's councils were *secretly* guided by Sheridan. After contemptuously retorting the charge,—“*I*, the secret councillor of the prince! I have never given his royal highness a syllable of advice in which I did not wish it were possible to have the king standing on one side and the people of England on the other;” he proceeded to repay the colonel:—

“As to certain portions of the honourable gentleman's speech, some of the sentences, I actually believe, no gentleman in this house understood, nor could understand; and the only solution of the problem is, that somebody must have advised him to prepare a speech against what he conjectured *might* be said to-night. He had rifled the English language to find out proverbs and trite sayings; and had so richly enveloped his meaning in metaphor, and embellished it with such colouring, as to render it totally unintelligible to meaner capacities.”

Rolle had called him to order. He did not

escape. Sheridan told him, "that he was not at all surprised to hear himself called to order by that honourable gentleman; but he should have been very much surprised to hear *any reason* for the call from that honourable gentleman." Even to Pitt, who had, on one occasion, made no other reply to his speech than moving to adjourn, he flung down the glove:—"I make no comment on the indecency of moving to adjourn, when the public relief is the topic. To desire the gentlemen on the opposite side to make provision for the prince by a reduction of useless places, would be to amerce themselves. For my part, I never thought them capable of any folly of the kind."

The prince at length interposed; and by Anstruther, his solicitor-general, sent a message to the house, declaring "his acquiescence in any arrangements which it might deem proper with respect to his income and its appropriation to the payment of his debts. He was perfectly disposed to make any abatement in his personal establishment that was considered necessary." The princess coincided in the message; and

the proceedings were closed by three bills,\*—  
The 1st, For preventing future Princes of Wales from incurring debts. The 2nd, For granting an establishment to the prince. And the 3rd, For the princess's jointure. Commissioners were next appointed for the examination of the debts. The creditors were paid by debentures, with interest on their claims; and the term of nine years was fixed for the final payment. Many of the claims were rejected as groundless, many were largely reduced as exorbitant, and a per centage was taken off the whole. Thus ended a proceeding in which the minister was burthened with the impossible task of satisfying the nation, the creditors, and the prince. Pitt exhibited every high quality of his station; and if he failed, it was only where no man living could have succeeded.

\* June 24, 1795.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE ROYAL SEPARATION.

DURING the period of the prince's retirement, before and after his marriage, several incidents occurred, which brought him, from time to time, into the presence of the public. Some of them exhibited that want of caution which was the source of his chief vexations throughout life; but all bore the redeeming character of his original goodnature.

Prize fighting had become a popular, and even a fashionable amusement, by the patronage of some of the nobility. Brutal as the habit is, and inevitably tending to barbarise a people, it was for awhile considered a peculiar feature of British manliness. The prince adopted this patriotic exhibition, and

was honoured accordingly; but, one display, at which a wretched man was beaten to death before his face, gave him so effectual a lesson of championship, that, with honest indignation, he declared, "he would never be present at such a scene of murder again."

The Lennox duel not less exhibited his good feeling. The offence received by the irritable colonel seemed to have been of the most trivial nature. The attempt on the life of the son of his king, and one who might himself yet be his king, was a public crime; and if Colonel Lennox had killed the Duke of York, nothing but the mercy of that duke's grieved parent could have saved him from an ignominious death. But the result was fortunately bloodless; and the king appeared to think it a matter of etiquette to overlook the crime. But the Prince of Wales was unable to restrain his feelings; and on the first meeting with Colonel Lennox at court, he expressed his displeasure in the most pointed manner consistent with the presence of royalty.\*

\* The story was thus told in the newspapers:—Col. Lennox, to the surprise of every one, had appeared at the ball given at

The transaction with Jefferys, the well-known jeweller, was one of those instances which made the prince's connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert so perpetual a source of disaster. Nothing could be more trifling than the transaction itself—a loan of 1600*l.*, which was repaid at the promised time; but the circumstances under which it was borrowed at once

St. James's on the king's birth-day, (1789.) “The colonel stood up in the country dance with Lady Catherine Barnard. The prince, who danced with his sister, the princess royal, was so far down the set that the colonel and Lady Catherine were the next couple. The prince paused, looked at the colonel, took his partner's hand, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of Clarence followed his example; but the Duke of York made no distinction between the colonel and the other gentlemen of the party. When the colonel and his partner had danced down the set, the prince again took his sister's hand and led her to a seat. Observing this, the queen approached the prince, and said, ‘You are heated, sir, and tired. I had better leave the apartment and put an end to the dance.’ ‘I am heated,’ replied the prince, ‘and tired, not with dancing, but with a portion of the company;’ and emphatically added, ‘I certainly never will countenance an insult offered to my family, however it may be regarded by others.’ The prince's natural gallantry next day offered the necessary apology to Lady Catherine Barnard, ‘regretted that he should have caused *her* a moment's embarrassment.’”

gave great pain to the prince, and supplied a topic of peculiar calumny to his enemies.

Jefferys was obviously a person unfit for the royal confidence. The prince had thanked him, in his good-natured language, for the service: and the jeweller's vanity was instantly inflamed into the most extravagant expectations of patronage. The prince was as destitute of power as any gentleman in the kingdom; but he gave him all that he could give, the order for the marriage jewels, which amounted to 64,000*l*. Jefferys had, in the meantime, followed his fortunes in other ways; he had become a member of parliament, Coventry having the honour to return him; and he had at length thrown up trade, and become a solicitor for place. The commissioners for the payment of the prince's debts attempted to deduct ten per cent. from his bill for the jewels. This he resisted, and, by the help of Erskine, obtained a verdict in Westminster Hall for the full amount; which, however, he complained was but partly paid. Thus he continued for years, pamphleteering his wrongs, appealing to the prince for compensation which he had no power to give, and forcing the

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royal name before the public in the most perplexing and unfortunate manner.\*

The royal marriage was inauspicious; and it was soon rumoured, that the disagreements of habit and temper, on both sides, were too strong to give any hope of their being reconciled. Of an alliance contracted with predilections for others existing in the minds of both parties, the disunion was easily foreseen; a partial separation took place, and the tongue of scandal availed itself fully of all its opportunities.

\* The prince's sale of his stud and retirement from Newmarket was a public topic for some time. This whole affair also is almost too trifling for record.—A horse belonging to his stud ran ill on one day, when heavy bets had been laid upon his winning; but ran well on the next day, when heavy bets had been laid on his losing. Chisney, the jockey, was immediately assailed by the losers on both occasions as having plundered them; but he made an affidavit that he had won only 20*l*. The Jockey Club sat in judgment on the case, and disbelieving the jockey, ordered that he should ride there no more. The prince believing him, looked on the decision as an injustice to his servant, and an offence to himself: he instantly withdrew from the course; and feeling for the poverty to which Chisney must be reduced, gave him a yearly allowance. The charge was soon, and totally, abandoned.

On the 7th of January, 1796, the Princess Charlotte was born. The usual officers of state were in attendance, and the prince was in the state chamber, awaiting the event with great anxiety. The royal infant was christened on the 11th of February, at St. James's, receiving the names of Charlotte from the queen, and of Augusta from the Duchess of Brunswick ; the sponsors were their majesties, with the princess-royal as proxy for the duchess.

A considerable number of addresses from public bodies were presented on this fortunate occasion. But the corporation of London contrived to take offence at his royal highness's expressing that, from the reduction of his establishment, he must be content with receiving a copy of their address, instead of the deputation.

Birch, one of the common council, moved, upon this, "That the court could not, consistently with its dignity, suffer the compliment to be paid otherwise than in the usual form." The prince sent for the lord mayor, and stated, in apology, his reasons for the refusal. The city was considered to have pushed punctilio as far

as it could go: for the congratulations of the two houses of parliament had been already presented in private, on the same ground, the state of the prince's household.

During the dissensions of Carlton-house, the king paid the most marked civilities to the Princess of Wales, visited her frequently, made her presents, wrote letters to her, and on all occasions evinced his determination to protect her under the difficulties of her circumstances. But, unfortunately, she was totally deficient in prudence. In defiance of all warnings, she still spoke with open scorn of all whom she suspected of conspiring against her; and there were few whom she did not suspect. Her opinions even of the royal family were highly sarcastic, and she had the rashness to put those opinions on paper in her correspondence with the court of Brunswick.

At length, a whole packet of those angry communications was unaccounted for. They had been intrusted to a Dr. Randolph, a clergyman, who was going to Germany; and they never reached their intended destination. But it was equally clear that they had reached

another; and the princess publicly declared that they had been intercepted for the purpose of being scattered among the royal family. Dr. Randolph was, of course, implicated in the charge; but the Doctor stated that, having changed his mind as to his German journey, he had returned the letters to the princess by the usual Brighton conveyance. The inquiry was hotly urged by the public, with the strongest expressions against the parties; until Lady Jersey came forward to vindicate herself, at the Doctor's expense, by the following letter:—

*“ Pall Mall.*

“ SIR,—The newspapers being full of accusations of my having opened a letter either to or from her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and as I cannot in any way account for what can have given rise to such a story, excepting the loss of those letters with which you were intrusted last summer, I must entreat that you will state the whole transaction, and publish the account in the newspapers you may think fit. Her royal highness having told me, at the time when my inquiries at Brighton, and

yours in London, proved ineffectual, that she did not care about the letters, they being only letters of form, the whole business made so little impression on me, that I do not even recollect in what month I had the pleasure of seeing you at Brighton. I think you will agree with me, that defending myself from the charge of opening a letter is pretty much the same thing as if I were to prove that I had not picked a pocket; yet, in this case, I believe it may be of some use to shew upon what grounds so extraordinary a calumny is founded. As I cannot wish to leave any mystery upon this affair, you are at liberty to publish this letter if you think proper to do so."

Lord Jersey next came forward in the correspondence with the harassed doctor:—

"Sir,—Lady Jersey wrote to you early in the last week, requesting that a full statement from you of all that passed relating to the packet of letters belonging to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales might appear in public print. To that letter she has received no answer from

you, nor have I learned that any such publication has appeared. The delay I have been willing to attribute to accident; but it now becomes *my duty* to call upon you, and I do require it of you, that an explicit narrative may be laid before the public: it is a justice she is entitled to, a justice *Lady Jersey's character* claims, and which she has, and which you have acknowledged she has, a right to demand at your hands. Your silence upon this occasion I shall consider as countenancing that calumny which the false representations of the business have so shamefully and unjustly drawn upon Lady Jersey. I am, &c."

Dr. Randolph finally came before the general tribunal as a contributor to this singular exhibition; and discussed the matter, in a letter to her ladyship, in full form:—

"MADAM,

\* \* \* \* \*

"I need not recall to your ladyship's recollection the interview I had with the princess at Brighton: when she delivered to me the packet

in question, all her attendants in waiting were, I believe, present, and the conversation generally turned upon the various branches of her august family, and the alteration I should find in them after an absence of ten years. This interview, if I am not mistaken, took place on the 13th of August; and after waiting, by her royal highness's desire, till the 14th, when the prince was expected from Windsor, to know if he had any commands to honour me with, I had no sooner received from Mr. Churchill his royal highness's answer, than I departed for London, with the intention of proceeding to Yarmouth.

“ On my arrival in town, finding some very unpleasant accounts of the state of Mrs. R.'s health, I took the liberty of signifying the occurrence to her royal highness, annexing to it, at the same time, a wish to defer my journey for the present, and that her royal highness would permit me to return the packet, or allow me to consign it to the care of a friend who was going into Germany, and would see it safely delivered. To this I received, through your ladyship, a most gracious message from her royal highness,

requesting me by all means to lay aside my intentions, and return the packet. In consequence of such orders, I immediately went to Carlton House, to inform myself by what conveyance the letters and parcels were usually sent to Brighton, and was told that no servant was employed, but that every day they were, together with the newspapers, committed to the charge of the Brighton post coach from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. On the subsequent morning, therefore, I attended at the Golden Cross, previous to the departure of the coach, and having first seen it regularly booked, delivered my parcel, enclosing the princess's packet, addressed to your ladyship at the Pavilion. Immediately afterwards I set out for Bath, and had scarcely been a fortnight at home, when, to my surprise and mortification, I received the following letter from your ladyship, dated Brighton, Sept. 1:—

“ ‘ SIR,—In consequence of your letter, I have had her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales's commands to desire, that as you did not go to Brunswick, you should return the

packet which she had given you. I wrote accordingly, about a fortnight ago. Her royal highness not having received the packet, is uneasy about it, and desires you to inform me how you sent the letters to her, and where they were directed. If left at Carlton House, pray call there, and make some inquiries respecting them.'

"To which letter of your ladyship I then returned the following answer:—

" 'MADAM,—I know not when I have been more seriously concerned than at the receipt of your ladyship's letter, which was forwarded to me this morning. The morning I left town, which was on the 20th of August, I went to the Brighton post coach, which I was told at Carlton House was the usual conveyance of the princess's papers and packets, and booked a parcel, addressed to your ladyship at the Pavilion, enclosing the letters of her royal highness. I have sent to a friend in London by this night's post, to trace the business; and will request your ladyship to let your servants call at the

Ship, the inn, I believe, the coach drives to at Brighton, to make inquiry there, and to examine the bill of parcels for Thursday, the 20th August. If this prove not successful, I shall hold it my duty to return to town, and pursue the discovery myself. I shall not be easy till the packet is delivered safe ; and trusting that this will soon be the case, I remain, &c.’”

Public animadversion was inflicted with equal zeal on all the individuals concerned in this luckless affair. The Doctor especially was asked—How he could have treated the trust of a person of the distinction, and under the peculiar circumstances, of the princess with such apparent *nonchalance*? Why, at the easy distance of London from Brighton, he had not thought proper to restore the letters to her own hands? Why he had lingered so long in offering his explanation, when the first and most natural impulse of any man publicly lying under so stinging a charge would have been, to cast it from him without a moment’s delay, and never desist until his vindication was complete, and the charge was substantiated against the

true criminals? Finally, it was demanded, why the people of the coach-office were not brought forward to shew what had actually become of the packet, and into whose hands at Brighton it had been delivered?

But here discovery closed; the only clear fact being, that the letters never returned to the writer. Her royal highness could scarcely be supposed to preserve silence on a subject which, however innocent, had so much the air of intrigue. Her indignation was unbounded; she unhesitatingly declared that, from circumstances, and even phrases, which elapsed in conversation, her correspondence must have been put into the hands of her enemies.

The king, with that kindliness which formed so large a portion of his character, made one attempt more to put an end to those painful disputes: but the highest life is, in essentials, like the lowest; and the hazard of interfering in matrimonial differences, even though the mediator were a king, was palpably shewn in the still wider alienation of the parties. After a short period, a separation was proposed by the prince, and the princess expressed her readi-

ness to accede to the measure, with only the added condition, that the separation should be *perpetual*. To this his royal highness finally agreed, in the following note :—

“ MADAM,—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I should define, in writing, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power; nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required, through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing, at any period, a connexion of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable corre-

spondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in undisturbed tranquillity.

“ I am, Madam, with great truth,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ GEORGE P.”

“ *Windor Castle, April 30, 1796.*”

To this communication the princess, after some interval, replied:—

“ SIR,—The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me; it merely confirmed what you have tacitly insinuated for this twelvemonth. But after this, it would be a want of delicacy, or rather an unworthy meanness in me, were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself. I should have returned no answer to your letter, if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or from me. You are aware that the honour of it be-

longs to you alone. The letter which you announce to me as the last obliges me to communicate to the king, as to my sovereign and my father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find enclosed a copy of my letter to the king. I apprise you of it, that I may not incur the slightest reproach of duplicity from you. As I have at this moment no protector but his majesty, I refer myself solely to him on this subject; and if my conduct meet his approbation, I shall be, in some degree at least, consoled. I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself, as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—charity. It will be my duty, likewise, to act upon another motive—that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial.

“ Do me the justice to believe, that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be, your much devoted

“ CAROLINE.”

“ May 6, 1796.”

The king still interposed his good intentions, and desired that the princess should, at least, reside under the same roof with her husband. She had apartments in Carlton House, while the prince spent his time chiefly at Brighton. But Charlton, a village near Blackheath, was finally fixed on for her residence; and there, with the Princess Charlotte, and some ladies in attendance, she lived for several years.

In this whole transaction the prince was clearly culpable. With habits of life totally opposite to those of domestic happiness, he had married for convenience; and, the bond once contracted, he had broken it for caprice. Following the fatal example of those by whom he was only, and always, betrayed, he had disregarded the obligations fixed upon him by one of the most important and sacred rites of society; and, without any of those attempts "to bear and forbear," to endure the frailties of temper as well as the chances of fortune, which he had vowed at the altar, he cast away his duties as a toy of which he was tired; thus ultimately rendering himself guilty of every possible error

of the unhappy woman whom he had abandoned.

After a seclusion of ten years, the princess came again before the world. In 1804, her royal husband had insisted on the necessity of withdrawing the Princess Charlotte from her superintendence; but the king was prompt in exhibiting his protection, and, after some correspondence, he took the guardianship upon himself.

But the rumours which had produced this discussion, at length assumed shape in more formidable charges, which the prince, by the advice of Lord Thurlow, embodied and laid before his majesty. A committee,\* consisting of Lords Erskine, Grenville, Spencer, and Ellenborough, examined the papers, which accused the princess of a guilty intercourse with the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, Captain Manby, Sir Sidney Smith, and others.

The report of the committee fully exculpated her royal highness of crime; simply objecting

\* May 29, 1806.

“carelessness of appearances,” and “levity” in the instance of certain individuals. The king upon this declared her conduct clear, and ordered a prosecution for perjury to be instituted against Lady Douglas, the wife of an officer of marines, and her principal accuser. Lady Douglas was covered with obloquy; and her husband, who appears to have been passive on the occasion, was so deeply affected by the public scorn, that he was said to have died of a broken heart.

His majesty carried on the triumphant vindication to the last; gave the princess apartments in Kensington palace, and, as a decisive expression of his own sentiments, directed that she should be received at court with peculiar attention. She appeared at the next birth-day; and so strong was the national feeling, even in those ranks where it is etiquette to suppress emotion, that as her royal highness passed through the crowd, she was received with an universal clapping of hands.

Fortunate for her, if that day had taught her the wisdom of confiding herself and her cause to

a generous people; doubly fortunate for her, if she had for ever shunned the contamination of that foreign residence and those foreign manners which are so often alike pestilent to the honour of man and the virtue of woman.

END OF VOL. I.

**THE**  
**PERSONAL HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**HIS LATE MAJESTY**  
**GEORGE THE FOURTH:**

**WITH**  
**ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS**  
**OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.**  
**BY**  
**THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.**

**Second Edition.**  
**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

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AN unusually large edition of these Memoirs having been long since exhausted, it is now republished, with the corrections and additions rendered necessary by time. The public success of the work has amply justified its object ; which was, to tell the truth, and fear no man ; to give the history of party without prejudice, and of the monarch without partiality.



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**MEMOIR**  
**OF THE**  
**LIFE OF GEORGE IV.**

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**CHAP. I.**

**THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

THE French Revolution was the offspring of infidelity. The tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth, one of those monarchs whom Providence gives in its wrath to nations destined to fall, had expelled Protestantism by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1683. The first punishment of this act of consummate treachery was judicial. A general war finally broke down the military character of France, extinguished its alliances, devastated its provinces, and sent the grey hairs of the persecutor to the grave, loaded with useless remorse, with the miseries of his people, and the universal scorn of Europe.

**VOL. II.**

But the deeper punishment was still to come, in the degeneracy of the national religion. From the hour in which Protestantism was exiled, the Gallican church ran a race of precipitate corruption. It had lost the great check ; and it cast away at once all that remained of its morals, and of its literature. The Jansenists, a feeble reflection of Calvinism, were assailed by the Jesuits with the concentrated subtlety and violence of the ruling sect. But the struggle between the domineering and the weak always excites the sympathy of man ; and the whole intelligent body of France were summoned by the contest to examine into the rights of both. They were found equally groundless ; the arguments of the Jesuits were the dungeon and the sword. The arguments of the Jansenists were pretended miracles, the hysteric follies of nuns, and the artificial enthusiasm of hirelings and impostors. Common sense turned from both the controversialists with equal scorn.

The Jesuits finally trampled down their adversaries ; but they had scarcely time to feel the triumph when ruin fell upon themselves. Their ambition had prompted them to the lofty

insolence of mastering the thrones of Europe. Conspiracy and assassination were the means; papal supremacy was the object. Kings at length took the alarm; and by a simultaneous resolution the Jesuits were overthrown, amid the general rejoicing of mankind.

But when the national eye was no longer distracted by the minor conflict of the sects, it was raised with newly-awakened astonishment to the enormous fabric of the Gallican church itself. As if it had been gifted with some new faculty of scorn, all France suddenly rang with one uproar of abhorrence at the inordinate power, the shameless corruption, the contemptible fictions, and the repulsive mummeries, of the establishment. Like the prophet, the people had been led within the curtains of the dark chambers, and seen the secret abominations of the shrine. But it was not with the righteous indignation of the prophet, but with the malignant joy of accusers. Triumphant in their power to blacken all religion with the smoke of its abuses; and overthrowing superstition, only that they might substitute atheism; they proclaimed their discovery to the world.

It is not to be forgotten, as an illustration of one of the greatest moral truths; that the French church found that guilt is weakness. It was now utterly unequal to face the day of peril. Its exterior was still unchanged; it still displayed, hung up in its halls, the whole consecrated armour in which it once defied the hostility of kings and people, the sword with which it had cloven down the diadem, and the shield with which it had blunted, for ages, every lance of the chivalry of freedom. But the nerve and muscle that might have borne them, were long withered by indolence and vice. The "falchion of Scanderbeg was there, but where was the arm of Scanderbeg?" The merciless warrior and hierarch was now the "lean and slippered pantaloons;" while his assailant had started up from the serf into the strong-limbed savage, wild with insolent revenge, and ravening for universal plunder.

It is among the most memorable instances of intellectual decline, that of the eighty thousand clergy of France, not one man of conspicuous ability was roused up by the imminent danger of his church. Like a flock of sheep, they relied on their numbers; and the infidel

drove them before him like a flock of sheep. While the battlements of their gigantic church were rocking in every blast, there was no sign of manly precaution, none of generous self-exposure for the common cause, and scarcely any even of that wise suspicion, which is the strength of the weak. They took it for granted that the church would last for their time, and were comforted.

The pride of the day was literary distinction, but the whole ecclesiastical body of France saw the race run without an effort for the prize. In politics, in science, in any and all of those arts and inventions by which men either dazzle the senses, awake the curiosity, or elevate the condition of their fellow-men, the hierarchy of France were ominously content to be forgotten. They sat, wrapped in their old recollections, on the benches of the great amphitheatre, and looked on, without alarm, while a new generation of mankind were trying their athletic limbs, and stimulating their young ambition, in the arena where they had once been unrivalled. Raynal, and the few clerics who distinguished themselves by authorship, were avowed deists or atheists, and ostentatious of their complete,

and contemptuous, separation from the establishment.

The last light of ecclesiastical literature had glimmered in the cells of Port Royal; but, with the fall of the Jansenists, "middle and utter darkness" came. During half a century no work of public utility, none of popular estimation, none of genius, none which evinced loftiness of spirit, vigour of understanding, or depth of knowledge, had been produced by a churchman.

The consequence was inevitable, and fatal. The old awe of the church's power was changed into scorn for its understanding. Even to this hour, their insensibility is a source of astonishment. Ten thousand rents were made in the fabric, but they let no light upon the voluntary slumberers within. The revolutionary roar echoed through all its chambers, but it awoke no champion of the altar. The high ecclesiastics relied upon their connexion with the court, their rank, and the formal homage of their officials; shields of gossamer against the pike and firebrand of the people. The inferior priesthood, consigned to obscurity, shrank in their villages

into cumberers of the earth, or were irritated into rebels. The feeble contracted themselves within the drowsy round of their prescribed duties, and rendered the church contemptible; the powerful persecuted, and made it abhorred; the daring brooded over the national discontents and their own, until they heard the trumpet sounding to every angry heart and form of ill in France, and came forth, a gloomy and desperate tribe, trampling their images and altars under foot, and waving the torch in the front of the grand insurrection. The weak and the strong were alike workers of ruin.

The partition of Poland, in 1773, had insulted the public honour, and the Christian feeling of Europe. No act of ambition had ever sprung more directly from the spontaneous evil of the human heart. The destruction of an impotent throne, and the havoc of a helpless nation, were destitute of all the ordinary pretexts of state necessity. The country poor, the people half barbarian, the government already powerless for all objects of aggression, Poland had long been incapable of giving rise to fear; but it excited the deadliest and most unrelenting passion of

all that make a serpent's nest of the human heart, covetousness. Prussia, Russia, and Austria, entered into the foulest conspiracy on record, and tore Poland limb from limb. But while the blood of her unfortunate people was still red upon their hands, they were to be punished by the aggression of a power unheard of in the history of vengeance, the power of popular frenzy. France, bursting from her old dungeon, and burning with vice, madness, and revolution; at once inflicting agonies on herself and destruction on all in her path, was let loose against them, a naked shape of evil, brandishing her fetters and spreading terror and desolation through the world.

Christianity has been libelled for the guilt of the royal conspirators against Poland. But the three were open infidels; Frederic from his selfishness and perfidy, Catherine from her personal profligacy, and Joseph from his frigid metaphysics, and perhaps disordered mind. The short interval of quiet which followed the partition was only a preparative for that accumulation of calamity which France was to bring upon mankind—a cataract of living fire, checked in

its course, for the moment, only to rush down with irresistible ruin.

France first cleared herself of the encumbrances of government and priesthood; tore to the earth palace and monastery, chateau and chapel; mowed down, with a desperate hand, her nobles and her clergy, and tossed their remnants to all the winds of heaven; and then sent out her fourteen armies to lay waste every surrounding state,—the new Saracens of Europe, carrying their doctrine at the sword's point, and demanding that all should be converts or captives,—republicanism the policy, and atheism the religion, of mankind.

It was in no presumptuous desire to guide the wrath of Heaven, that men of wisdom and virtue had looked for some terrible retribution on the destroyers of Poland; nor was it without that awe, in which the religious mind listens while the thunders of eternal justice are rolling above the world, that they saw a providential vengeance in the prostration of the three guilty kingdoms, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. The work bore all the evidences that establish to the human understanding the

agency of a mightier will than of man,—the sudden perplexity of council—the sudden disunion of the most essential interests—the defeat without a cause—the loss of the race to the swift, and of the battle to the strong. But, on the side of France, all the elements of ruin seemed to assume a new nature, and coalesce into strength and victory. Rude ignorance did the work of knowledge; national bankruptcy, of wealth; insubordination, wild as the waves, was more vigorous than discipline; and the general upbreking of society, the sword at the throat, the scaffold in the streets, famine and feud, unhoused beggary, and the hideousness of civil bloodshed, combined and shaped themselves into a colossal power, that had but to touch the strongest bulwarks of the continent to see them crumble into dust and ashes.

The conduct of England in this great crisis was worthy of her religion. For some years, a large mass of her people had seen nothing in the progress of the Revolution but an advance to rational freedom. The fall of the Bastile was, unquestionably, an auspicious achievement;

for, with a Bastile still frowning over him, no man could feel himself in possession of those rights, without which the highest station of the subject is but a more conspicuous slavery. But when France plunged from legitimate victory into furious licence, when she mixed the cup of freedom with blood, and, not content to intoxicate herself with the draught, offered it to the lip of the base and sanguinary in all nations; then England, disdaining the alliance, interposed her strength between the ferocity of the republic and the interests of human nature, and stood in the breach for the cause of God and man!

The declaration of war was one of those decided measures by which the character of the English minister was stamped for boldness and sagacity. He had not rashly solicited it; but when its expediency was clear, he prepared for it with all the resources of his great mind. He had long more than sufficient grounds to justify the severest retaliation on the republic; in its seizures of ships, confiscations of property, and those innumerable minor injuries to the allies of England which power in the hands of the mean

loves to commit against the helpless. But sufferance must have a limit; and the mere effort to excite rebellion within the realm; the affiliated societies; the correspondence with the crowd of demagogues, whose obscurity did not disgust the haughty embrace of republicanism, high as it held itself above the kings of Europe; were unanswerable justifications of hostility.

At length, the unprovoked attack on Holland, an ally whom we were bound to protect, and whose fall would supply a fleet and a station for invading the British isles, compelled the decision between a hazardous war and a dishonourable truce. The choice was no longer doubtful; and war was proclaimed. No transaction of this order was ever more amply vindicated by its results. The first blow that was struck transmuted the popular discontent into the generous sympathy of Englishmen with the public cause. England purified herself every moment more and more from the stain of republicanism; and she found the way of honour the way of safety. The great pirate that had hoisted the signal of rapine and slaughter against all nations shrank from an encounter with her

stately force; roved the globe for easier spoil; and when, at last, in its vanity and arrogance, it came fairly into conflict with her, found itself crushed by her first broadside.

In 1803 it was announced to Europe that England was to be invaded. An immense force was marched to the shores of the Channel, fleets were collected, transports were built, and, to make victory secure in the eyes of the soldier, the tutelar genius of France, the son of fortune, Napoleon the "invincible," was to take the command. In the preparations for military triumph, civil benevolence too was not forgotten. The forms of the republic still lived among the fond recollections of the French slave. Napoleon himself was but a Jacobin upon a throne; and the consummate charm was given to the plan of invasion by the promise of a republican constitution for England, on the model of Robespierre. England was to acquire new opulence from general confiscation, liberty from French free-quarters, and regeneration from universal chains.

But nothing less than miracle will ever make a foreigner, and of all foreigners a Frenchman,

capable of understanding the English character. Foreign life is essentially theatrical ; the streets are but a transcript of the stage. There must be, in all things, a false vividness, an affected abruptness, an artificial force ; or life, and the business of life, loses its interest in the national eye. The sober vigour and noiseless resolution of the Englishman are looked upon as apathy by the foreign craving for perpetual excitement ; and Napoleon made but the common mistake of his subjects, in conceiving that men could not love their country without civic processions, and triumphal arches, and panegyrics of themselves, and the fopperies of heroes and patriots glittering in the paint and tinsel of the stage.

But in England, if a leaning to republicanism had ever existed, it had now been rectified by experience ; or its chief exhibitors had been wisely and indignantly sent, by the national justice, where they could harm nothing but themselves. Rebellion had been stript and shorn, and could now shew its head only to bring down universal ridicule. Even the race of the *philosophers* had dwindled away from the arrogant clamourers against every wholesome

institution of the country, and every natural feeling of the human heart, into a meagre muster of clubbists, the pauperism of literature, exhibiting their existence only in some obscure production, to which even the virulence of its principles could no longer attract the general eye. But while those men and their followers were ejected, like culprits driven to some barren shore to glean their subsistence from the defying soil and inclement sky, and dream of luxury and revenge in the wilderness; the power and moral cultivation of the great empire which had cast them out were rising to their height. A succession of unexampled naval victories at once shewed where the true defence of England lay, and spread the national glory through the world. The British fleet solved the famous problem of the ancient legislators,—“How to make a state a conqueror, without making the conqueror itself a slave.” In all the ancient and modern governments, the soldier had recoiled upon his country, and overwhelmed the citizen. But the national and peculiar force of England precluded all hazard to national freedom, while it bore the most irresistible weight

against the enemy. Victory followed the career of the British fleet, and followed it upon her broadest wing.

But the war had done more than shew the intrepidity of our fleets and armies; it had effected the not less essential service of separating the British mind from the pollutions of the continent: even the imitations of foreign manners had become obsolete; the fantastic coxcombry that has been again introduced among us by the degenerate portion of our higher ranks, and those travelling idlers who wear out their languid and contemptible existence in awkward attempts to attain the ease of foreign profligacy; was then suffered no longer: the conduit of French and Italian impurity into England was cut off. Those un-English specimens of politics and principle, who had plagued and infested the nation for a century, who

———“ Had wandered Europe round,  
And gathered every vice on Christian ground,  
Seen every court, heard every king declare  
His royal sense of operas, and the fair,”

were laughed out of society, and consigned, like the tawdry suits of the past age, to the dust

and moths, of which alone they were worthy—the *monde perruquière* were brushed away before the foot of a manly generation, and England was herself again.

But if Napoleon miscalculated the feelings of the British people, no man could have more rapidly furnished himself with the means of discovering his error. The taunt of invasion told him of what materials the English mind was made; the hour of danger forced its latent qualities into light, and shewed its grave love of country, its patient courage, its solemn and generous conviction how much better it is to die in arms than live a slave. That taunt was as the sound of a trumpet to the empire: the whole population offered itself as one man: all professions, all classes, men of all diversities of political opinion, were prepared with the sacrifice of their lives. Five hundred thousand volunteers came forward in arms, ready to be followed by ten times the number, if a foreign foot had dared to insult the shore. And in this magnificent exhibition of the strength of freedom, there was nothing that could degrade the scene. There was no alloy of popular violence,

in the popular consciousness of irresistible power; no insubordination in a countless host, whose will must have been law; no bitterness against rank, where the force was gathered from the humblest conditions of society; no attempt at national spoil, where the wealth of the empire lay open; there was even no political clamour, where the voice of the infinite multitude might have so instantly overwhelmed the voice of the constitution. The reason was, that the heart was sincere. The cause of their country was the cause of all; at once the impulse, the guide, and the deliverance: they followed it, as the tribes followed the fiery pillar in the wilderness; and giving themselves wholly to its high leading, they passed triumphantly through straits and dangers, among which no other people could tread and live.

The volunteer corps were chiefly headed by the gentlemen and nobles of the highest consideration in their neighbourhood. Among the crowd of public persons, Pitt was colonel of the Cinque Port volunteers; and the Duke of Clarence commanded a corps near his seat, Bushy, to whom he made a Spartan speech:—

"My friends, wherever our duty calls, I will go with you, fight with you, and never come back without you!" The Prince of Wales took a peculiar interest in this little band, and presented it with a pair of colours, which he gave with a feeling and animated compliment to their loyalty and discipline.

But in this national crisis the prince justly felt that the people required something more than approval, from one who had the first interest in the defence of the throne. He had, long before this period, felt the pain of being thrown into the back-ground, while all his relatives were in the front, and occupying high opportunities of public service. He now again applied for some military rank which would enable him to stand prominently before the public eye, and shew that he too had the heart of an Englishman.

But his request was not to be granted. It is difficult to conceive the political grounds of this refusal. The prince had made himself master of the details of military science to an unusual degree. No colonel in the service kept his regiment in higher discipline: no officer could

manœuvre a regiment better; and it was acknowledged, among military men, that there were few finer displays than that of a field-day of the corps, with their colonel at their head.

His royal highness had often declared, that if he had his choice among all the ways of serving his country, it would have been, to serve her as a soldier. But, even in this natural desire, he was to have another instance of the mortifications that were to pursue him through life.

He first made his proposal, through Mr. Addington, in the following manly letter:—

“ *July 18, 1803.*

“ SIR,—When it was officially announced to the parliament that the avowed object of the enemy was a descent on these kingdoms, it became obvious that the circumstances of the times required a voluntary tender of our services. Animated by the same spirit which pervaded the nation at large, conscious of the duties which I owed to his majesty and the country, I seized the earliest opportunity to express my desire of undertaking the responsibility of a military command. I neither did

nor do presume on supposed talents, as entitling me to such an appointment; my chief pretensions are founded on a sense of those advantages which my example might produce to the state, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of the expectations which the public have a right to form as to the personal exertions of their princes at a moment like the present. The more elevated my situation, insomuch the efforts of zeal should become greater. I can never forget that I have solemn obligations imposed upon me by my birth, and that I should ever shew myself foremost in contributing to the preservation of the country. No event of my life can compensate me for the misfortune of not participating in the honours and dangers which await the brave men destined to oppose the invader."

This letter remained unanswered. After a week, the prince repeated his proposal, with an expression of surprise at the minister's neglect. Mr. Addington's answer was a brief note, that the prince was referred to his majesty's refusal of similar applications in former years; and

that “ his majesty’s opinion being fixed, no further mention could be made to him on the subject.”

The minister had now discharged himself of the responsibility; but his royal highness felt that he had a public interest in making a still higher appeal; and he submitted his claims to the king, in the letter from which an extract is here given:—

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“ I ask to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood, in support of your majesty’s person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your majesty’s subjects have been called on; it would, therefore, little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us; unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may

follow. Hanover is lost, England is menaced with invasion, Ireland is in rebellion, Europe is at the foot of France.

“ At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your subjects in duty,—to none of your children in tenderness and affection, —presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your majesty’s ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army, which may be the support of your majesty’s crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your majesty, with all humility and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it. Allow me to say, sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have everything to lose by defeat? The highest places in your

majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior major-general of your army.

“ If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should indeed deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am entirely incapable of those exertions which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion without the participation of your majesty in my degradation; therefore, every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim.”

Public attention had been strongly fixed on the progress of this transaction; and from the innumerable rumours which were propagated

by his friends and enemies, it became of importance to the prince that he should be enabled to bring his whole conduct on the occasion before the empire. The king, at least, gave him no cause to complain of delay. Nothing could be more prompt, nor more peremptory, than his majesty's answer:—

“MY DEAR SON,—Though I applaud your zeal and spirit, in which I trust no one can suppose any of my family wanting, yet, considering the repeated declarations I have made, of my determination on your former applications to the same purpose, I had flattered myself to have heard no further on the subject. Should the implacable enemy succeed so far as to land, you will have an opportunity of shewing your zeal at the head of your regiment. It will be the duty of every man to stand forward on such an occasion; and I shall certainly think it mine to set an example, in defence of every thing that is dear to me and my people.

“I ever remain, my dear son,

“Your most affectionate father,

“GEORGE R.”

Application was thenceforth at an end; but the prince addressed a strong vindication of his motives to his majesty; and after some correspondence with the Duke of York, whom he had hastily conceived to be the king's adviser on the occasion; and a remonstrance on his being omitted in a list of military promotions towards the close of the year, he at length submitted to a necessity which perhaps no subject in the empire could have felt with more pain. A final note to the minister put this offended feeling in the strongest light. The reports of invasion had been loudly renewed at a time when the prince was known to be preparing to spend the winter at Brighton, a point which must have been considerably exposed, in the event of an enemy's force being off the coast. Mr. Addington\* wrote a few lines to beg that the journey might be delayed. The answer was spirited, soldierlike, and indignant.

“SIR,—By your grounding your letter to me on intelligence which has just reached you, I

\* October 23.

apprehend you allude to information leading you to expect some attempt on the part of the enemy. My wish to accommodate myself to anything which you represent as material to the public service would of course make me desirous to comply with your request.

“ But if there be reason to imagine that invasion will take place directly, I am *bound by the king's precise order*, and by that honest zeal which is *not allowed any fitter sphere for its action*, to hasten *instantly to my regiment*. If I learn that my construction of the word intelligence is right, I shall deem it necessary to repair *instantly to Brighton*.”

In England there can be but few state secrets, and this correspondence soon made its way into the journals. The debate on the motion for a committee on the defence of the country introduced the prince's name, when Tyrrwhitt, one of his household, defended him from the possible charge of reluctance, by stating the nature of his applications to the throne. The debate, though with closed doors, was immediately

made public, and the correspondence thus announced appeared in a few days.

No sufficient light has been hitherto thrown on this inveterate rejection of his royal highness's services. The personal safety of the heir-apparent could not have been the object; for, at the head of his regiment, he would probably have only taken a more exposed share in the struggle. Constitutional maxims could scarcely have interfered; for the prince neither desired to obtain an extensive command, nor, if he had, was the authority of the Duke of York to be superseded but by the express determination of the king. But no parliamentary torture could force the secret from the minister. The only reply which he made to Fox's angry demands, and to the strong expressions of curiosity on the part of the legislature, was—"Nothing less than the *united* authority of the house, and the direct commands of the king, should compel him to say another word upon the subject." The true cause was surmised to be the king's personal displeasure, originating in his royal highness's conduct to the princess. While the

connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert continued, there could be no complete reconciliation between a father, who felt himself not more the guardian of the public rights than of the public morality, and a son, who exhibited himself in the most conspicuous point of view as an offender against the great bond of society,—that bond to which, above all the institutions of human wisdom, a hallowed sanction has been given, and whose disregard has been universally the forerunner of national decay, as its purity and honour have been the unfailing pledges of national virtue.

## CHAPTER II.

## PARLIAMENT.

THE age of parliamentary greatness was going down. Burke, Pitt, and Fox, successively disappeared; and men no longer looked to parliament for displays of the highest ability exerted in the highest cause. All the forms of panegyric have been so long lavished on the memory of those illustrious statesmen, that praise would be now alike impotent and unnecessary. Their rank is fixed beyond change. It is the inseparable characteristic of the fame of those who are made for immortal remembrance, that time, which decays and darkens all fabricated renown, has no power over the true, or rather, that it purifies and brightens the natural grandeur and lustre of the master

mind. The hot and misty confusion of actual life often distorts the great luminary; it is only when years allow us leisure to look upward, when another face of the world is offered to the heavens, and the orb has emerged from the vapours of our day, that we can see it in its glory.

But time, like death, does even more than exalt and purify. By breaking the direct link between the man of genius and his country, it gives him an illustrious communion with all countries. The poet, the orator, and the hero, are no longer the dwellers of a fragment of the globe; they belong to the human race in all its boundaries; the covering of this world's clay thrown off, their renown and their powers are, like their own nature, spiritualized; they have passed out of, and above, the world; and from their immortal height they bear healing and splendour on their wings for all lands and all generations.

Burke died in his 68th year,\* with a calmness that belonged to a life in which he had

\* July 26, 1797

never done intentional evil to a human being, and had done all the good that the finest qualities of head and heart could do to his country. His decline had been gradual, and he was fully aware that his death was at hand. The last moments of such a man have a sainted interest. He had desired a paper of Addison's to be read to him; talked for some time on the perilous aspect of public affairs; and then gave directions for his funeral. Finding himself suddenly grow feeble, he expressed a wish to be carried to his bed; and as the attendants were conveying him to it, sank down in their arms, and expired without a groan.

Pitt died in his 47th year,\* First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. An illness which had confined him for some period, four years before, had left him in a state of comparative debility. The infinite labour of office, on his return to power, still more enfeebled a frame not naturally strong; and the total overthrow of the Austrian armies at Ulm and Austerlitz threatening the dis-

\* At Putney, Jan. 23, 1806.

ruption of those alliances which it had been his pride to form, and to whose firmness he looked for the safety of Europe, probably increased the depression of disease. His nervous system was at length so completely deranged, that for some weeks he was unable to sleep. His hereditary gout returned; and after struggling with water on the chest, he expired. By a vote of the House of Commons, his funeral was at the public expense; and a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

Fox died in his 58th year.\* He had reached the prize for which he had been labouring through life; and was, at last, prime minister.† But it came, only to escape from his hand. The fatigues of office were too incessant for a frame unused to labour. He appears to have had some presentiment of this speedy termination of his existence. On hearing of his great rival's death; "Pitt," said he, "has gone in January, perhaps I may go in June." It happened, by

\* At Chiswick, Sept. 13, 1806.

† Lord Grenville, as First Lord of the Treasury, had the nominal rank, but Fox, though only Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had the real one

a melancholy coincidence, that his disorder, a dropsy, exhibited its first dangerous symptoms in June. In the middle of that month he was forced to discontinue his attendance in parliament; about the middle of the following month he became unable to consult with his colleagues; and, after the usual efforts of the physicians to relieve him, at the end of August he fell into a state of languor, which continued until he died.

It is remarkable, that the happiest period of Fox's life was that which, on ordinary principles, might be expected to prove the most painful—his retirement from the House of Commons. If ever man was born for the boldest struggles of popular life, it was he. For almost half a century of the most brilliant, yet the most difficult, time of England, he was foremost in the popular gaze. His element was the legislature. He was there “the Leviathan which tempested the brine.” It might have been thought, that when thrown dry on the shore, the animation of the Leviathan would have left him; but yet we see Fox quietly turn from the house without a remonstrance, and

perhaps without a sigh; begin a new career, and with books, his garden, and the occasional society of a few personal friends, forget ambition. This is an evidence of perhaps more than intellectual vigour. Of all the qualities of public men the rarest is magnanimity. The histories of fallen statesmen are generally but histories of the miserable decrepitude of human nature, avarice wounded to the core, and vanity trying to salve itself by mean regrets, or meaner accusations, or, meanest of all, by licking the dust of the triumpner's feet, content to creep up into influence by degradation, and reach by reptile means a reptile's power.

On the continent, an overthrown statesman is often like an overthrown child; he weeps, he tears his hair, he exclaims against everything round him, he is undone! When Neckar was dismissed by Louis the Sixteenth, no language could equal his despair. He was still the most popular man in France and one of the most opulent. But the loss of his *porte-feuille*; the departed vision of bowing clerks; the solitude of his hotel, no longer a levee of the courtiers,

whom he professed to despise, and whom no man had gone further to ruin; the loss of the frippery of office, sank the financial sovereign of France into a discharged menial; and his delicious villa on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, surrounded by every charm of earth and sky, a magnificence of nature that seems given to inspire grandeur into the human mind, was a dungeon to the cashiered minister.

Neckar's is but one instance of the thousand. Even among the more composed manners of English life, the loss of public occupation has been often followed by the loss of mental dignity; and its general result has been either a worthless lassitude or an eager and dishonourable compromise of principle. But Fox calmly gave up the leadership of opposition, a rank fully equal to the ministerial in the popular estimate; and seems to have settled down to the simplest occupations of a country life, planted his flowers, and pruned his trees, and made his playful verses, and carried his musket as a private in the Chertsey volunteers, with as much composure as if he had never tasted

the bewitching draught of fame, or soared among the fiery temptations of popular supremacy.

On the failure of Lord Grey's hopeless motion for reform, in 1797, Fox withdrew from his attendance in parliament. This measure was a dereliction of public duty; but it was probably adopted with the idea of forcing the nation to take some decided step against the ministry. It failed; for he had miscalculated the public attachment to Pitt; and he thenceforth remained in his solitude, realizing at St. Ann's Hill, a small demesne near London, the life which Horace has so felicitously sketched for himself, and which, since his day, has been the dream of so many accomplished and weary minds—the leisure, the choice literature, and the “pleasing oblivion” of the cares of life. Here he renewed his knowledge of the classics, conquered Italian, and began Spanish. But the peace of Amiens opened France once more; and Fox, with the intention of collecting authorities for the History of the Stuarts, or with the common desire to see the changes wrought by the Revolution, went to Paris.

He was received with extraordinary civilities by all ranks ; but the chief feature of his visit was his intercourse with the "First Consul." It is difficult to know whether Napoleon formed a just conception of Fox ; but it is evident that Fox formed a curiously untrue one of Napoleon. Immediately on his appearance in the crowd at the Tuileries the first consul singled him out, and held a marked conversation with him. "There are in the world," said this disposer of the fates of empires, "but two nations, the one inhabiting the east, and the other the west. The English, French, Germans, Italians, under the same civil code, having the same manners, the same habits, and almost the same religion, are all members of the same family. Those who would wish to light up the flame of war among them again wish for civil war." He concluded by a compliment to him as the distinguished friend of peace.

Fox dined with him on the same day, and the conversation turned on the trial by jury, of which Napoleon could not bring himself to approve,—“it was so Gothic, cumbrous, and might be so *inconvenient* to a government.” Fox, with

bold John Bullism, told him, that "the inconvenience was the very thing for which he liked it."

But, startling as those military opinions of justice between man and man might be, Napoleon strangely succeeded in impressing a very high idea even of his heart; and if we are to rely upon reported conversations at the time, Fox declared that—"the first consul of France was as magnificent in his *means* as in his ends; that he possessed a most decided character, and that his views were *not* directed against Great Britain, but against the Continent; that his commercial enmity was but a *temporary* measure, and was never intended to be acted upon as a *permanent* policy; and that he had a *proud candour*! which, in the confidence of success in whatever he resolved, *scorned to conceal its intentions*." "I never saw," added he, "*so little indirectness* in any statesman as in the first consul. He makes no secret of his designs."

The sparkling sentences and oracular maxims of Napoleon, the tranchant tone, the novelty of the bulletin style, had evidently imposed on his good-natured guest; and such, by universal

acknowledgment, was his brilliancy and force of conversation, that the only hope of detecting the artifice lay in removing to a distance from the deceiver. But Fox was to enjoy an early, and a complete, opportunity of rectifying his opinions. He had scarcely entered the whig cabinet when he found himself intangled in a mock negotiation ; saw the negotiation dexterously protracted until all things were ripe for the ruin of Prussia ; and then saw Napoleon and Talleyrand fly together from Paris to the ruin, leaving his bewildered ambassador to be laughed at by Europe.\*

Fox's death closed the great era of parliamentary eloquence. There have been able and admirable speakers since ; but a lofty and original mastery of the understanding and the

\* One of the plagues of popularity was felt by Fox in the applications of the French artists to take his likeness. Medallists, sculptors, and painters, haunted him with all the odd vehemence of the national character. One sculptor peculiarly persecuted him to sit for a statue. Fox at last inquired whether the sitting would put him to any inconvenience. "None whatever," said the Frenchman ; "you must *only* take off your shirt and sit *naked* till you are modelled !"

passions characterized the public speaking of that distinguished time : to the speeches of Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan, we still go for the study of the art ; the highest principles of eloquence illustrated by its highest examples. Of the comparative powers of those remarkable men, the general impression among their contemporaries was,—that Fox stood in the foremost rank as a debater. His capacity, his manner, and his language, were *parliamentary* in an exclusive and unequalled degree. Pitt and Burke must have been eminent in any assembly of any age or nation where the human intellect was to be kindled or charmed by power of thought and language. A Greek or a Roman audience would have listened to either with admiration, and owned the influence of their flow and grandeur ; but Fox was made for England, and peculiarly for the parliament of England. The statues of Pitt and Burke might have stood, alike in the temple, and in the council hall. The statue of Fox was made for the centre of the forum.

Innumerable panegyrics on his genius appeared immediately after his death. But by

far the closest and most critical was due to Lord Erskine, at a distance of time which precluded the immediate influence of partiality, and which allowed full leisure to compare the illustrious dead with all of surviving excellence.

“ This extraordinary person, generally, in rising to speak, had evidently no more premeditated the particular language he should employ, nor, frequently, the illustrations and images by which he should discuss and enforce his subject, than he had contemplated the hour he was to die. And his exalted merit as a debater in parliament did not, therefore, consist in the length, variety, or roundness of his periods, but in the truth and vigour of his conceptions; in the depth and extent of his information; in the retentive powers of his memory, which enabled him to keep in constant view, not only all that he had formerly read and reflected on, but everything said at the moment, and even at other times, by the various persons whose arguments he was to answer; in the faculty of spreading out his matter so clearly to the grasp of his own mind as to render it impossible he should ever fail in the utmost clearness and distinctness to others;

in the exuberant fertility of his imagination, which spontaneously brought forth his ideas at the moment, in every possible shape in which the understanding might sit in judgment on them; whilst, instead of seeking afterwards to enforce them by cold premeditated illustrations, or by episodes, which, however beautiful, only distract attention, he was accustomed to repass his subject, not *methodically*, but in the most unforeseen and fascinating review, enlightening every part of it, and binding even his adversaries in a kind of spell of involuntary assent for the time.

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“This will be found more particularly to apply to his speeches upon sudden and unforeseen occasions, when certainly nothing could be more interesting and extraordinary than to witness, as I have often done, the mighty and unprepared efforts of his mind when he had to encounter the arguments of some profound reasoner, who had deeply considered his subject and arranged it with all possible art to preserve its parts unbroken. To hear him begin on such occasions, without method, without any kind of

exertion, without the smallest impulse from the desire of distinction or triumph, and animated only by the honest sense of duty, an audience who knew him not would have expected little success from the conflict; as little as a traveller in the east, whilst trembling at a buffalo in the wild vigour of its well-protected strength, would have looked to its immediate destruction when he saw the boa moving slowly and inertly towards him on the grass. But Fox, unlike the serpent in everything but his strength, always taking his station in some fixed invulnerable principles, soon surrounded and entangled his adversary, disjoining every member of his discourse, and strangling him in the irresistible folds of truth.

“This intellectual superiority, by which my illustrious friend was so eminently distinguished, might nevertheless have existed in all its strength without raising him to the exalted station he held as a public speaker. The powers of the understanding are not of themselves sufficient for this high purpose. Intellect alone, however exalted, without *strong feelings*, without even irritable sensibility, would be only

like an immense magazine of gunpowder, if there were no such element as fire in the natural world. It is *the heart* which is the spring and fountain of eloquence. A cold-blooded, learned man might, for anything I know, compose in his closet an eloquent book; but in public discourse, arising out of sudden occasions, he could by no possibility be eloquent.

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“It has been said, that he was frequently careless of the language in which he expressed himself; but I can neither agree to the justice nor even comprehend the meaning of that criticism. He could not be *incorrect* from carelessness; because, having lived from his youth in the great world, and having been familiarly conversant with the classics of all nations, his most unprepared speaking (or if critics will have it so, his most negligent) must have been at least *grammatical*, which it not only uniformly was, but distinguished by its taste; more than that could not have belonged to it, without the very care which his habits and his talents equally rejected.

“He undoubtedly attached as little to the musical intonation of his speeches as to the language in which they were expressed. His emphases were the unstudied effusions of nature ; the vents of a mind burning intensely with the generous flame of public spirit and benevolence, beyond all control or management when impassioned, and above the rules to which inferior things are properly subjected : his sentences often rapidly succeeded, and almost mixed themselves with one another ; as the lava rises in bursts from the mouth of a volcano, when the resistless energies of the subterranean world are at their height.”

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Fox's politics have long since been obsolete ; his parliamentary triumphs are air ; his eloquence may have been rivalled or shorn of its beams by time ; but one source of glory cannot be extinguished,—the abolition of the slave-trade ! That victory no man can take from him. Whatever variety of opinion may be formed of his public principles, whatever condemnation may be found of his personal career, whatever doubts may be raised of his faculties, on this one

subject all voices will be raised in his honour; the hand of every man of English feeling will add a stone to the monument that perpetuates his name. On the 10th of June, 1806, Fox brought forward his motion, in a speech, brief but decided. "So fully," said he, "am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object of my motion to-night, that if, during the forty years that I have had the honour of a seat in parliament, I should have been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and should retire from public life with comfort, and the conscious satisfaction that I had done my duty."

His speech concluded with the immortal resolution,---"THAT THIS HOUSE, CONCEIVING THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE TO BE CONTRARY TO THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE, HUMANITY, AND SOUND POLICY, WILL, WITH ALL PRACTICABLE EXPEDITION, PROCEED TO TAKE EFFECTUAL MEASURES FOR ABOLISHING THE SLAVE-TRADE, IN SUCH MANNER AND AT SUCH PERIOD AS MAY BE DEEMED ADVISABLE."

On the division, one hundred and fourteen

voted for the measure, against it only fifteen ! This was the last effort made by Fox. In a few days after, he was taken ill of his mortal disease. No orator, no philosopher, no patriot, could have wished for a nobler close to his labours.

It is still inexplicable and extraordinary that Pitt should have left this great duty to be done by another. Some of his ablest speeches had been in condemnation of the slave-trade. He had pronounced it a national disgrace and calamity. And what man, not turned into a wild beast by avarice,—that passion alternately the meanest and the most daring, the basest and the bloodiest ; that passion which, of all others, assimilates and combines the most thoroughly with the evil of perverted human nature,—but must have looked upon that trade with horror ? “This a traffic !” exclaimed Burke ; “this is not a traffic in the labour of man, but in the man himself !” It was ascertained that from seventy to eighty thousand slaves had been carried from Africa to the West Indies in a single year ; and with what misery beyond all calculation ! What agonies of heart, at the utter and eternal parting from friends, kindred, and

home ! What indescribable torture in the slave-ships, where they burned under the tropical day, packed in dens, without room to move, to stand, or even to lie down, — chained, scourged, famished, withering with fever and thirst : human layers festering on each other ; the dead, the dying, the frantic, and the tortured, compressed together like bales of merchandise ; hundreds seizing the first moment of seeing the light and air to fling themselves overboard ; hundreds dying of grief ; thousands dying of pestilence ; and the rest surviving only for a hopeless captivity in a strange land, to labour for life, often under the whips of tyrants, immeasurably more brutal and debased than their unfortunate victims !

With what eyes must Providence have looked down upon this tremendous accumulation of guilt, this hideous abuse of the power of European knowledge, this savage oppression of the miserable African ; and with what solemn justice may it not have answered the cry of the blood out of the ground ! The vengeance of Heaven on individuals is wisely, in most instances, put beyond human discovery. But, for nations

there is no judgment to come; no great after-reckoning makes all straight and vindicates the ways of God to man. They must be punished here; and it might be neither difficult nor unproductive of the best knowledge—the Christian's faith in the ever-waking and resistless control of Providence; to trace the punishment of this enormous crime even in Europe. It was perhaps the slave-trade that lost America to England, and the crime was thus punished at its height, and within view of the spot where it was committed. But our crime was done in ignorance; the people of this kingdom had known little of its nature; and they required only to know it to wash their hands of the stain. It may have been, too, for this reason that, of all unsuccessful wars, the American was the least marked with national loss; and that, of all abscissions of empire, the independence of the United States was the most rapidly converted into national advantage. But it is upon the kingdoms which, in the face of perfect knowledge; in scorn of remonstrances that might make the very stones cry out; in treacherous evasion of treaties, in defiance of even

the base bargains in which they exacted the money of this country to buy off the blood of the African, have still carried on the trade ; that undisguised and unmitigated vengeance has fallen, and is still falling.

The three great slave-traders, whom it has been found impossible to persuade, or to restrain, are France, Spain, and Portugal. And in what circumstances are the colonies now placed for whose peculiar support this dreadful traffic was carried on ? France has totally lost St. Domingo, the finest colony in the world, and her colonial trade is a cypher. Spain has lost all. Portugal has lost all. Spanish America and the Brazils are severed from their old masters for ever. And what have been the especial calamities of the sovereigns of those countries ? They have been all three expatriated, and *the only three*. Other sovereigns have suffered temporary evil under the chances of war : but France, Spain, and Portugal have exhibited the peculiar shame of three dynasties at once in exile :—the Portuguese flying across the sea, to escape from an enemy in its capital, and hide its head in a barbarian land ;—the Spanish de-

throned, and sent to display its spectacle of mendicant and decrepit royalty through Europe ; —and the French doubly undone !

The first effort of Louis XVIII. on his restoration was to re-establish the slave-trade. Before twelve months were past, he was flying for his life to the protection of strangers ! On the second restoration the trade was again revived. All representations of its horrors, aggravated as they now are by the lawless rapacity of the foreign traders, were received with mock acquiescence, and real scorn. And where are the Bourbons now ?

And what is the peace or the prosperity of the countries which have thus dipped their guilty gains in human miseries ? The three are still centres of revolutionary terror :—Portugal, still covered with the wrecks of a civil war, with a trembling throne, a Jacobin constitution, and a broken people ;—Spain, torn by faction, and watching every gathering on her hills, as the signs of a tempest that may sweep the land, from the Pyrenees to the ocean ;—and France, in the first heavings of a mighty change, which man can no more define than he can set

limits to the heaving of an earthquake or the swell of a deluge. Other great objects and causes may have their share in those things: but the facts are before mankind.

The probable ground of Pitt's reluctance to extinguish the slave-trade at the instant was, his fear of disturbing the financial system, in the midst of a period which made all minds tremble at the name of experiment. While the whole fabric of empire was tottering, there might be rashness even in the attempt to repair the building; and it required higher feelings than are to be learned in the subterranean of politics,—the magnanimity of religious faith,—to do good without fear, and leave the rest to the great Disposer. The war had been altogether a war of finance. Pitt was pre-eminently a financier; and, like all men with one object perpetually before them, he perhaps involuntary suffered the consideration of revenue to distend on his sight until it shut out every other. The Abolition was a novelty; and he had seen a more auspicious novelty, a free constitution, overthrow the most powerful kingdom of Europe. England was at that hour covered with the embers of

France,—prince, priest, and noble, flying from the brilliant evil.

The nature of its advocates, too, justified some jealousy; for, mingled with the virtuous and patriotic, there were to be found individuals who would have scandalized the purest cause. None are more tolerant than they who scoff at all creeds alike; none more humane than they who have nothing to give; none more rigorous in demanding public sacrifices than they who feel themselves exempt from all sacrifice. In 1792, the date of Mr. Wilberforce's first efforts against the slave-trade, England was overrun with those cheap sages and heroes; the whole land was thick with a crop of spurious tolerance and worthless generosity. The slave-trade came forth a new topic. It acted as the live coal on the lips of the rebel seer, long weary of denouncing unperformed wrath against the throne. It supplied the whole bustling tribe of the Platos and Phocions of the streets with new illustration, and it supplied them with it *safe*. The acknowledged horrors of the trade threw an allegorical veil over the picture, while the artist was insolently limning the guilt and pu-

nishment of supposed royal and aristocratic offences at home; the King of Dahomy prefigured a monarch, whom it was yet hazardous to denounce by name; the smiting of West Indian planters by the popular hand led the mind's eye to loftier execution on more hated possessors of wealth and power; and the havoc of negro insurrection lent its colourings to that promised tornado of vengeance which, "in an hour that we knew not of," was to sweep from the earth the nobility, church, and crown of the British empire.

Yet, it is to be lamented that, for the completion of a fame almost at the full, Pitt did not give more than his voice against the slave-trade; that he had not nobly dared; that by this solitary instance of hesitation in a cause worthy of himself, the illustrious act which shed glory on the close even of Fox's struggling career, was not permitted to scatter the darkness and sorrow which hung round his honoured death-bed; to give the great patriot a foretaste of the coming redemption of Europe, and finish in kindred splendour the long triumphs of the first statesman of the world.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE WHIG CABINET.

THE whig administration of 1807 totally failed, and deserved to fail. Its announcement had struck the nation with surprise; its progress with scorn. Lord Grenville in alliance with Fox! degraded alike the personal and public character of statesmanship; Lord Grenville, the direct agent of Pitt for so many years, the official opponent of democracy in all its shapes, the professional speaker against reform, the secretary who had dismissed M. Chauvelin and his republican peace with justified contempt, and who, with equal contempt, had denied alike the competence and the will of the successive tyrants of France to make peace; was it possible that he should now exhibit himself in close con-

nexion with the antagonist of Pitt on every point of government, with the avowed reformer, the perpetual assertor of the sincerity of France; with Fox, the orator of the populace, the champion of Jacobin peace, the public panegyrist of Napoleon! The very name of Coalition jarred on the public ear. It was the opening of a sluice that let out a whole torrent of scorn.

The national mind of England has never yet made a wrong judgment. A whole people, furnished as England is with the means of knowledge, and the invaluable freedom of expressing its thoughts, that true salt of the constitution, cannot err. It is preserved from error by something like those great contrivances of nature which make the salubrity of the ocean and the atmosphere; the innumerable currents and diversities of public opinion sustain its activity, while they impel each other into the general course of national safety and wisdom.

Fox's coalition with North had been the original sin of his life. He never recovered from that first and fatal impression. Yet, there little was to be compromised but personal hostility. Here the hostility was on all the prin-

ciples of state ; and no ingenuity of gloss, no declared perseverance in principle, and no ostentatious zeal for the good of the country, could prevent the nation from looking on the joint cabinet as already a fallen one !

The acts of the new coalition were inevitably marked with the evil of its parentage. Lord Grenville was appointed first lord of the Treasury ; but he had already secured the auditorship of the Exchequer, a place of four thousand pounds a-year for life. The national voice demanded, under what pretence this noble person could retain two offices totally incompatible with each other ? Why, in this instance alone, the disbursement of the public money, and the check on that disbursement, should be in the same officer ?

Another compromise followed, of a still more obnoxious nature. To strengthen the administration, it had been deemed necessary to summon the aid of Lord Sidmouth's friends ; and his lordship's terms were, two seats in the cabinet, one for himself and one for Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This direct attempt to connect the

ministry with the courts of law awoke alarm throughout the empire. The practical value of the constitution of England exists in the courts of law. If the legislature is the bulwark of English liberty; the purity, pecuniary and political, of the bench of judges is liberty itself. For, as no constitution can be worth the paper that it is written upon, while the subject fears for his person or his property; the first ground of national freedom must be in that majesty of law which protects him in doing all things that are manly, honest, and lawful. And it is thus that, while legislatures may have been weak, and ministers arbitrary, the practical freedom of this first and most fortunate of countries has suffered but slight disturbance for a hundred years; has continually become more precious to its people; and has secured, and may long secure, England from the desperate convulsions which the very impulse of nature forces on foreign lands, to give even a partial restoration to the powers of their people.

A motion on this most repulsive appointment was brought forward by Lord Bristol in the Lords, and by Mr. Spencer Stanhope in the

Commons,—“ That it was *highly inexpedient*, and tended to *weaken the administration of justice*, to summon to any committee or assembly of the privy council any of the judges of his majesty’s courts of common law.” The motion was supported in the Lords by Lord Eldon, where it was negatived without a division!—and in the Commons by Canning, Wilberforce, Lord Castlereagh, and Perceval; where, too, it was negatived, and almost with similar contumely—by 222 to 64!

Nothing could be more palpable than the constitutional hazards of the principle. By breaking down the barriers which shut out the influence of ministers from Westminster Hall, the judge might be altogether perverted into a place-hunter; or, at least, his integrity must be in a continual state of temptation, from the patronage of office. But, by making him a cabinet minister, he might be called on to enact measures of severity against the individual whom he might be also called on to try for life or death, within the week. How was he to bring an unprejudiced mind into the courts, when he had already made up his determination in the

cabinet? or, finally, what was to prevent the persecutor in the cabinet from being the homicide on the bench?

Yet this appointment, which, in the public mind, amounted to the most violent departure from English principle; which might have rapidly involved a total perversion of the law; and which must have instantly shaken the national confidence in the administration of justice, was carried with a high hand by the old clamourers for universal liberty; the champions who, for two-and-twenty years, had made parliament, the hustings, and the tavern alike, ring with their more than Roman patriotism; the haughty challengers of the whole power of the state to lay a finger on the ark of the constitution!

The maxims which the coalition thus especially took to its bosom are worthy of being chronicled:—"The cabinet, as such, is *not responsible for the measures of government!*—No individual minister is responsible for *more than his own acts*, and such advice as he *can be proved to have actually given!*—A cabinet councillor performs *no duties*, and incurs *no responsibility*,

And those enormous  
vanced and fiercely de  
Whig party. Well might  
an outcry of abhorrence :  
may men, yet untainted  
their hands and thank the  
station which has preserv  
tempted to such betray  
honour, such glaring eviden  
folly and short-sighted, so  
human nature !

Compromise was, in fact  
which the coalition seemed to  
Roman-catholic question w  
and to this he was pledged  
of a life. But Lord Sidm  
to it ; and the king was  
—

those "budge doctors of the stoic fur," the professors of expediency. He had instantly refused to concede. There was, then, no alternative but to resign, or to compromise. The question *was adjourned*.

Ministers next demanded as essential, that the army should be put into their hands; and, as a preliminary, that the Duke of York should be removed. This the king refused; on the obvious ground, that the army had been kept separate from the other branches of the administration since the time of the Duke of Cumberland; and finally declared that he *would not remove* the Duke of York. The transaction closed, of course, in compromise; the ministers agreed, that no change in the command should take place *without the royal approbation*.

All was failure. Their financial discoveries, which had been heralded for years with all the pomp and all the mystery of the new "Illuminés" of Political Economy—a science which has succeeded to the honours, and the merits, of astrology,—were found fit only to glitter in the pages of a review, and evaporated, upon trial, into two taxes, and those two abortive. But if

the relief was visionary, not so was the burden. Whig finance finally left its mark in two tremendous impositions. The hated property-tax was raised from six and a half to ten per cent. ! and ten per cent. was added to the assessed taxes !

Their exploits as warriors were calculated to give them as humble a niche in history as their financial achievements. They sent out four expeditions. The whole four failed ; some with heavy loss, some with ignominy, all with ridicule !—Moore was compelled to fly from the mad king of Sweden in a cart, and to ship off his army at a moment's notice.—The expedition to Egypt was beaten on the old scene of British victory, was forced to lay down its arms to a rabble of Turks, and succeeded in nothing but in alienating the population.—The expedition under Whitelock, to Buenos Ayres, is synonymous with national shame : it insulted us with the spectacle of a British army beaten, and the scandal of its being beaten by a banditti.—The expedition to the Dardanelles exhibited the combined disgrace of our arms and our diplomacy ; the British ambassador baffled by the

French, and even by the brute policy of the Turkish agent; and the British fleet flying full sail down the Dardanelles, helplessly battered by the Turkish cannon-balls. The four quarters of the globe were furnished with the trophies of a coalition ministry!

There was but one way more in which a cabinet could go wrong; and of that way they availed themselves with characteristic absurdity.

Fox had scarcely entered upon office, when he was enticed into a negotiation by the French government; and the finesse of the contrivance was worthy of Talleyrand. A stranger presented himself to the foreign secretary with a proposal of assassinating the first consul. Fox, with the feelings of an English gentleman, was shocked at an idea so abominable; and ordering the proposer into custody, wrote a brief letter to the French court, to mention the circumstance, and put Napoleon on his guard against this illegitimate mode of terminating hostilities. Talleyrand's answer was equally brief, but contained a dexterous compliment from Napoleon. Another letter of equal civility, dated on the same day, conveyed an appropriate extract from the

Imperial speech on the opening of the legislature. The French minister's note is an exquisite specimen of the diplomatic art of "feeling the way."

*Note 2.*—"SIR,—It may be agreeable to you to receive news from this country.

"I send you the emperor's speech to the legislative body. You will therein see that our wishes are still for peace. *I do not ask* what is the *prevailing inclination* with you; but if the advantages of peace *are duly appreciated*, you now know on what basis it may be discussed."

*Note 3.*—Extract from the speech:—"I desire peace with England. On my part I shall never delay it a moment. I shall always be ready to conclude it, taking for its basis the stipulations of the treaty of Amiens."

The snare was adroitly laid; and the Whig cabinet was caught at the moment. Within a week from the receipt of those billets, a formal cabinet letter was despatched to the Tuileries,

plunging headlong into the question, with all its bases, alliances, and compensations. What a satiric smile must have sat on the lips of the two matchless confederates, as they looked over this letter together! with what infinite burlesque must they have laughed at the wisdom of the wise! We may almost forgive them their triumph for the sake of its dexterity. Napoleon's sworn purpose, from the day of Austerlitz, had been the fall of Prussia. He had felt his arrogance molested by her threat of assisting Austria in the war; and he was determined that, on whatever capital of Europe he might seize in future, he would not have a Prussian army of a hundred and fifty thousand men on his flank, to frown at the operation: Prussia was to be smitten! But by what artifice was England to be blindfolded, while the last military kingdom of the continent was in the act of being turned into a kingdom of hewers of wood and drawers of water? To sow jealousy between them, he first gave Hanover to Prussia: the boon was grasped at with guilty eagerness; and his object was effected at once. England was indignant at the treacherous acceptance. Still,

the approach of direct hostilities might rouse England, and even Russia. It was essential to distract the attention of both, while France was collecting that storm of havoc which was to sweep the monarchy of Frederic from the list of nations. A negotiation with England was the expedient, at once to paralyze the warlike preparations of the country, make Russia distrustful of our alliance, and cut off Prussia from all hope.

Napoleon knew that Fox's ambition was, to be the peace-maker of Europe; and he well remembered, too, those conversations at the Tuileries, in which his guest had almost infringed on court etiquette, in manfully vindicating Pitt and Windham from all share in the conspiracy of "the infernal machine." It was at this sensitive point of his character that the artifice was levelled. The eloquent abhorrer of assassination was suddenly presented in his closet with an avowed assassin. Of all the stimulants that art could devise, there was none more certain of kindling him. The calculation was incomparably true; Fox, full of British wrath, had instantly written to apprise the first consul of his hazard.

The letter had been answered by bland homage, in which the "first consul *recognised* the honour and virtue" of his feelings; followed by a still blander promise of peace, from a speech made almost at the moment when the pretended assassin was sent from Paris. The train of artifice was now begun, which left Prussia at the mercy of the destroyer.

But all the details of this ludicrous negotiation were equally ludicrous. Talleyrand had now completely involved the cabinet; he had, with the ease of consummate skill, played on their peace-making vanity, and entrapped them even into the very folly which they had determined *not* to commit; that of making the first overtures. But he had now a second pitfall for them. To make "assurance double sure," and prevent the possibility of opening their eyes, he actually contrived to make them commission the first ambassador!

He sent for Lord Yarmouth, (since Marquess of Hertford,) then one of the *détenus* at Verdun, a nobleman of enormous fortune, but whose diplomatic faculties were yet in the bud. Lord Yarmouth obeyed the summons, commenced an

intercourse with Talleyrand in Paris, and was instantly meshed in the diplomatic web, and puzzled in the *uti possidetis* to such a profound degree, that ministers were compelled to send a superior, to extract his lordship from his perplexities; or, in the confused phrase of office, "The necessity arose of some other negotiator, fully instructed in the sentiments of his majesty's government on all the various points of discussion that might arise," &c. &c.

But the whole mystification is incomparable. Talleyrand had not chosen his diplomatist in vain; and the familiar dexterity with which he drove his lordship into the toils is one of the most amusing episodes in the history of negotiation. The wily Frenchman's purpose was, to make the British cabinet answerable for every lapse of their unfledged agent; but this could not be done without the production of his powers to treat. He summoned his victim to a conference, and there told him, that the fates of Europe depended upon his instant display of those weighty documents. "There was Germany," said the Frenchman; "a week ago you might have saved it, if you were empowered

to negotiate: but the emperor could wait no longer: the fate of Germany was sealed: *et nous n'en reviendrons jamais.*\* Russia is now in the scale. Will you save Russia? Produce your full powers, or her fate will be sealed in *two days!*—Switzerland comes next: it is on the eve of undergoing a great change. Will you save it? Nothing can do this but a peace with England. Produce your full powers!—We are on the point of invading Portugal. Nothing on earth but a peace with England can prevent our seizing it: our army is already gathering at Bayonne. All depends on England. Produce your full powers!"—But the keenest shaft was yet in reserve. "Prussia," said Talleyrand, "insists on our confirming her possession of Hanover; and we cannot consent *wantonly* to lose the *only ally* France has had since the Revolution. Will you save Hanover, and thus permit us to prefer England to Prussia! Produce your full powers!"

The appeal was irresistible. His lordship was remorselessly mystified. The visions of kingdoms falling, and fallen, round him were not to be

\* "We shall never recede from our decision."

withstood, while he had the cheap restorative in his pocket ; and, to save Europe, to arrest the progress of Napoleon at the head of five hundred thousand men, and clip the wings of an ambition that was longing to overshadow the world,—Lord Yarmouth produced his full powers, and began his career as a plenipotentiary !

How any man living could conceive, after ten years' display of Napoleon's character, that he was to be stopped by the trite fooleries of billets despatched every half hour from one hotel to another ; how any individual, walking the streets of Paris, could have escaped the knowledge that all France was ringing with preparation for a Prussian campaign, and that the most revengeful feelings against Prussia were exhibited on all occasions ; how any man of common understanding could have doubted, that the kingdom in the jaws of destruction, the ally which England should instantly seek and support, the last hope of the continent, was Prussia ; are questions which we must leave to the elucidation of noble plenipotentiaries alone.

England was utterly astonished at this trans-

action. Even the cabinet were forced to awake at last. A new diplomatist was forthwith transmitted, and a despatch written, to stop his lordship in this precipitate salvation of Europe. "I need hardly observe to your lordship," are Mr. Secretary Fox's emphatic words, "that it is of the *utmost importance* that in the interim (till the arrival of the new ambassador) your lordship should avoid *taking any step*, or even *holding any language*, which may tend, in the *smallest degree*, to commit the opinion of his majesty's government on *any part* of the matters now depending."

But the diplomatic depths of this unfortunate cabinet were not yet sounded. The Fabius substituted for their rapid plenipotentiary was Lord Lauderdale, an old adherent of Fox, and a pamphleteer on political economy; and wise if he had been content to rest even on those titles to fame. Yet this nobleman was not to go alone; he was to be supported by the *political experience* of Dugald Stewart! a lecturer of much reputation in the North, and probably a personage of formidable wisdom to an Edinburgh student of metaphysics. And those two were to combat

the two ablest men in Europe ! Two dreamers of the schools were to come into conflict with two men of the first rank of political genius, invigorated by perpetual experience in the highest concerns,—Lord Lauderdale and Dugald Stewart, hand to hand, against Talleyrand and Napoleon !

The negotiation was worthy of the negotiators. It was protracted for six months ; while all its objects might have been discussed in as many days. The ambassador was toyed and trifled with in the most palpable and most contemptuous manner. Sometimes he was refused an audience ; sometimes he was kept lingering for an answer ; sometimes passports for his couriers were delayed ; and at last passports for himself were withheld, until he must have begun seriously to think that his embassy would end in Verdun. Europe looked on in surprise ; England, in mingled indignation and laughter.

It is only justice to a great man's memory, to relieve Fox from the responsibility of this continued burlesque. His bodily powers had been giving way, from the commencement of the

year, though the direct symptoms of his mortal disease were not yet discoverable. In a letter to a friend, soon after his accession to office, he said—"My life has been active beyond my strength; I had almost said, my duty. If I have not acted much, you will allow I have spoken much; and I have felt more than I have either acted or spoken. My constitution has sunk under it. I find myself unequal to the business on which you have written; it must be left to younger men."

Napoleon and Talleyrand tossed those ambassadors between them like toys; their object was to gain time. They hoodwinked them in broad daylight; and it was not till the actual hour when they had gathered the whole mass of destruction, which a touch was to let loose on Prussia, that they condescended to take the bandage from their eyes, and send them back to their insulted country. The negotiation had begun on the 20th of February, 1806. Lord Lauderdale was ridiculed to the last. His passports were kept back until the 6th of October, the very eve of hostilities. On the 9th, Napoleon was in sight of the Prussian army;

and on the 14th, he fought the fatal battle of Jena. Europe had never before seen a conflict so vast, so bloody, and so decisive. In three hours he had driven the Prussians from the field, with the loss of 60,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners; he followed up the battle by the capture of *all* the Prussian soldiery, the surrender of *all* the fortresses, the seizure of the capital, and the pursuit of the king,—the total subjugation of the Prussian monarchy! Then was paid the long arrear for the blood and chains of Poland.

Fox was now dead, and the guidance of this disastrous administration had fallen into the hands of Lord Grenville. No compassion was felt for the growing embarrassments of a man who had abandoned the principles of his master. The honourable portion of the country rejoiced to see the cabinet bewilder themselves from day to day, until there was but one false step more to be made—and they made it.

The whigs had come into power under a pledge to the Roman-catholic question. They found the king adverse to its discussion. They endeavoured, in the first instance, to elude it,

and yet retain the Roman catholics. They endeavoured in the second, to grant it, and yet retain the king. They failed in both. Their old art, compromise, was next tried, and found wanting. The Roman catholics pronounced them deceivers: the king gave them that practical proof of his opinion which of all things they dreaded most,—he dismissed them. And thus, in the midst of general joy, perished the coalition ministry. Two *bons-mots* of Sheridan were their epitaph.

On Lord Henry Petty's iron-tax being withdrawn, some one suggested a tax on coals to make up the deficiency. "Poh," said Sheridan, "do you want to raise a rebellion in our kitchens? The cooks are worse than the blacksmiths. Tax coals instead of iron! why that would be jumping out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*."

But it was the Roman-catholic question which excited his chief displeasure. No man more thoroughly knew the secret of cabinet sincerity. He justly looked upon the question as a tub to the whale, and had no forgiveness for the folly which lost the whale for the tub. "Why did

they not put it off, as Fox always did," said the angry ex-treasurer of the navy; "I have heard of men running their heads against a wall; but this is the first time I ever heard of men building a wall, and squaring it, and clamping it, for the mere purpose of knocking out their brains against it."

But the deed was done,—the Foxite ministry was flung out. A Protestant ministry was established by the king. The coalition was totally cast down from power, universally scorned; and left to learn the bitter lesson, that not even politicians can trample for ever on principle with impunity.

All the laurels on this occasion remained with the king. Those who once doubted his capacity were now brought to their senses by the fact, that he had capacity enough to turn out the two most insolent administrations, in the briefest time known—the Fox and North coalition, pronouncing itself an assemblage of all the genius of England; and the Fox and Grenville coalition, formed on the same contempt of public opinion, and making the same school-boy boast of matchless ability. Each perished in little

more than a year. The single step between “the sublime and the ridiculous”\* was never shorter than in both.

Insolence is not made to be forgiven; and the titles of “the broad-bottomed administration,” and “all the talents,” threw the Foxite conclave of self-sufficiency into national ridicule.

But it was the *insincerity* that sharpened, as it ought, every weapon of public scorn. The pen and the pencil were equally keen; and if popular applause were the object of ministerial boasting, never was vanity more universally chastised.

The following lines were attributed to Canning:—

#### ALL THE TALENTS.

When the broad-bottomed junto, all nonsense and strife,  
Resigned, with a groan, its political life;  
When converted to Rome, and of honesty tired,  
It to Satan gave back what himself had inspired;

\* The pithy maxim on this subject, which has been so often given to Napoleon’s knowledge of the world, belonged to Paine. His celebrated phrase, *la nation boutiquière*, belonged to Barras.

The Demon of Faction, that over them hung,  
In accents of anguish their epitaph sung ;  
While Pride and Venality joined in the stave,  
And canting Democracy wept on the grave :

“ Here lies in the tomb that we hollowed for Pitt,  
The consistence of Grenville, of Temple the wit,  
Of Sidmouth the firmness, the temper of Grey,  
And Treasurer Sheridan’s promise to pay.

“ Here Petty’s finance from the evils to come,  
With Fitzpatrick’s sobriety creeps to the tomb ;  
And Chancellor Ego,\* now left in the lurch,  
Neither laughs at the law, nor cuts jokes on the church.”

Then huzza for the party that here’s laid at rest—  
“ All the talents,” but self-praising blockheads at best :  
Though they sleep in oblivion, they’ve died with the hope,  
At the last day of freedom to rise with the Pope.

The public feeling was strongly aggrieved by the debate on giving a public monument to Pitt. On this occasion, it might not be expected that Fox should give any declared homage to a government which he had been opposing for so many years ; but his tribute to Pitt’s personal abilities and virtues did himself honour. This manly example, however, was lost upon some of the speakers ; and Windham

\* Erskine.

attracted no trivial resentment by a volunteer attack upon the memory of the great minister. It was a public cause, for England loved the name of Pitt, and looked upon it, as she still does, as a sacred part of her glory. Some stanzas of a poem which embodied the general sentiment on this point attracted unusual popularity:—

#### ELIJAH'S MANTLE.

When, by the Almighty's dread command,  
Elijah, call'd from Israel's land,  
Rose in the sacred flame,  
His mantle good Elisha caught,  
And, with the prophet's spirit fraught,  
Her second hope became.

In Pitt our Israel saw combined  
The patriot's heart—the prophet's mind,  
Elijah's spirit here :  
Now, sad reverse!—that spirit rest,  
No confidence, no hope is left;  
For no Elisha's near.

Is there, among the greedy band  
Who seize on power with harpy hand,  
And patriot pride assume,  
One on whom public faith can rest—  
One fit to wear Elijah's vest,  
And cheer a nation's gloom?

Grenville!—to aid thy *treasury fame*  
A portion of Pitt's mantle claim,  
His *gen'rous* ardour feel;  
Resolve o'er *sordid self* to soar,  
Amidst *Exchequer gold* be poor;  
Thy wealth—the public weal.

Windham!—if e'er thy sorrows flow  
For private loss or public wo,  
Thy rigid brow unbend;  
Tears over Cæsar Brutus shed,  
*His hatred warr'd not with the dead—*  
And Pitt was *once thy friend*.

Illustrious Roscius of the state!  
New-breech'd and harness'd for debate,  
Thou wonder of thy age!  
Petty or Betty art thou hight,  
By Granta sent to strut thy night  
On Stephen's bustling stage.

Pitt's 'Chequer robe 'tis thine to wear;  
Take of his mantle, too, a share,  
'Twill aid thy Ways and Means;  
And should Fat Jack and his cabal  
Cry, "Rob us the Exchequer, Hal!"  
Thou art but in thy teens.

Sidmouth!—though low his head is laid  
Who call'd thee from thy native shade  
And gave thee second birth,—  
Gave thee the sweets of power and place,  
The tufted gown, the gilded mace,  
And rear'd thy nameless worth;

Think how his mantle wrapped thee round :  
Is one of equal virtue found

    Among thy new compeers ?  
Or, can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,  
Once laugh'd to scorn by Blue and Buff,  
Screen thee from Windham's jeers ?

When faction threaten'd Britain's land,  
Thy new-made friends, a desperate band,  
    Like Ahab, stood reproved :  
Pitt's powerful tongue their rage could check ;  
His counsel saved, 'mid mankind's wreck,  
    The Israel that he loved.

Yes, honour'd shade ! whilst near thy grave  
The letter'd sage, and chieftain brave,  
    The votive marble claim,  
O'er thy cold corse the public tear,  
Congeal'd, a crystal shrine shall rear,  
    Unsullied as thy fame !"

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SPANISH WAR.

THE deliverance of Europe began, when, to human eyes, it was ruined beyond hope. The continent was at peace—the dreadful peace of the conquered. The sword was the only instrument of dominion. The final struggle had been made ; and the best hope of nations was that mutilated independence which they could enjoy in the perpetual terror of a French army ; and watching, with feverish anxiety, every gesture of a man of blood and avarice, capricious as the winds, and steady only to the one desperate purpose of turning the world into a French dungeon.

Austria had been overwhelmed in a three months' campaign ;\* Prussia in a day. The

\* Closed at Austerlitz, December 26, 1806.

Russian armies had been driven back on their own territory; and even their partial escape was soon turned into worse than defeat, by the rash and ignominious treaty of Tilsit. In 1807, Napoleon possessed a power unequalled in extent by any monarchy since the time of Charles V., and immeasurably superior in point of effective strength, of opulence, intelligence, and the facility of being directed to any purpose of his ambition. No European sovereign ever possessed such personal supremacy over the means and minds of his subjects. France was a great camp; the people were an army; the government was as simple, rigid, and unquestioned, as the command of a brigade; and Napoleon was the general. His business was to campaign against Europe; and when the campaign was done, his leisure was to be employed, or amused, in distributing its provinces and crowns to his soldiers.

In the pause after the overthrow of Russia at Golomyn and Pultusk, he occupied himself in making monarchs, and dividing kingdoms. He gave the crown of Holland to Louis, his brother; annexing Venice to the kingdom of

Italy, he gave them to his step-son, Beauharnois, as viceroy; he gave the kingdom of Naples to Joseph, his brother; Berg and Cleves to Murat, his brother-in-law; Guastalla to Prince Borghese, another brother-in-law; the principalities of Neufchâtel and Ponte-Corvo to Berthier and Bernadotte; repaid the civil services of Talleyrand with Benevento; and when this was done, resumed his preparations for the seizure of Spain, Portugal, and Poland! These were times of awe, astonishment, and misery.

England was still unconquerable; but she had been severely tried. Her efforts to sustain the cause of Europe had pressed heavily upon her strength. She had paid all the allied armies, and lavished her wealth and her blood, with no return, but that of seeing the continent cast at the foot of the enemy. But the struggle had been at a distance; it was now to be brought home.

By the most extraordinary measure in the annals of hostility, the Berlin and Milan decrees, a line of fire was to be drawn round the continent, and England excluded from the in-

tercourse of nations. Napoleon had felt from the beginning that this country was the great antagonist with whom, sooner or later, he must cope for his crown. His object was universal despotism : but the continent could not be finally enslaved, while there was still one land from which the words of freedom and courage were perpetually echoing in the general ear ; whose trumpet was sounding to every dejected heart of the patriot and the soldier of Europe ; and whose proud security, fearless opulence, and perfect enjoyment of peace, in the midst of the convulsions of the world, gave unanswerable evidence that freedom was worth the highest sacrifices which can be made by man.

England was inaccessible to the arms of Napoleon, and his arts were now sufficiently known : but if her spirit was not to be humbled, her resources might be dried up ; and to this project he applied himself, with the singular perseverance and recklessness of his nature. He knew that the first evil must fall upon himself ; for the whole of the immense line of coast stretching from the Meuse to the Vistula lived upon English commerce ; and on the plunder

of those provinces depended a large portion of the French revenue. But, at all risks, England was to be ruined. When the deputies from Hamburgh represented to him the havoc that the Berlin and Milan decrees were making in their city, his answer was the brief one of a military tyrant:—"What is that to me? The war must not go on for ever. You suffer only like the rest. English commerce must be destroyed."

This answer was the signal of universal bankruptcy. The recollections of that period in Germany amount to the tragic and the terrible. Perhaps no single act of tyranny had ever inflicted such sweeping misery upon mankind. The whole frame of society was rent asunder, as by a thunderstroke. Property was instantly valueless, or a source of persecution. The merchandise which had been purchased but the day before, under the sanction of the French authorities, and which had paid every impost levied by the devouring crowd of prefects and plunderers, was torn from the warehouses, and burned in the presence of its unfortunate proprietors.

Even the casual stagnations of trade, or the change of popular taste in a manufacture, are always the source of miserable suffering. But here was more than stagnation or change; it was utter ruin, without a hope of recovery. The result was inevitable, and dreadful. Thousands and tens of thousands were thrown loose upon the world, with all their knowledge useless, their habits broken up, and their prospects destroyed. The merchant dismissed his clerks, shut his doors, and lived upon his decaying capital; and even then lived in hourly expectation of some new forced loan, which should send him to beg in the streets. The inferior ranks of trade were undone at once, and sank into paupers, living on the charity of the French barracks. Germany was one immense poor-house. But, within a short period, the humblest resources of poverty failed: the funds of the old charitable institutions either fell into decay or were seized on by the rapacity of the invader. Orphans, and old people, and even the lunatic and idiot, were driven into the fields, to take their chance with the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air. Time and

season made no difference with this hideous tyranny. Hospitals have been emptied of their unfortunate tenants at the point of the bayonet, in the depth of a German winter; and the blind, and the bed-ridden, the paralytic, the fevered, the wounded, and the mad, been cast out to scatter themselves over a wilderness of snow, and die.

Then came the conscription, another and a still more heart-breaking scourge. In all the territories annexed to France, the yearly drawing of recruits, or some equivalent levy, was imposed. As a tax, it was ruinous, for the price of a substitute was frequently equal to five hundred pounds sterling; and even where a wretched family had wrung this sum from their last means, to save a son or a brother from the hazards of Napoleon's sanguinary warfare, the death or desertion of the substitute, both hourly occurring, brought a new demand on the conscript, and he must march. The acceptance of a substitute was itself an imperial favour, generally paid for at a high rate to the French agents; and the difficulty, in all cases, was so great, that nearly the whole youth of the country were compelled to serve in person. No language can exaggerate

the wretchedness of mind felt by the families of those devoted young men, when every day brought accounts of some desperate action, or some hurried march, scarcely less ruinous than battle; or, worse than all, some frightful contagion breaking out in the desolated scenes of the campaign, and extinguishing the survivors of the field by multitudes.

But even the conscription was not limited to a yearly slaughter. The first Russian campaign cost three conscriptions, each of eighty thousand boys; and they were almost totally destroyed by the enemy, the inclemency of a Polish winter, and the horrors of the French hospitals. Yet the evil of the system went even deeper than the casualties of the field. The boy of eighteen, suddenly thrown into contact with the profligacy of a camp, was vitiated for life: he saw before him, from day to day, every temptation that can stimulate the worst passions of man, and every crime that can harden the heart; he lived in the midst of plunder, bloodshed, and promiscuous vice; until the sabre or the cannon-ball came to sweep him out of life; he was

master of all that rapine could seize upon ; and the brief tenure of the possession only inflamed his guilty appetites the more. “ Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,” never was realized with such furious licence as in the campaigns of the French imperial army.

The natural consequence was, that families looked upon their sons as mere food for the sword, and utterly neglected the decorous education which was so soon to be made useless by massacre. The few parents who persevered in doing their duty watched with agony every fluctuation of the war, and lived in constant dread of the moment when they should be called on to surrender their children to death, or to what must be, in the mind of the wise and virtuous, worse than death. Thus, where the grave had mercy, no man could expect to see his son return the being that he had sent him ; he saw him dismembered by wounds and disease, an encumbrance to himself and the world, or bringing back the deep corruptions of the soldier’s life ; contemptuous of morals and religion, a restless profligate, unfit for any one of the

rational enjoyments or useful labours of society, and longing only for the fierce excesses of the field again.

But even this spectacle was seldom allowed. The wars of Napoleon were computed to have cost France more than two millions of men; they mowed down the whole rising generation. "I can afford ten thousand men a-day," was the boast of this iron homicide. Nothing struck the eye of the traveller more than the almost total deficiency of youth in France. "*Il n'y a point de jeunesse*," was the universal remark of the allies, on their march through the provinces. The consummate plague of the Egyptians, the last wrath of Heaven, had been the first infliction of France on herself: she felt the universal smiting of the first-born; "there was not a house where there was not one dead."

But if France was chastised, the whole immense extent of the conquered provinces, formed into French departments, or given as appanages to some worthless relative, or court slave, was tortured. A system of espionage was established, subversive of all the best feelings of society, to a fatal degree. Like another scrip-

which enjoyed a nomi  
visited by this plague.  
no individual was safe w  
of a French garrison! '  
Channel to the confine  
one surveillance. Throu  
Europe no man could l  
ever eat another meal un  
man, laying down his hea  
be sure that he would  
morn by some frightful d  
the pretext of searching  
dise, but in reality for his  
he would not be hurried  
from which he was never t  
only to be brought to a m  
Mantua, or Paris, and ne

his state prisoners amounted to hundreds; those were *never* to be liberated. The imprisoned for minor offences, chiefly on political suspicion, were computed, on the fall of the empire, to be upwards of fifty thousand! Such are the lessons of liberty given by a legislator from the field.

It is to the honour of England, or rather of that freedom which supplies nerve and virtue to a people, that in this desperate state of the world her determination never gave way. Yet the evils of protracted hostility were now pressing on her with a weight which it required all her fortitude to sustain. The vividness of actual conflict was gone. There was no enemy on the seas to animate her with new triumph; war on land was hopeless against the bulwark of steel that fenced the empire and the vassals of Napoleon. Her pillars of state and war had fallen,—Pitt, Fox, and Nelson had passed away within a few months of each other. The Berlin and Milan decrees, after working indescribable ruin on the continent, were gradually sapping her commerce. The enemy seemed at last to have detected the vulnerable part of her strength;

and England was now less a vigorous and warlike nation, fighting her enemy round the globe, and striking bold blows wherever he was to be found, than a great blockaded garrison, waiting within its walls for the attack, forced to husband its materials of endurance, and preparing to display the last powers of passive fortitude.

In this crisis, when all hope of change had vanished; when, unquestionably, mere valour and energy had done their utmost, and slavery or eternal war seemed to be the only alternative of nations; an interposition, a single event, unexpected as the descent of a spirit of heaven, threw a sudden light across Europe, and summoned the day.

It does not derogate from this high deliverance that it acted by human passions. The profligate habits of the Spanish court had suffered Godoy, an adventurer, to rise to eminence. The king was a man of weak understanding, the queen was a libertine, and Godoy was the open ruler of both. But even in Spain, sunk as it was in the deepest slough of indolence, and kept down there by the heel of the most sullen and jealous superstition that ever oppressed the

human mind, there were curses, deep, yet loud enough to reach, from time to time, the ear of the minister. He became anxious to provide some power safer from the knife and the poison. He now proposed the partition of Portugal to Napoleon, securing to himself the Alentejo in sovereignty, as a recompence for conniving at the march of the French army through Spain. But he had to deal with one whose sagacity foresaw everything, and whose ambition grasped at everything. Napoleon seized Portugal, and gave the traitor no share. The treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, relieved him from the chances of northern war. He instantly turned upon Spain. The tissue of artifice which he wound round the nerveless understanding of the Spanish court is unrivalled. Alternately intriguing with the Prince of Asturias against the king, with the king against the prince, and with both against Godoy; at length, by matchless subtlety, he induced the king, the prince, and even Godoy, quietly to give themselves up to him, walk into his prisons, and leave the Spanish throne at his disposal.

But there was a scene of solemn retribution

to come. Those royal imbeciles were not worth his fury, and had felt but the velvet of the tiger's paw ; others were to feel its talons ; and they had been instantly darted at the throat of Spain. The first announcement of French dominion in the country was by a fraud, and in the capital by a massacre ! Then awoke the feelings that God has treasured in the heart of man, to save him from the last degradation. That day's gore dyed the robe of the usurper with a colour never to be washed away. The ten millions of Spain rose as one man. Without leaders, without arms, without military experience, concert, or knowledge, they rushed upon the invaders, and overthrew them like a hurricane. The French veterans, who had seen the flight of all the disciplined armies of Europe, with their princes at their head, were routed and slaughtered by shepherds and tillers of the ground, by women and children, by a nation with no other fortresses than the rocks, no other allies than the soil and sky, and no other arms than the first rustic implement that could be caught up for the destruction of a murderer.

It is only due to the feelings of England to

honour her disinterested rejoicing in this proud attitude of Spain. Whatever might be the advantages of thus recommencing the contest with Napoleon on a new field, and assisted by auxiliaries in whose cause every heart of man sympathized, the first and strongest impulse was an unselfish desire to support the peninsula to the last energy of the kingdom.

The period was the most striking of the war. Napoleon had long ascended to a height from which he might look down upon all diadems; but, as if to point the moral of ambition, he was yet suffered, for a moment, to enjoy an actual splendour of sovereignty, to which all the earlier pomps of his empire were pale. He now sat down to a banquet of kingship, and feasted to the full. What human eye could have then foreseen his throne smitten beneath him, and his name a by-word among nations. The modern world had never witnessed so magnificent a scene as his court at Erfurth. He was surrounded by the monarchs and princes of the continent in person. The Emperor of Russia with his brother, Constantine, daily attended his levees; the Emperor of Austria sent an ambassador to apologize for

his absence at the feet of this universal king ; all the first military and noble names of Europe,—marshals, dukes, princes, and prelates,—formed his circle. The days were spent in occupations suitable to this display of royalty ; in riding over fields of battle, negotiating treaties, and deciding the fates of kingdoms—Prussia was *forgiven* at the intercession of Alexander,—a new code of slavery was vouchsafed to Holland,—a humiliating peace was proposed to England,—and the German powers were haughtily commanded to be still and obey. No human being could feel this homage with a keener zest than Napoleon himself. The long possession of a throne had not deadened the slightest nerve of his sense of supremacy ;—“Come to Erfurth,” he wrote to Talma, with the loftiest sneer,—“you shall play before a *pitful of kings*.”

He broke up the conference, only to pour an army of two hundred thousand men into Spain !

1809.—The Spanish war teemed with great lessons ; and the first was, that the only security against public ruin is a free constitution. It would have saved Spain from that spectacle of

an effeminate court, a domineering priesthood, and a decaying people, which invited an invader; and it would have supplied the only strength which renders a country unconquerable. The enthusiasm of the Spanish peasantry was beyond all praise; but it expired in a year. Joseph Buonaparte, "the intrusive king," returned to Madrid; and Napoleon, after having brushed away the undisciplined levies of the juntas, as his charger would a swarm of flies, rode through the peninsula at his will.

In one corner of Spain alone he found resistance, a foretaste of that fiery valour which was yet to cost him his throne. The corps under Moore, after having been endangered alternately by the treason of the Spanish chief, the rashness of the British envoy, and the perplexity of the British general, had at length retired upon Galicia. Napoleon, who felt at all times a personal exasperation against England, determined to strike a blow at her heart, by utterly crushing this corps: in his own ruthless phrase,—"he would put all the wives and mothers of England into mourning." He thundered after Moore with a force of forty thousand men.

But the British soldier and sailor were men of the same blood ; he found the spirit of Trafalgar before him. By every rule of war, he ought to have extinguished the retreating army at once : his number amounted to nearly three times theirs : he had the command of the country, unlimited resources, high equipment, troops flushed with uncontested victory, and, more than all, his own mighty name. Before him was a small body of men, hopeless of the contest, disgusted with the country, uncertain of their general, and in *retreat*—a word that of itself throws a damp upon the soldier, and pre-eminently upon the soldier of England. Yet upon that little army the conqueror of the continent was never able to make the slightest impression. The elements fought against them ; the rains and snows threw their battalions into disorder ; famine unnerved them ; but they felt no other victors. The wild mountains and dreary defiles of Galicia, proverbial for barrenness, were covered with the wreck of the British army, wasted by hunger, weariness, and storm ; but the bold spirit survived ; at the sound of a French gun the mutinous were instantly restored to order, the fugitive returned,

the wounded forgot their wounds, the famished and the dying started from the ground, gathered their last strength, and died with the musket in their hands.

Yet Napoleon's sagacity did not fail him here. A few rencontres of the British rear-guard with the *élite* of his troops soon convinced him, that at least no glory was to be gained by the pursuit; and after a brief but gallant cavalry action, in which Lords Stewart and Paget broke the squadrons of his favourite regiment of guards,\* and at which he was said to have been present, he turned away to easier triumphs, and

\* This action delighted the French infantry. They saw every feature of it from the heights, and were rejoiced at the defeat of the guard. The French cavalry had assumed that air of superiority over the other branches of the service which those branches, in all countries, so naturally repay with dislike; and the cavalry of the imperial guard were only the more remarkable for this military coxcombry. They added to their pride in themselves and their horses, in their mustachios, and the vulgar mummeries of court soldiership, demands of a choice of quarters, and other privileges, which excited the gall of the regiments of the line more than their tinsel and feathers.

On this occasion they had ridden down under Le Febvre, a favourite *aid-de-camp* of the emperor, to "annihilate the

committed to Soult the rough experiment of "driving the British into the sea." As it was his habitual policy to keep the marshal's baton at a sufficient distance from the sceptre, he had, probably, no disinclination to see Soult's pride, which had already given him some disturbance in Portugal, slightly lectured by the English sabre. He now left him to pursue fortune to the borders of the English element. Never was commander more thoroughly baffled. He was unable to gain a single advantage, in the most disastrous march of the war. Moore reached Corunna, with his army in a state of almost

English ;" for their contempt of our dismantled troops was in the highest tone. The whole French camp ran out to see this easy victory. They were not kept long in suspense ; the British hussars no sooner saw the showy *garde* than they dashed at them, broke them in all directions, drove one part back through the river, and made the rest, with their general, prisoners. The fugitives, on re-ascending the hill, were received with a general shout of scorn by the infantry, taunted with all kinds of insolent questions, and asked, "How they liked annihilating the enemy ?"—"whether they were pleased with the cold bath after their promenade ?"—and, above all, "what quarters they would prefer for the night ?" The guards were in no condition to retort, but sullenly rode to the rear, and were hazarded no more in skirmishes.

total ruin ; without cavalry, artillery, or baggage ; without tents, shoes, medicine, money, or food. They had expected to find provisions on the road,—they found every hut deserted ; the fleet was to have been ready to receive them at Corunna,—from the heights they could not see a sail round the horizon. The Spaniards were to have supplied them with provisions,—they had nothing in their magazines but brandy, which made the troops frenzied and furious ; or the impoverished wine of the province, which produced disorders.

But the sight of the French columns overtopping the heights round Corunna made them soldiers once more. They bore the shock of their well-appointed antagonists with national fortitude ; rushed upon them in return ; with half their numbers drove them back on every point, and, covering the ground with slaughter, remained masters of the field. Moore fell in the moment of victory, cancelling all his errors by his gallant death, and earning for himself a lasting record in the hearts of his countrymen. The army embarked without a shot being fired by the enemy. Soult had

received too severe a lesson to hazard a second trial. The lion had turned round on the hunter, given him a grasp that paralyzed him, and then walked quietly away.

The Spanish war lingered again. The enthusiasm of the multitude must always be transitory; their means of life are too dependent on daily exertion, and too much exposed to an invader, to make them capable of long enduring a warfare in the bosom of the land. The beginning of the second campaign found the enemy masters of the chief cities, and the people in despair. The national hatred subsisted; but the valour in the field, and the zeal of public sacrifice, were gone. The dagger was a degenerate substitute for the sword; and the blood of Frenchman and Spaniard was spilled in the gloomy and useless interchanges of private vengeance and military retribution.

Now was fulfilled the evil of a despotic government.

There was no middle order in Spain.<sup>4</sup> A Roman-catholic throne and priesthood had long trampled it into the grave. For centuries, every vigorous intellect or free spirit that started up

in Spain had expiated its offence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or death. The hour of national peril came; the hero and the statesman were then wildly called for, but the call was unanswered; they were not in existence; genius was in the grave, or on the winds; and Spain, once so renowned for warlike and political ability, exhibited the extraordinary reverse, of ten millions of brave men without a soldier to lead them; and juntas and councils in every province without a statesman capable of directing them to any measure of common wisdom. The burden soon fell on the British, and it was heroically sustained. Six years of almost uninterrupted campaigns proved that England could be as invincible by land as on the ocean, planted the British standard in France, for the first time since the Henrys and Edwards, and gave the first blow, within his own frontiers, to the boundless career of Napoleon.

The war was at an end; but with it died the vigour of Spain. The nation merited their fate. They had made no use of the high advantages of their connexion with England. From the great land of freedom, literature, and reli-

the blood gushing from a thousand wounds would suffer no infusion of that health and virtue which glowed in the pregnable corslet of England. They turned away their purblind eyes from the mirror which would have taught them to know and injured her press, her legislature, her religion. The cry of "Heresy" was as in the days of Loyola. The bodies of the English soldiers, as they lay asleep in the same clay with a Spaniard, repelled and suppressed the Bible which a true legislator would have put in the hands of his people, even as the nation was devoid of patriotism.

All the art of man was never able to reconcile religious slavery with civil freedom. What can be the independence of a people who have the pope for their head?

hesitating courage, and fidelity strong as the grave ; that embodied patriotism, which, while it ministers, beyond all philosophy, to the contentment of a private career, and divests the bosom of all eagerness for the trivial and vanishing distinctions of public life ; yet lays every man under the responsibility of exerting his best powers for the public good ; that still diviner guide which, teaching him to be zealous without violence, and aspiring without ambition, and filling his mind with calmer and loftier contemplations than the unsubstantial visions of earth, prepares him to look with composure on the severest sacrifices, solicit no other praise than the testimony of his own conscience, and silently devote himself to the cause of man, and of that mighty Being, who will not suffer him to be tempted beyond his power, or to fall in vain.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE REGENCY.

THE Prince of Wales, after a long retirement from public life, was recalled by an event which created the deepest sorrow throughout the empire. The affliction which, in 1788, had made the king incapable of government, was announced to have returned.\* A Regency Bill, with restrictions, to last for a year, was passed. The more than useless bitterness of the old contest was not renewed; its leaders had perished; and a judicious declaration that the prince, from respect to the king, would make no immediate change in the ministry, at once quieted fear, and extinguished faction. Thus, with all resist-

\* October 25, 1810.

ance abroad conquered, and all party neutralized; the prince entered upon the government of a dominion extending through every quarter of the globe, numbering one hundred millions of people, and constituting the stronghold of liberty, knowledge, and religion, to mankind.

The reign of George the Third was now at an end, for he never resumed the throne. The lucid intervals of his malady soon ceased, and the last ten years of his life were passed in dreams. Perhaps even this affliction, from which human nature shrinks with such terror, was meant in mercy. He had lost his sight some years before; and blindness, a fearful privation to all, must have been a peculiar suffering to one so remarkable for his habits of diligence and activity. The successive deaths of those whom we love are the bitter portion of age; and in the course of a few years the king must have seen the graves of his queen, his son, and of that grand-daughter whose early death broke off the lineal succession to the throne. It is gratifying to the recollections which still adhere to this honest and good king, to believe that, in his solitude, he escaped the sense of those mis-

fortunes. The mind thus, "of imagination all compact," is seldom to be reached by exterior calamities. All that human care could provide for the comfort of his age was sacredly attended to. A letter from the Princess Elizabeth to Lady Suffolk, one of the former suite of the royal family, states, "that his majesty seemed to feel *perfect happiness*; he seemed to consider himself no longer as an inhabitant of earth, and often, when he played one of his favourite tunes, observed, that he was very fond of it when he was in the world. He spoke of the queen and all his family, and hoped that they were happy now, for he was much attached to them, when in the world."

The character of George the Third was peculiarly *English*. Manly, plain, and pious in his individual habits, he was high-minded, bold, and indefatigable in maintaining the rights of his people and the honour of his crown. He was "every inch a king!"

The sovereign of England differs in his office and spirit from all others: he is not an idol, to be shewn only in some great periodic solemnity, and then laid up in stately uselessness; but a

living and active agent, called to mingle among the hearts and bosoms of men. His royalty is not a gilded bauble on the summit of the constitution, but a part of the solid architecture, a chief pillar of the dome. If this increase his sphere of duty, and compel him often to feel that he is but a man, it also increases his strength and security. The independence of despotism is precariousness itself; it is the independence of an amputated limb. The connexion of an English king with his people is the connexion of a common life, of the same constitutional current running through the veins of all; a communion of feelings and necessities, which, if it compel the king to take a share in the anxieties of the people, returns it largely, by compelling the people to take a vital interest in the honour and safety of the king. The first freeman of a free people, he excites and enjoys the most remote circulation of its fame, wealth, and freedom: the highest and noblest organ of public sensation, for every impulse which he communicates he receives vigour in return. "*Agitat molem, magnoque se corpore miscet.*"

The law, which lays the crown on his head, establishes the foundations of his throne.

No sovereign of England was ever more a monarch, in this sense of public care, than George the Third; he was altogether a creature of the commonwealth; his personal choice appointed his ministers, he sat in their councils, all their proceedings came under his revision; he knew nothing of favouritism or party; and, indulging a natural and generous interest in the fortunes of his friends to the last, he threw off with his boyhood the predilections of the boy, and thenceforth suffered no personal feelings to impede the interests of the country.

The king's qualities were subjected to three stern, successive tests—as an individual, as an English monarch, and as the head of an European confederacy of thrones.

In the early part of his reign the monarch was the object of attack. All parties professed themselves alike zealous for the constitution, but faction uniformly struck at the sitter on the throne. Ministers rose and fell too rapidly to make them a sufficient mark; the libel, which

would have been wasted upon those shadows, was levelled at the master who summoned them.

But assailants like those are born to perish ; and the name of Wilkes alone survives, preserved, perhaps, on the principle of preserving specimens of morbid anatomy. Wilkes would have been a courtier by inclination, if he had not been a demagogue by necessity. Witty, subtle, and licentious, he might have glittered as an appendage to the court of Charles the Second ; but the severe virtues of George the Third drove him to the populace. Yet he was strikingly different from those who have since influenced the multitude. He had no natural gravitation to the mob : if he submitted to their contact, it was, to make them a commodity for his own barter ; if he condescended to trust himself in their hands, it was to be carried by them in triumph. His object was less to overthrow the higher ranks than to force his way among them ; less to raise an unknown name, by flinging his firebrand into the temple of the constitution, than to menace government until it bought off the incendiary ; he was a hollow patriot, but not a squalid rebel ; an unprincipled declaimer for

visionary rights, but not the man of blood, the hater of all authority, the modern missionary of all confusion.

After a few years, the king was summoned to war by the revolt of America. Unless success is justification, that revolt remains unjustifiable. Even if the colonies were oppressed, the oppression was retracted, and they were offered more than they had ever asked. But their object had speedily grown from relief into rebellion, and from alliance into independence.

We are not to judge of the wisdom that undertook the war by its conduct in inferior hands. The contest was altogether new, and fitted to be the disgrace of political and military calculation, the "*opprobrium regalis medicinæ*." The tactics of a peasant war were an unsolved problem in the science. The strength of army against army might be calculated, but where was the arithmetic for the wilderness, for the swamp, the impenetrable forest, and the malignant sky! Even while the struggle was in suspense a new antagonist appeared. France, in shortsighted jealousy of England, broke her treaties, and ranged herself on the enemy's side; tyranny

and democracy formed that alliance of treason which was to be so mortally repaid. The war was now concluded. The king's duty had been done; he was not to see tamely the dismemberment of his empire. When the transaction was complete, the same duty made him acquiesce in the fate of battle.

Yet, this partial reverse was suddenly and magnificently compensated to England by her triumphs over France and Spain. The defeats of the enemy's fleets were memorable; and the thunders of her victory had scarcely died on the Atlantic, when they were echoed back from the battlements of Gibraltar. The spot upon her fame was but a spot upon the sun, visible for a moment, and then burning into tenfold glory.

The final and the heaviest trial was at hand. The treachery of the French government had recoiled upon itself. While it haughtily looked forward to the downfall of England, it found France wrapped in sudden conflagration. The army, returning from America, had brought the fire at the point of their swords. The popular impulse was given, and it was irresistible. France had always been a licentious country,

the people: the luxurious  
vice of the nobles was eclipsed  
criminality of the multitude. The  
refined infidel, dispensing his politics  
in the saloons of nobles and priests  
in the roar of the sons of carnage  
The priest, the noble, and the sinner  
paid the penalty of neglecting the  
the national mind. The shower  
descended upon all.

If the example of France were  
in this country, and if England, from  
the hostility, afterwards became that  
of Europe; a large portion of the credit  
attributed to the king's individual character  
stooped to no baseness, personal or  
preserved the tone of public morals  
state; he observed the forms, and  
the spirit of religion; he was a faithful

The restrictions on the regency expired in 1812, and the party under Lords Grey and Grenville confidently expected to be recalled to office. But they had lost all influence on the prince's mind. If the regent's friendship were to be their dependence, it had nearly passed away with the death of Fox; if similarity of political opinions, the prince, like other men, had seen the rashness of his early conceptions chastised by time; if political wisdom, the events of every year since their dismissal had thrown their predictions into condign disgrace. Upon this last point public feeling alone would have compelled the prince to reject them.

On the first failures of the Spanish war they had become determined prophets of ill. At the commencement of every campaign, they pronounced that it *must* end in disaster; and when it ended in victory, they pronounced that in disaster the next must begin. They saw nothing in the most gallant successes but a vulgar gladiatorship; in every trivial reverse, nothing short of inextricable ruin. Such are the humiliating necessities of party. It cannot *afford* to be honest. There was, perhaps, not an

individual in opposition at that time, who, if his real sentiments were spoken, would not have given the amplest praise to the conduct of the Peninsular war. But opposition was destined to exhibit a full display of the fetters that party rivets upon its slaves. Victory followed victory, alike of the highest importance and the most unquestionable kind: opposition, still urged by its fate, still raised its expiring voice to depreciate those successes. The empire was in a tumult of exultation at its triumphs: opposition, shrunk into its corner, saw nothing but visions of ruin; and while Europe was hailing its deliverer, this decrepit and infatuated remnant continued pitching its rebel tones alternately to the funeral song of the country and the *Iò pæan* of Napoleon.

Some of those patriots put up their prayers, that the French marshals would have mercy enough on the British army to let it escape to the sea-side; others declared, that they should consider a repetition of the Closterseven convention a happy alternative for the horrors of a French pursuit. One orator distinguished himself by the memorable saying, that, "for all na-

tional purposes, the soldiers might as well be shot in St. James's Park." But if their scale were loaded with the glories of the enemy, the honours of England kicked the beam. Napoleon was pronounced, not simply, the first of mortals, but something more than mortal: "the child of providence—the man of destiny—the unconquerable—the inscrutable,"—with no unfrequent intimations, that resistance to his will might involve the repugnants in impiety, as well as rashness. Still, the rashness was returned by victories, and the impiety left the thunders to sleep; the nation persevered in defeating the unconquerable, and detecting the inscrutable, until their common sense revolted against this callous absurdity; and opposition was forced to be silent at last, and wait for the contingencies that, like the Turkish providence, have especial care for the halt, the lunatic, and the blind.

1812.—The administration formed by the king, with Mr. Perceval at its head, had conducted public affairs with such obvious advantage during the year, that the nation would have regarded its loss as a general injury. But the prince, on the commencement of the unre-

stricted regency, influenced by a desire to combine the whole legislature in the struggle against the common enemy, made an offer of employment to opposition, in union with the Perceval ministry. His sentiments were expressed in this letter to the Duke of York:—

“MY DEAREST BROTHER,—As the restrictions on the exercise of the royal authority will shortly expire, when I must make my arrangements for the future administration of the powers with which I am invested, I think it right to communicate those sentiments which I was withheld from expressing, at an earlier period of the session, by my warmest desire that the expected motion on the affairs of Ireland might undergo the deliberate discussion of parliament, unmixed with any other consideration.

“I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated me by parliament. At a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger, I was called upon to make a selection of persons to whom I should intrust

the functions of the executive government. My sense of duty to our royal father solely decided that choice; and every private feeling gave way to considerations which admitted of no doubt or hesitation.

“I trust I acted in that respect as the genuine representative of the august person whose functions I was appointed to discharge; and I have the satisfaction of knowing, that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgment and honourable feelings I entertain the highest respect. In various instances, as you well know, where the law of the last session left me at full liberty, I waived any personal gratification, in order that his majesty might resume, on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative belonging to the crown. I certainly am the last person to whom it can be permitted to despair of our royal father's recovery. A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction on the events which have distinguished the short period of my restricted regency. Instead of suffering in the loss of her possessions by the gigantic force which has been employed against them, Great Britain has

added most important acquisitions to her empire. The national faith has been preserved inviolable towards our allies; and if character is strength, as applied to a nation, the increased and increasing reputation of his majesty's arms will shew to the nations of the continent how much they may achieve when animated by a glorious spirit of resistance to a foreign yoke. In the critical situation of the war in the Peninsula I shall be most anxious to avoid any measure which can lead my allies to suppose that I mean to depart from the present system. Perseverance alone can achieve the great object in question; and I cannot withhold my approbation from those who have honourably distinguished themselves in support of it. I have no predilections to indulge—no resentments to gratify—no objects to attain, but such as are common to the whole empire. If such is the leading principle of my conduct,—and I can appeal to the past as evidence of what the future will be,—I flatter myself I shall meet with the support of parliament, and of a candid and enlightened nation. Having made this communication of my sentiments in this new and extraordinary crisis

of our affairs, I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed would strengthen my hands, and constitute a part of my government. With such support, and aided by a vigorous and united administration, formed on the most liberal basis, I shall look with additional confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain was ever engaged. You are authorized to communicate those sentiments to Lord Grey, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord Grenville.

“ I am always, my dearest Frederick,

“ Your ever affectionate brother,

(Signed) “ GEORGE, P. R.”

“ *Carlton House, Feb. 13, 1812.*”

“ P.S. I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. Perceval.”

Mr. Perceval had led the attack which displaced the coalition ministry. To join him, and he also his subordinates, would have had

all the shame of a third coalition, without the profit. The proposal was declined; and the nation proceeded, unconscious of its loss. In 1811, Portugal had been completely cleared of the enemy. In 1812, Salamanca gave a splendid proof that the British troops could be, as their great leader pronounced them, "a manœuvring army;" Madrid was freed from the usurper king, and the French supremacy in Spain approached its end.

But while Mr. Perceval was thus prosperously directing the affairs of the empire, the hand of an assassin put an end to his blameless and active life. On the evening of the 11th of May, as he was passing through the lobby of the House of Commons, one Bellingham, who had previously placed himself in the recess of the doorway, fired a pistol into his bosom. The ball entered his heart; he uttered but the words, "I'm murdered," tottered forwards a few steps, and fell into the arms of some persons who had rushed to his assistance; he died within a few minutes. The atrocious act was so instantaneous, that the assassin was

not observed for some time ; he was looking calmly at the scene of confusion, when he was seized. He made no attempt either to escape or resist, but merely said, "I am the unhappy man ;" and surrendered himself to the members, who, on hearing the report of the pistol, had crowded into the lobby. He was, of course, committed to Newgate, and brought to trial.

His conduct in this fatal transaction was a melancholy proof of the delusions to which a mind even of some intelligence may be exposed by a violent temper. He told his story with the simplicity of perfect innocence. He was an Englishman, residing for some years as a merchant at Archangel. Becoming bankrupt, and conceiving himself aggrieved by the Russian government, he had applied to the British ambassador for redress ; but he having none to give, his applicant determined to shoot him for, what he pronounced, his negligence. The ambassador escaped, by being recalled, and Bellingham followed him to London,—to "shoot him there." Still, he escaped ; and the broken

merchant sent in a succession of memorials to ministers. He was at last informed, that they had no means of procuring retribution from the Russian government; and he “made up his mind to shoot the first minister who came in his way.” He had spent the day walking about London; and when the hour approached at which the business of the House of Commons usually begins, stationed himself at the lobby door, with a case of pistols in his pocket. He added, that “having no personal hostility to Mr. Perceval, he would have preferred shooting the ambassador; but that, as the matter turned out, he was satisfied that he had only done his duty, and,” placing his hand on his heart, “his justification was *there*.” He was forty-two years of age, of a pale, intelligent countenance, and with the look of a gentleman. On his trial, an attempt was made by his counsel to prove him insane; but he made no pretence of that nature, was found guilty, persisted to the last in asserting that he was justified in the murder, and died, frigid and fearless, a reasoning madman.

The prince regent, who was deeply shocked by the death of the minister, expressed his sense of the misfortune by sending down an immediate message to the house proposing an annuity for Mrs. Perceval and her children. The house voted four thousand pounds a-year for the widow's life, with the intention of her applying this munificent provision to the support of her children.

The premiership had now returned into the hands of the regent; and the Marquess Wellesley was commissioned to form an administration. Lords Grey and Grenville, as the heads of the whigs, were again applied to; but the old fate of the party clung to them still. No combination of grave men ever possessed in such perfection the art of defeating themselves. They loudly declared that a whig administration was essential to the country, and then declared that no whig administration should be formed unless they had possession of the whole royal patronage. The regent had originally wished to retain the officers of the household: the whigs protested that they would not stir, hand or foot, unless their terms for "saving their country"

were instantly granted, and the household given as the first deposit. Without wandering through the labyrinth of an intrigue at once ridiculous and contemptible, it is enough to say, that the cabal met their usual destiny. They were sent back ignominiously to the opposition benches, and left to meditate on the wisdom of asking too much, and losing all.

Sheridan's wit added to the public ridicule. He had long been personally attached to the prince, to whom he observes, in a correspondence on the changes of ministry, "Junius said, in a public letter of his, addressed to your royal father, 'the fate which made you a king forbade your having a friend.' I deny his proposition as a general maxim. I am confident that your royal highness possesses qualities to win and secure to you the attachment and devotion of private friendship *in spite* of your being a sovereign."\* He felt for the situation in which the regent must find himself, with men, who had exhibited such a disposition to be masters, even before they could call themselves servants. On a similar attempt, the year before, he had

\* Moore.

let loose the following lines, in imitation of Rochester's to Charles:—

ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE.

In all humility we crave,  
Our regent may become our slave;  
And being so, we trust that he  
Will thank us for our loyalty.  
Then, if he'll help us to pull down  
His father's dignity and crown,  
We'll make him, in *some time to come*,  
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The demand of the whole household was so haughtily in the spirit of political extortion, that all the prince's immediate friends were indignant against it. "Then you shall never part with one of them," was the declaration of the Marquess of Hastings. Sheridan took an equally characteristic way. The household, as a matter of etiquette, offered their resignations; and Sheridan, armed with this intelligence, went out to take his daily walk in St. James's-street. Some rumour of it had transpired, and Mr. Tierney, then high in the whig councils, stopped him, to ask whether the news were true. "What will you bet that it is?" said

Sheridan, "for *I* will bet any man five hundred guineas that it is *not*." The conversation was carried without delay to the party. The hook was completely swallowed. The treaty was instantly broken off; and when the eyes of those noble persons were at last opened, they found that they had been repulsed by an imaginary obstacle, and outwitted by a wager, and even a fictitious wager!

Their next intelligence was of a more solid nature. The Earl of Liverpool stated in the House of Lords that the prince regent had appointed him first lord of the treasury.

## CHAPTER VI.

## QUEEN CAROLINE.

AFTER ten years of mental privation the good king, George the Third, was called from the world.\* His last hours were without pain, and, fortunately, without a return of that understanding which could have shewn him only the long state of suffering in which he had lain. His death excited universal sympathy, and the day on which his honoured remains were committed to the grave was observed with unfeigned reverence throughout his empire.

The prince regent was now summoned to his inheritance, and George the Fourth was enthroned King of England, the noblest dominion that the sun shines upon!

January 29, 1820

No rank, however elevated, can expect to be free from the common visitations of life; and George the Fourth, always much attached to his relatives, had suffered, within a few years, the loss of his royal mother;\* of his brother, the Duke of Kent,† but a week before the death of his father; and of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte;‡—all regretted by the nation; but the loss of the last creating an unexampled sorrow.

The Princess Charlotte, with a spirit of independence unusual in her rank, making her own choice, and marrying Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, had increased the popular affection by the domestic nature of her life during her marriage. But her constitution was feeble; and when she was about to become a mother, it suddenly failed. She gave birth to a still-born child, and, in a few hours after, sank into a state of exhaustion, and died. The nation received the intelligence as if every family had lost a daughter. Before the customary orders

\* Nov. 17, 1818.

† Jan. 23, 1820.

‡ Nov. 6, 1817.

for the public mourning could be issued, all England exhibited the deepest signs of regret. All public places were voluntarily closed; all entertainments laid aside; the churches hung with black by the people, and funeral sermons preached everywhere at their request; the streets deserted; marriages suspended; journeys put off; the whole system of society was stopped, as if it had received an irreparable blow. The English residents abroad all put on mourning; and as the intelligence passed round the globe, every spot, where an Englishman was to be found, witnessed the same evidence of the national sorrow.

If such were the loss to the people, what must it have been to him, who added his feelings as a father to those for the broken hope of his line; and, lamenting over an innocent and fond being, dead in the most exulting moment of a woman's and a wife's existence, saw before him the tomb of two royal generations!

But he had scarcely ascended the throne, when other trials awaited him. The Princess

Caroline, his consort, who had long resided in Italy, announced her determination of returning to England, and demanding the appointments and rank of queen. Her life abroad had given rise to the grossest imputations; and her presiding at the court of England while their stain continued would have been intolerable. But the means adopted to abate the offence argued a singular ignorance of human nature. If we must not subscribe to her innocence, it ought to have been remembered, that none should be treated as guilty, unheard. The "*furens quid fœmina possit*," too, is as old as human nature: yet this princess had been insulted by the conduct of every English functionary abroad. The announcement of her approach to a city where the smallest of English envoys resided, instantly threw his entire microcosm into a state of chaos; diplomacy forswore her dances and dinners; the whole accomplished tribe of *attachés* were in dismay; the chief functionary shut up his doors and windows, ordered post-horses, and giving himself only time to pen a hurried despatch to

the foreign office, detailing the vigour with which he had performed this national duty, fled as if he were flying from a pestilence. Foreigners, of course, with their usual adoption of the ambassadorial tone, added their insults; until, stung by universal offence, she no sooner received intelligence of the death of George the Third, than, spurning the tardy attempts of ministers to appease her, she rushed back to England, flaming with revenge.\*

Lord Liverpool was utterly unequal to the emergency: always hitherto a timid minister, he now, unfortunately, put on a preposterous courage, and defied this desperate woman. He might better have taken a tiger by the beard. He had even the folly to bring her to trial; with what ultimate object is utterly inconceivable. That he could not have obtained a divorce by any law, human or divine, the reasons were obvious. If she had been found guilty, he could have neither exiled nor imprisoned her; his only resource must be in the scaffold. But he knew that the people of Eng-

\* June, 1820.

land would have risen indignantly against so cruel a sentence. There was but one remaining alternative—to be defeated; and defeated he was, ignominiously.

While ministers were forced to steal down to the house, or were visible, only to receive insults from the multitude, the queen went daily to her trial in a popular triumph. Her levees at Brandenburgh house, a villa on the banks of the Thames, where she resided for the season, were still more triumphant. Daily processions of the people marched with the badges of their callings; the brotherhoods of trade; the masonic lodges; the friendly societies; all the nameless incorporations, which make their charters without the aid of office, and give their little senates laws without consulting the constitution; down to the fishwomen; paid their respects in full costume, and assured her majesty, in many a high-flown piece of eloquence, of her “living in the hearts of her faithful people.”

There was, doubtless, some charlatanry in the display. Many interests are concerned in every move of the popular machine. The inn-

keepers on the road were the richer for this loyalty; the turnpikes reaped a handsomer revenue; the Jews sold more of that finery which has seen its best days; the coachmakers issued more of their veteran barouches; the horse-dealers supplied more of those hunters and chargers which have bade a long farewell to all their fields; all the trades were zealous promoters of the processions. The holyday, the summer drive, the dress, the "hour's importance to the poor man's heart," were not to be forgotten among the accessories. But the true motive, paramount to all, was honest, *English* disdain at the mode in which the evidence had been collected, and the mixture of weakness and violence with which the prosecution was carried on. The trial had been begun by the peers, but the verdict was brought in by the populace. Lord Liverpool admitted that he could proceed no further, and withdrew the prosecution. The announcement was received with a roar of victory in the house. The sound was caught by the multitude, and London was filled with acclamations.

The graver judgment of the country regretted

that, by the rashness which suffered a question of individual vice to be mingled with one of public principle, the crime received the sanction which belonged only to the virtue. But the deed was done; and the only hope now was, that it might be speedily forgotten. But this the queen would not suffer; her resentment was still unappeased. At length, advised only by her own intemperate heart, she determined to insult the king at the coronation,\* in the presence of his nobles, and in the highest ceremonial of his throne.

But this fine display of the old pomps of England has been recorded by so celebrated a master of description, that any fragment from his pen on such a subject has a monumental value.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER ON THE  
CORONATION.

“I refer you to the daily papers for the details of the great national assembly which we witnessed yesterday, and will hold my promise

\* July 19, 1821.

absolved by sending a few general remarks upon what I saw with surprise, amounting to astonishment, and which I shall never forget. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a ceremony more august and imposing in all its parts, and more calculated to make the deepest impression both on the eye and on the feelings. The most minute attention must have been bestowed, to arrange all the subordinate parts in harmony with the rest; so that, amongst so much antiquated ceremonial, imposing singular dresses, duties, and characters, upon persons accustomed to move in the ordinary routine of society, nothing occurred, either awkward or ludicrous, which could mar the general effect of the solemnity. Considering that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I own I consider it as surprising that the whole ceremonial of the day should have passed away without the slightest circumstance which could derange the general tone of solemn feeling which was suited to the occasion.

“You must have heard a full account of the only disagreeable event of the day; — I mean the

attempt of the misguided lady, who has lately furnished so many topics of discussion, to intrude herself upon a ceremonial, where, not being in her proper place, to be present in any other must have been voluntary degradation. That matter is a fire of straw which has now burned to the very embers, and those who try to blow it into life again will only blacken their hands and noses, like mischievous children dabbling among the ashes of a bonfire. It seems singular that, being determined to be present at all hazards, this unfortunate personage should not have procured a peer's ticket, which, I presume, would have insured her admittance. I willingly pass to pleasanter matters.

“The effect of the scene in the Abbey was beyond measure magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretched among the aisles of that venerable and august pile—those which rise above the altar pealing back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music; those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished; and the cross-gallery most appro-

priately occupied by the Westminster school-boys, in their white surplices, many of whom might on that day receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives; imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor—the altars surrounded by the fathers of the church—the king, encircled by the nobility of the land, and the counsellors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honoured marks of distinction, bought by many a glorious danger:—add to this the rich spectacle of the aisles, crowded with waving plumage, and coronets, and caps of honour, and the sun, which brightened and saddened, as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which caught, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner, or the edge of a group of battleaxes or partisans, and then rested full on some fair form, ‘the cynosure of neighbouring eyes,’ whose circlet of diamonds glistened under its influence.

“Imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui bono* men, and

therefore I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done the spectators? If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities we shall indeed be satisfied with 'food, clothes, and fire;' but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours at the expense of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

“ Leaving those gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who (being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh) sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expense which attends it than on the generous

feelings which it ought to awaken. The expense, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal, to the persons of rank attendant upon the coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth and consideration, for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holyday to the monotony of a life of labour.

“ But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and the ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows betwixt the king and his assembled people; while he, on the one hand, called God Almighty to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges; and while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted him for their liege sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by

the solemn, yet strange, mixture of the words of Scripture with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the prelate, who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their monarch the prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence.

“ It was peculiarly delightful to see the king receive from the royal brethren, but in particular from the Duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence, in the embrace interchanged between the Duke of York and his majesty, that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to the throne in blood was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the royal brethren when they were thus pressed to each other's bosoms—it was the emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amidst ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British

bosom. The king seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the ceremonial, even so much so as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore, generally speaking, the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be performed, or when anything occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his nobles, he looked 'every inch a king;' and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

"It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the Duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished whig nobility assembled round the throne on this occasion, giving an open testimony that the differ-

ences of political opinions are only skin-deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome constitution of the country.

“ If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name Lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter, with the cap and high plume of the order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the Order of Edward III., the costume of which was worn by his lordship only. The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquess of Anglesea shewed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of ‘ noble horsemanship.’ Lord Howard’s horse was worse bitted than those of the two former noblemen,

but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the Hall.

“ The Champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in a king's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and shewed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste; but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or highland target,—a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback,—instead of being a three-cornered, or *heater-shield*, which, in time of the tilt, was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me; for I would have had the champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young Lord of Scrivelsbaye looked and behaved extremely well.

“Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticise—I mean the fancy dress of the privy councillors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk hose and mantles, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth’s time. Separately, so gay a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill-made men; but when the whole was thrown into one general body, all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonized in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay, and gorgeous, and antique dress, which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage; and I must say, that the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland shewed to as great advantage in his robes of privy councillor as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion.

The common court dress, used by the privy councillors at the last coronation, must have had a poor effect in comparison of the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament from the unwieldy splendour of the heralds, who glowed like huge masses of cloth of gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the peers placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

“ The box assigned to the foreign ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on Prince Esterhazy in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the courts of Europe, save ours, and is said to be worth 100,000*L.*, or some such trifle, and which costs the prince 100*L.* or 200*L.* every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree, perhaps too fine for good taste, at least it would have appeared so any where else. Beside the prince

sat a good-humoured lass, who seemed all eyes and ears (his daughter-in-law, I believe), who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without ever moving a limb or a muscle during the space of four hours. Like Sir Wilful Witwood, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for if he scorned every thing else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right hand, along the seats which were occupied by the peeresses and their daughters, which the prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls as sat mingled among the noble matronage of the land; and the waving plumage of feathers, which made the universal head-dress, had the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

“ I must not omit, that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us as a nation *en frac*, and without the usual ceremonies of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted

to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasion demanded it, and that in a degree of splendour which they averred they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

“The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, was performed by pages dressed very elegantly in Henri Quatre coats of scarlet, with gold lace, blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also marshal’s men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took those menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the peers, knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of Crabbe’s lines, with a little alteration—

‘Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,  
Smile on his father, and receive his plate.’

It must be owned, however, that they proved

but indifferent valets, and were very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the cheer they should have handed to their masters, and to play other *tours de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, ‘not to man yourself with your kin.’ The peers, for example, had only a cold collation, while the aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and similar errors necessarily befell others in the confusion of the evening. But those slight mistakes, which indeed were not known till afterwards, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

“I did not see the procession between the abbey and hall. In the morning, a few voices called ‘Queen! queen!’ as Lord Londonderry passed, and even when the sovereign appeared. But those were only signals for the loud and reiterated acclamations in which these tones of discontent were completely drowned. In the return, no one dissonant voice intimated the least dissent from the shouts of gratulation which poured from every quarter; and certainly never monarch received a more general welcome from his assembled subjects.

" You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the parks, on the river, in the theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen or heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot was convinced that the whole population was assembled there, while others found a similar concourse of revellers in every different point. It is computed that about 500,000 people shared in the festival, in one way or other; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people were animated, when I tell you, that, excepting a few windows broken by a small body-guard of ragamuffins, who were in immediate attendance on the great lady in the morning, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony; and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day; namely, loyalty and good humour. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect, that no accident of any kind is reported

as having taken place. And so concluded the coronation of George IV., whom God long preserve ! Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the field of the cloth of gold down to the present day.

“ AN EYE-WITNESS.”

The unfortunate intrusion to which this letter alludes occurred early in the day. The queen was refused entrance into the cathedral ; and when, at length, after repeated efforts, she withdrew, the mob expressed their sentiments by breaking the Treasury windows. But the disappointment was fatal to her. She lost her spirits, shrank from society, declared herself tired of life, and in less than a month, she died.

The ruling passion was strong even in death. She ordered that her remains should *not* be left in this country, but buried in Brunswick ; and that the inscription on her tomb should be, “ Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured

Queen of England." Thus perished\* a being on whom fortune had lavished all the highest advantages of opulence, birth, and station; the wife of a royal husband, the mother of a royal child; a queen, and Queen of England! yet in the anxieties of her life and her death scarcely to be envied by a galley-slave.

\* August 7, 1821.

## CHAPTER VII.

## NAPOLEON.

THE battle of Jena, in 1806, had placed Napoleon at the height of power. The treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, had confirmed it; and the conference at Erfurth had indulged his love of display with the most profuse spectacle of vassal royalty. But, from that moment, the wheel turned; as if from that moment the purpose of his career was done. He had scourged the old profligacy of the continental courts; he had scattered, like chaff before the wind, the armies which had been so long the instruments of their blind violences and sanguinary ambition. Preparatory, perhaps, to a still deeper trial, he had shaken the great continental thrones; thrones that, under the name of Christianity, had exhi-

bited in their personal excesses and public ferocity the spirit of heathenism. Prussia the infidel, Austria the bigot, and Russia the barbarian, had been transfixed with the spear of an avenger but a degree more godless, prejudiced, and ferocious, than themselves; the standards which they had crimsoned in the blood of Poland were gone to moulder in the dust of the Invalides; and now, when the punishment was complete, the time of the punisher was come.

In the early part of the year 1812, Napoleon, furious at the repugnance of the Emperor of Russia to see his subjects perish by the Berlin and Milan decrees; proclaimed, in his old oracular style, that "the Russian dynasty was no more;" and followed the oracle by a force well calculated to insure its fulfilment. He crossed the Polish provinces with an army the most numerous since the days of Xerxes, or Attila, but which would have passed through their wild myriads as the cannon-ball through the air. With half a million of the finest troops that ever marched to play the game of ambition

he broke over the Russian frontier, and was himself undone.

But, the narrative of that stupendous contest —of French daring and rapine, of the stubborn heroism of the Russian armies, of cities stormed and in conflagration, of provinces desolated; and of the retribution from a higher hand, the rage of a Russian winter let loose, and covering a march of six hundred miles with the French dead; must not be humiliated by the sketch which alone could be given of it here.

Napoleon's defeat was measureless; of the multitudes which had followed him across the Niemen scarcely a man returned. But he again found armies in the populousness of France; within a few months rushed to the field; fought the bloody battles of Bautzen and Lutzen; was again maddened with pride, until he roused the continent against him; and finally at Leipsic was overwhelmed once more. The remnant of his army was hunted across the Rhine, was hunted through France, was hunted into the gates of the capital; and then, when victory had flung Napoleon on the ground,

diplomatic folly came to set him on his feet again. To extinguish his ambition, he was suffered to retain the imperial title ; to destroy his connexion with the French military, he was suffered to retain his flag, his staff, and a portion of his guard ; and to prevent the possibility of his renewing disturbances in France or Italy, he was fixed on an island almost within sight of both ! The consequences were foreseen by all mankind—except the emperors, the diplomatists, and the Bourbons.

Within one year, while the whole pomp of European diplomacy was busied in congress at Vienna, and every day saw some new experiment of power, a monarchy mutilated, a river given to one potentate, or the humbler donative of a million of souls and bodies made over to another ; while allegiance and national feelings were measured off by strips of the map ; and provinces, with all their old native interests, and recollections, were distributed by the inch-rule and scissors ; — Napoleon's system, without Napoleon's plea ; predatory peace and amicable violence ; rapine reduced to rule ; tyranny usurping the place of that deference to human

feelings for which alone legislators were made ; —the lash came, which rebuked those arbitrary follies.

While the princes and envoys at this showy conclave were thus twisting their rope of sand, the news arrived—that their prisoner had escaped,—that he was at the head of an army, —that he was on the throne of the Tuileries !

They felt themselves so completely outwitted, that the first impulse was actually a general burst of laughter ; the grand charlatan had out-tricked the little ones. “ *Voilà le Congrès dissout !* ” had been Napoleon’s pithy remark, as he set his foot on the French shore. His words were realized : the Congress broke up in confusion. Diplomacy vanished, and its place was filled up by the manlier, more honest, and more *merciful* shape of war. Europe was in arms once more ; and England, trusting no longer to the slippery faith of foreign courts, boldly took that lead in the contest which became her rank, and finished the battle at a blow.

Napoleon’s narrative of the day of Waterloo is one of the most characteristic documents in history. It is full of traits of the man ; the mili-

tary decision, the tone of authority, the calculation, familiar to one who always spoke of a battle as a game of chess. It discloses, too, his extreme anxiety to vindicate his defeat, by the dexterous mode in which he labours to attribute it to fortune. It has the further interest of being probably the longest and most carefully studied composition that ever came from the pen of this most extraordinary of soldiers and sovereigns.

#### WATERLOO.

“*Sixth Observation.*”—1st. The French army manœuvred on the right of the Sambre on the 13th and 14th. On the night of the latter day, it encamped within half a league of the Prussian advanced posts. Marshal Blücher had, however, no information of what was passing; and on the morning of the 15th, when the account reached his head-quarters, that the emperor had entered Charleroi, the Prusso-Saxon army was still cantoned over an extent of thirty leagues of the country, and it required two days to assemble his forces. He ought to have advanced his

\* “*Memoirs relative to the year 1815,*” written by Napoleon, at St. Helena.

head quarters to Fleurus on the 15th, to have concentrated the cantonments of his army within a radius of eight leagues, with advanced guards on the *débouches* of the Meuse and the Sambre. His army would then have been collected at Ligny on the 15th, at noon, there to await the attack of the French army, or to march against it in the evening of that day, and drive it into the Sambre.

“ 2nd. But Marshal Blucher, though surprised, persisted in assembling his army on the heights of Ligny, behind Fleurus; thus braving the chance of being attacked before his troops could be brought up to that position. On the morning of the 16th, he had got together only two corps, and the French army was already at Fleurus. The third corps joined during the day; but the fourth, under the command of General Bulow, could not come up in time to take part in the battle. Marshal Blucher, as soon as he knew that the French were at Charleroi, ought not to have fixed for the rallying point of his army either Fleurus or Ligny, which was already under the cannon of his enemy, but Wavres, whither the French could not arrive

until the 17th. He would thus, besides, have had all the day and the night of the 16th to collect the whole of his army.

“3rd. After losing the battle of Ligny, the Prussian general, instead of making his retreat on Wavres, should have effected it on the army of the Duke of Wellington, either on Quatre Bras, as that position was maintained, or on Waterloo. The retreat of Marshal Blucher, on the morning of the 17th, was altogether absurd, since the two armies, which were, on the evening of the 16th, only 3000 toises distant from each other, with the communication of an excellent high road, by which they might consider themselves as united, became, on the evening of the 17th, more than 10,000 toises distant, and were separated by defiles and impracticable roads.

“The Prussian general violated the three great principles of war: 1. To approximate his cantonments; 2. To assign, as the rallying point, a place at which all his troops could arrive before the enemy; 3. To operate his retreat on his reinforcements.

“*Seventh Observation.*—1st. The Duke of Wellington was surprised in his cantonments. He ought to have concentrated them on the 15th, at eight leagues around Brussels, placing advanced guards on the *débouches* of Flanders. The French army had manœuvred for three days before he advanced, and twenty-four hours had expired since it commenced hostilities. Its head-quarters had been for twelve hours at Charleroi, while the English general remained ignorant of all this at Brussels, and the cantonments of his army still occupied, in full security, an extent of twenty leagues.

“2nd. The Prince of Saxe-Weimar, whose corps formed part of the Anglo-Dutch army, was, on the 15th, at four in the evening, in position in front of Frasne, and knew that the French army was at Charleroi. Had he immediately sent off an aid-de-camp to Brussels, he might have arrived there by six in the evening; and yet the Duke of Wellington was not informed of the French army being at Charleroi until eleven o'clock. Thus he lost five hours, when his situation, and the man opposed to

him, rendered the loss of a single hour of great importance.

“3rd. The infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery of that army being separately cantoned, the infantry was engaged at Quatre Bras without either cavalry or artillery ; those troops had thus to sustain a great loss, as they were obliged to keep in close column to make head against the charges of the cuirassiers, under a fire of fifty pieces of cannon. Those brave men were, therefore, slaughtered, without cavalry to protect them, and without artillery to avenge them. As the three kinds of military force cannot for a moment dispense with the support of each other, they ought always to be so cantoned and posted as to afford reciprocal assistance.

“The English general, though surprised, assigned Quatre Bras for the rallying point of his army, though that position had been for twenty-four hours in the possession of the French. He exposed his troops to be partially defeated, in proportion as they might arrive. The danger to which he exposed them was even still more serious, since he made them advance without

artillery, and cavalry ; he delivered up his infantry in fragments, unsupported by the other two weapons of war, to its enemy. The point for assembling his army should have been Waterloo. He would thus have had all the 16th, and the night of that day to the 17th, which would have been sufficient for collecting the whole of his army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The French could not arrive till the 17th, and would then have found all his army in position.

“*Eighth Observation.*—On the 18th, the English general gave battle at Waterloo. This conduct was contrary to the interests of his nation, to the general plan of the war adopted by the allies ; and he violated all the rules of war. It was not the interest of England, which needs so many men to recruit her armies in India, her American colonies, and her other vast establishments, to run wantonly into a murderous contest, which might occasion the loss of her only army, or at least cause her best blood to be shed. The plan of the allies was to act in mass, and not to engage in any partial affair. Nothing was more contrary to their

interest and their plan than to expose the success of their cause to the chances of a battle, with nearly equal forces, where all the probabilities were against them. Had the Anglo-Dutch army been destroyed at Waterloo, what advantage could the allies have derived from their numerous armies, which were preparing to pass the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees?

“2nd. The English general, in preparing to fight the battle of Waterloo, founded his resolution only on the co-operation of the Prussians; but that co-operation could not take place until the afternoon. Accordingly, he remained exposed singly, from four in the morning till five in the evening; that is to say, during thirteen hours. A battle does not usually last more than six hours. This co-operation was, therefore, illusory.

“But, in reckoning on the co-operation of the Prussians, he must have supposed that the whole of the French army was opposed to him; in that case, he expected to defend his field of battle for thirteen hours with 90,000 troops, of different nations, against 104,000

French. This calculation was clearly erroneous. He could not have maintained his position three hours; everything would have been decided by eight in the morning, and the Prussians would have arrived only to fall into the snare. In one day, both armies would have been destroyed.

“If he calculated that a part of the French army had, according to the rules of war, followed the Prussian army, it must then have been evident to him that he could have no assistance from it; and that the Prussians, after being beaten at Ligny, with the loss of from 25,000 to 30,000 men, and with 20,000 of them dispersed, and pursued by between 30,000 and 40,000 victorious French, could scarcely be expected to maintain themselves. In this case, the Anglo-Dutch army alone would have had to sustain the attack of 69,000 French during the whole of the 18th: and there is no Englishman but will admit that the result of such a contest could not be doubtful, and that their army was not so constituted as to withstand the shock of the imperial army for four hours.

“During the night of the 17th, the weather

was extremely bad, which rendered the ground impracticable till nine in the morning. The loss of six hours from daybreak was all to the advantage of the enemy ; but could the general make the fate of such a contest depend on the weather of that night ? Marshal Grouchy, with 34,000 men and 108 pieces of cannon, discovered the secret which seemed to be undiscoverable : not to be, on the 18th, either on the field of battle of Mont St. Jean, or at Wavres. But had the English general the conviction that this marshal would wander out of his way in this manner ? The conduct of Marshal Grouchy was as impossible to be foreseen as if upon the road his army had experienced an earthquake that swallowed it up.

*“Recapitulation.*—If Marshal Grouchy had been on the field of battle at Mont St. Jean, as the English and the Prussian generals believed, during the whole of the night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th ; and if the weather had permitted the French army to be drawn up in battle array at four in the morning ; before seven o'clock the Anglo-Dutch army would have been cut to pieces, dispersed, and entirely destroyed.

If the weather had only permitted the French army to range itself in order of battle at ten o'clock, the Anglo-Dutch army would have been undone. Its remains would have been driven beyond the forest, or in the direction of Halle, and we should have had time in the evening to encounter Marshal Blucher, and to inflict upon him a similar fate. If Marshal Grouchy had encamped before Wavres on the night of the 17th, the Prussian army could have sent no detachment to save the English army, and the latter would have been completely beaten by the 69,000 French opposed to it.

“3rd. The position of Mont St. Jean was badly chosen. The first condition of a field of battle is to have no defiles in the rear. During the battle, the English general could derive no aid from his numerous cavalry. He did not believe that he would be, or could be, attacked on the left. He imagined that he would be attacked on the right. In spite of the diversion made in his favour by the 30,000 Prussians under Bulow, he would have twice made his retreat during the day, had it been possible; thus, in fact, by a strange caprice of human

affairs, the bad choice of the field of battle, which rendered his retreat impossible, was the cause of his success.

*"Ninth Obserration.*—It will be asked, what then ought the English general to have done after the battle of Ligny, and the engagement at Quatre Bras? Posterity will not form true opinions. He should have traversed, in the night of the 17th, the forest of Soignes, on the high road of Charleroi; the Prussian army should, in the same manner, have passed along that of Wavres. The two armies should have united at daybreak at Brussels; should have left the rear-guard to defend the forest; should have gained some days to allow time to the Prussians, who were dispersed after the battle of Ligny, to rejoin their army; should have procured the reinforcement of the fourteen English regiments that garrisoned the fortresses of Belgium, and had landed at Ostend on their return from America; and should have allowed the Emperor of the French to manœuvre as he pleased.

Would he, with an army of 100,000 men, have traversed the forest of Soignes, to attack, at its *débouches*, the two united armies, more than

200,000 strong, and in position? This certainly would have been the most advantageous course for the allies. Would he have been contented to take up a position himself? In that case, his inactivity could not have been long, as 300,000 Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, &c., had arrived on the Rhine, who would soon have been on the Maine, and obliged him to retreat for the defence of the capital. Then the Anglo-Prussian army should have marched and joined the allies before Paris. It would have run no hazard; it would have experienced no loss; it would have acted conformably to the English nation, to the general plan adopted by the allies, and to the rules of the art of war. From the 15th to the 18th, the Duke of Wellington constantly manœuvred as his enemy desired, and did nothing as it was feared he would do. The English infantry was *firm and solid*; the cavalry might have acted better. The Anglo-Dutch army was twice saved on the 18th by the Prussians; first, by the arrival of General Bulow, before three o'clock, with 30,000 men; and secondly, by the arrival of Marshal Blucher, with 31,000 men. On that day, 69,000 French-

men beat 120,000 men. The victory was snatched from them between eight and nine o'clock, but it was by 150,000 men.

“Let any one imagine the looks of the people of London at the moment when they should have heard the catastrophe of their army, and learned that they lavished their purest blood to support the cause of kings against nations,—of privileges against equality,—of oligarchs against liberals,—of the principles of the holy alliance against those of the sovereignty of the people.”

To this striking paper there is one answer, equivalent to all,—that its writer was beaten; and beaten in the fairest competition of bravery and skill perhaps ever furnished by an European field! Napoleon had begun the battle at his own time, with his chosen army, and with the most perfect conviction that he would rout his adversary. The battle was not one of those brief encounters in which fortune may have a share. It was a firm struggle of eight hours, from eleven in the forenoon until seven in the evening; and in that time, the whole power of

France had made no effectual impression on the English line. The Prussians had no share in this portion of the conflict, and the final charge of the enemy was repelled, and returned with decisive defeat, before the Prussians had come in contact with their line. The battle was fought, and gained by *the English* and *their general*. But the presence of the Prussians on the field was necessary to make the success available; and while their bravery and ardour are acknowledged, and their services in the pursuit unquestionable, they must be refused any larger portion in the glories of this great day.

The composition of the rival armies, too, is not to be forgotten. The French was formed of the picked troops of the country, all French, all connecting their fame, and many their existence, with their general's victory. The Duke of Wellington had a miscellaneous army of foreigners, mixed with scarcely more than 25,000 English; the former, chiefly *new* subjects of the allies; and the latter, chiefly recruits from the militia. It is to his high honour as a soldier that, with this embarrassing force, he was able to sustain the shock of the longest

battle of the war against the most practised and desperate army of Europe, and against a general, who will be renowned while military genius glitters in the eye of man.

The personal interest which the French soldiery took in this war was unequalled. Many of them had been prisoners, more had been dismissed from the army by the Bourbons, and all had felt their self-glory deeply tarnished by the successes of the allies. Many of the regiments, which marched through Paris on their way to Belgium, had their standards covered with crape, "never to be taken off, but on the day of final victory." Many of them had pledged themselves never to give or take quarter. The army had sworn peculiar vengeance against the English and Prussians; and bade farewell to Paris, "never to return, until they had swept the enemy from the face of the earth."

In Napoleon's statement of the battle, he praises the firmness of the English infantry: and they deserved more than his panegyric. They were as solid as adamant. A curious anecdote of the opinion of one of the enemy has been told.

It was an etiquette that the commandants of the towns through which the French emperor passed at any time should attend him to a certain distance on his journey. One of those officers, on the frontier, had thus attended him to the scene of the campaign, and was present at the battle of Quatre Bras. On returning to his garrison at the close of the day, his officers crowded round him at supper, and were warm in their anticipations of victory.—“The emperor was there. The result was inevitable,—the whole was a matter of calculation. The enemy’s corps must be beaten in detail. The Prussians must be cut in pieces. A few of the English might take shelter in Brussels, or reach their ships. But the business was settled—the emperor was there.”

The commandant suffered them to indulge in this national verbiage, and proceeded in his supper without a word. At length, one, more systematic in his style than the rest, observed, “that it would be proper to keep the garrison on the alert during the next day for the reception of the aides-de-camp, who would be passing to Paris with the news of the victory, and

that the guns should be ready for a *feu-de-joie*."

The opinion was received with high approbation by all but the commandant, who, setting down his glass, gravely said, "Messieurs, I have the highest opinion of the emperor's genius, and the invincible courage of our brave army; but, Messieurs, I was beside Marshal Ney this day for four hours; and brave as we all know he is, and at the head of forty thousand of the best troops of France, he had as much as he could do."

The observation had its effect; but the listeners soon rallied, and said, that, of course, the marshal could not be expected to do more than keep the enemy in check, and that he would have been wrong to press the whole British army. "Messieurs," said the general, in the same grave tone, "the marshal had *not* the whole British army before him. He had, with some Dutch and Germans, but *six* British regiments. I am told that Wellington has thirty regiments, and if they are of the same stuff that I saw fighting to-day, I shall wait for

an order from the emperor before I load my guns."

Ney, always remarkable for intrepidity, that *cœur-de-lion* valour which seemed to delight in danger, acknowledged afterwards, that he had no idea of the fire of musketry until he saw that of the British. He had at least one close opportunity of observing its effect. Among the anecdotes of Waterloo, it is said that Ney, having had his horse shot under him in the last advance of the imperial guard, just as he was disengaging himself from the animal, was recognised by an officer commanding a British company. The officer, in his eagerness, calling out, "There is the marshal—there is Ney!" the whole company fired a volley full on the struggling marshal. He escaped, by little short of miracle; but afterwards declared, that "he had never been in such an explosion in his life! it was a whirlwind of bullets and sulphur; a furnace—a volcano!"

The battle of Waterloo was long considered by the French as the most formidable of all their calamities; while it was obviously the most sin-

gular instance of their good fortune ; for it had put an end to the war in a week, and thus saved France from the invasion of a million one hundred and ten thousand ! of the allied troops, who were waiting but the signal to march, and who were to be followed by as many more. A war on this scale must have trampled the country into a mire of blood. But the defeat rendered still higher services. If Napoleon had remained the conqueror, he would have remained the tyrant. His overthrow was the birth of the French constitution.

Yet the people, stung with the immediate sense of failure, could not be reconciled to the name of Waterloo. The feeling exhibited itself on all occasions. During the occupation of France by the allies ; one evening, in the château of a seigneur, where some British officers were quartered, the conversation happened to turn upon the war. The politeness of the seigneur to his guests was uniformly such, that all topics were discussed in the most amicable manner. " I acknowledge," said the Frenchman, that Napoleon played the fool, in his de-

terminated hostility to England; that his commercial decrees were cruel and useless; and that his threats of invasion could never have produced anything but his own ruin,—at least, while you had your fleet.”

“No,” said one of the officers; “nor if *he* had our fleet; recollect the population, the army.”

“True,” was the reply; “yet, if Napoleon could have found a bridge to Dover, rely upon it, he would have found a road to London.”

“The French troops march too slow,” calmly observed the officer.

“Slow! why, they are the quickest marchers in the world,” exclaimed the astonished Frenchman.

“Pardon me, my dear sir,” said the officer; “London is a great way off. Now, it is not quite five leagues from Mont St. Jean to Brussels; yet I saw the French army set out to march from Mont St. Jean to Brussels six months ago, and it has not yet got further than —Waterloo.”

The error of sending Napoleon to Elba was

not repeated ; St. Helena was chosen as the spot in which he could enjoy the largest portion of personal liberty without hazarding an escape, which might inflame France again : and in that island he continued until he died. Much as this fate of so memorable a man must be regretted, it was indispensable to the peace of Europe. Napoleon at large would have been a firebrand ; and the lives of thousands, or of millions, might have paid the forfeit of a second display of clemency. In St. Helena he lingered out six dreary years, in indolent restlessness and impatient resignation ; talking loftily of his scorn for all things human, and quarrelling with Sir Hudson Lowe upon every subject under heaven ; sometimes writing memoirs, which he generally burned ; sometimes rearing cabbages, and shooting the buffaloes that intruded on his crop ; sometimes taking obvious pleasure in the homage naturally paid to him by the visitors to the island ; and at others, shutting himself up in imperial solitude, and declaring, that he would not be "made a wild beast of," to please the "barbarian English:" at intervals, reviving the

recollections of his high estate, and speaking with all his former intenseness and brilliancy; then silent for days together; constant in nothing but his hatred of Sir Hudson Lowe, his wrath against Marmont, and his contempt for every being that bore the name of Bourbon.

Those caprices were the natural results of a change so total; from the most active and engrossing career of man, to the most shapeless and monotonous inaction. In the beginning of 1821, the last year of his life, he complained of some inward distemper; for which his physicians found every name, and administered every remedy, but the right one. He tried to direct them to it, by saying that his father had died of an ulcerated stomach, and that the complaint had probably descended to himself. But the physicians persevered, steady in the wrong, until their patient refused to take their medicines any longer. From the 17th of March his illness confined him to his room. He had an habitual contempt for medicine. "Our body is a watch," said he, "intended to go for a given time. The doctor is a watchmaker, who can-

not open the watch ; he must therefore work by accident ; and for once that he mends it with his crooked instruments, ten times he injures it, until he destroys it altogether." In April, his Italian physician, Antommarchi, called in Dr. Arnot, an Englishman. Still his patient said, with the Turk, "What is written is written ; man's hours are marked. None can live beyond their time."

In this absurd prejudice, which might have proceeded from the growing feebleness of his mind in the progress of his disease, he continued to refuse the alleviation which the skill of his English attendant might have afforded ; for cure was now impossible. He drew up his will, and directed that his body should be opened, and its state described to his son. "Of all my organs," he affirmed, "the stomach is the most diseased. I believe that the disease is scirrhus of the pylorus. The physicians at Montpellier predicted that it would be hereditary in our family." Tumultuous and violent as his life had been, he died with some sentiments of religion. He had sent for two Italian

priests some time before, and calmly desired that the usual ceremonies of the Romish church should be complied with. In his last hours he made this summary confession of his faith :—" I am neither *physicien* nor *philosophe*.\* I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. I was born a catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that church, and receive the assistance which she administers."

His hours were now numbered. His complaint was cancer of the stomach. From the 3rd of May, he seemed to lie in a continued heavy sleep. The fifth was a day of unexampled tempest in the island ; trees were everywhere torn up by the roots, the sea lashed and rent the shores, the clouds poured down torrents, the wind burst through the hills with the loudness of thunder. In this roar of the elements, Napoleon perhaps heard the old echoes of battle ; the last words on his lips were of war ; "*tête d'armée*" was uttered in his dream ; and he died. The fiery spirit passed away, like Cromwell's, in storm !

\* Infidels.

The *coup d'œil* of his rise and fall exhibits the most various, vivid, and dazzling career of the modern world.

No history of the ancients exhibits mightier events or more singular vicissitudes ever crowded into the life of conqueror or king.

#### CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

1769—*August 15*, born at Ajaccio, in Corsica.

1779—Placed at the military school of Brienne.

1793—An officer of artillery at the siege of Toulon, and appointed general of brigade.

1794—Commands the conventional troops, and defeats the Parisians.

1796—Appointed to the command of the army of Italy—Battle of Lodi—Battle of Castiglione—Battle of Arcola.

1797—Surrender of Mantua and Trieste. *April 18*. Preliminaries with Austria signed at Leoben—French take possession of Venice—Treaty of Campo Formio, with Austria.

1798—Sails for Egypt—Battle of Embade, or the Pyramids.

1799—*May*. Siege of Acre—Sails to France. *Oct. 7*. Lands at Frejus. *Nov. 9*. Dissolves the conventional government. *Nov. 10*. Declared first consul.

1800—Peace made with the Chouans—Crosses Mont St Bernard. *June 16*. Battle of Marengo—Preliminaries with

Austria signed at Paris. *Dec. 24.* Explosion of the infernal machine.

1801—Treaty of Luneville with Austria—Preliminaries signed with England.

1802—The Cisalpine republic placed under his jurisdiction. *March 27.* Definitive treaty with England—Legion of Honour instituted. *August 2.* Declared consul for life—Swiss form of government changed by him.

1803—*May 18.* English declaration of war. *June 5.* Hanover conquered.

1804—*Feb.* Moreau arrested. *March 20.* Death of the Duc d'Enghien—Pichegru dies in prison. *May 18.* He is declared Emperor. *Nov. 19.* Crowned by the pope.

1805—Writes a pacific letter to the King of England. *April 11.* Treaty of Petersburg, between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden—He is declared King of Italy—Mack's army surrenders at Ulm—French enter Vienna—Battle of Austerlitz—Treaty of Vienna with Prussia—and of Presburg with Austria.

1806—*March 30.* Joseph Bonaparte declared King of Naples. *June 5.* Louis Bonaparte declared King of Holland—Confederation of the Rhine—Marches against Prussia—Battle of Auerstadt or Jena—Enters Berlin. *Nov. 19.* Hamburg taken.

1807—Battle of Eylau—of Friedland—Treaty of Tilsit.

1808—*July 7.* Joseph Bonaparte declared King of Spain—*20.* Surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen—*29.* Joseph evacuates Madrid. *Aug. 21.* Battle of Vimiera. *Nov. 5.* Bonaparte arrives at Vittoria. *Dec. 4.* Surrender of Madrid.

1809—*January.* Battle of Corunna—Returns to Paris.

*April.* War declared by Austria—Heads his army against Austria. *May 10.* French enter Vienna—Battle of Asperne. *July 5.* Battle of Wagram—Flushing taken by the English—Treaty of Vienna with Austria. *December.* Lucien Bonaparte arrives in England—Marriage with Josephine dissolved—Walcheren evacuated by the English.

1810—*March.* Marries Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis II. *July.* Holland and the Hanse Towns annexed to the French empire. *August.* Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden.

1811—*January 1.* Hamburg annexed to the empire. *April 20.* The empress delivered of a son, who is styled King of Rome.

1812—*January.* Swedish Pomerania seized by France. *May* Heads the army against Russia. *June 11.* Arrives at Königsberg—28. Enters Wilna. *Aug. 18.* Smolensko taken. *Sept. 7.* Battle of the Moskwa, or Borodino.—14. French enter Moscow. *Oct. 22.* Evacuate it. *Nov. 9.* Arrives at Smolensko. *Dec. 5.* Quits the army.—18. Arrives at Paris.

1813—*April.* Takes the command of the army on the Elbe. *May 1.* Battle of Lutzen—20. Of Bautzen. *June 4.* Armistice agreed on.—21. Battle of Vittoria. *Aug. 17.* Hostilities recommence.—28. Battle of Dresden. *Sept. 7.* English enter France.—28. French evacuate Dresden. *Oct. 18.* Battle of Leipzig. *Nov. 15.* Revolution in Holland. *Dec. 8.* English army crosses the Nieve.

1814—*Jan. 4.* Allies cross the Rhine. *March 30.* Battle of Mont-Marte.—31. Allies enter Paris. *April 11.* Napoleon abdicates the throne. *May 8.* Arrives at Elba.

1815—*March* 1. Re-lands in France, at Cannes.—20. Resumes the throne. *June* 1. Holds the *Champ de Mai*.—11. Leaves Paris for Belgium.—15. Attacks the Prussians on the Sambre.—16. Attacks Blucher at Ligny—and Wellington at Quatre Bras.—18. Defeated at Waterloo.—22. Resigns the throne, finishing the *hundred days*.—29. Leaves Malmaison. *July* 15. Received on board the *Bellerophon*.—24. At Torbay. *Aug.* 8. Sails in the *Northumberland* for St. Helena. *Oct.* 15. Lands at St. Helena.

1821—*March* 17. Confined by illness. *May* 5. Dies.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE REIGN.

IN his earlier years the king had never passed the limits of England. Etiquette and financial reasons were the cause. But he suffered little by the restriction. He spoke with sufficient ease all the foreign languages required at court; and if he lost some indulgence of rational curiosity, and some knowledge of the actual aspect of the continent, he gained much more than an equivalent in escaping those foreign follies which are so irreconcilably repulsive to the tastes of England. The hussar-passion was not strong upon him; and, though commanding a cavalry regiment, and fond of the allowable decoration of the soldier, it was to more travelled propensities that we owed the frippery,

which, for so many years, turned some of the finest portions of the British service into a pitiful imitation of the worst of the foreign ; which disguised brave men in the trappings of mountebanks, and made a British parade a triumph of tailors. He never appeared before his people disfigured with the German barbarism of the pipe in the mouth, nor with the human face metamorphosed into the bear's or the baboon's. He was an English gentleman ; and, conscious that the character placed him above the vulgarities of foreign indulgences, or the fopperies of foreign costumes, he adhered to the manners of his country.

But, immediately on his accession to the throne, he visited Ireland,\* Hanover,† and Scotland,‡ and in them all was received with the strongest marks of popular affection. While in Scotland, the intelligence of the Marquess of Londonderry's death reached him. The marquess had died by his own hand ! The fatigues of public business, added to some domestic

\* August, 1821.

† September, 1821.

‡ August, 1822.

vexations, had disordered his brain, and, after a brief period of despondency, he put an end to his existence. England regretted him as a high-minded statesman; but Ireland had no sorrow for the perpetrator of the Union.

From the close of the French war, England had remained in peace for ten years. In 1816, she was involved in war with the Algerines, but a war of one day. Those barbarians had massacred a crowd of unfortunate Italians trading and fishing at Bona, under the British flag. The insult could not be passed over: and a fleet of ten sail were instantly despatched to demand satisfaction for this act of barbarity. The Dey scoffed at the demand; and the fleet, under Lord Exmouth, seconded by a Dutch squadron, under Admiral Von der Capellen, tore his massive fortifications to pieces in six hours' fire. The Dey was forced to make the humblest apology, to beg pardon of the British consul, and, by a more gratifying result of victory, to deliver up all his Christian captives, and pledge himself to abolish piracy in his dominions. The latter condition, with the usual faith of barba-

rians, he violated as soon as the British fleet were under sail. But Lord Exmouth had the high honour of sending to Italy, where they marched in solemn thanksgiving to their churches, five hundred human beings; who, but for his success, would probably have finished their miserable lives in chains.

This was the boldest action ever fought with batteries alone, and the most bloody to both the victors and the vanquished. The Algerines were continually reinforced during the day, and their loss was computed at 4000 men killed and wounded. A comparison with the battles of the line makes the loss in the fleet the severest ever known, in proportion to the numbers engaged.

In the action of the 1st of June there were 26 sail of the line (including the Audacious) in action, with about 17,000 men; of those 281 were killed, and 797 wounded. Total, 1078..

In Lord Bridport's action, 23rd June, 1795, there were 14 sail, with about 10,000 men; of whom only 31 were killed, and 113 wounded. Total, 144.

In the action off Cape St. Vincent, there

were 15 sail of the line, with about 10,000 men ; of whom were killed 73, and wounded 227. Total, 300.

In Lord Duncan's action, 11th Oct. 1797, there were 16 sail of the line (including two 50's) engaged, with about 8,000 men ; of whom 191 were killed, and 560 wounded. Total, 751.

In the battle of the Nile, 1st Aug. 1798, there were 14 sail of the line engaged, with about 8,000 men ; of whom 218 were killed, and 677 wounded. Total, 895.

In Lord Nelson's attack on Copenhagen, 2nd April, 1801, there were 11 sail of the line and 5 frigates engaged, with about 7,000 men ; of whom 234 were killed, and 641 wounded. Total, 875.

In the battle of Trafalgar, 21st Oct. 1805, there were 27 sail of the line engaged, with about 17,000 men ; of whom 412 were killed, and 1112 wounded. Total, 1524.

In the attack on Algiers, there were but 5 sail of the line and 5 frigates engaged, the crews of which may be computed at 5000 men ; of whom 128 were killed, and 690 wounded. Total, 818.—If the Dutch frigates were added.

their crews may be taken at 1500 ; of whom 13 were killed, and 32 wounded ; so that the totals would be, of 6500 men, 141 killed, and 722 wounded. Total, 863.

The Dey paid the Turkish penalty of defeat ; he was strangled in a few months after. A successor was easily found ; piracy flourished again, and Algiers luxuriated in its old system of strangling its governors, and robbing on the high seas ; until the French expedition extinguished the dynasty.

In the meantime, the chief territorial changes, on the basis of the treaty of Paris,\* proceeded. The imperial conquests were lopped away from France, and she was reduced to her possessions in 1792. The celebrated Confederation of the Rhine, which Napoleon had considered the master-stroke of his policy, and which made the whole of the minor German principalities but an outwork of France, was demolished by a touch of the pen, and a new league created in its room, from which French influence was totally excluded. Switzerland was left to her

\* March 30, 1814.

old governments ; but Italy was given over to the unpopular yoke of Austria. Some of her West Indian Islands were restored to France ; Java was given to the Dutch ; but England retained the true prizes of the war, Malta, the Cape, and the Ionian Islands.

In the same memorable year a close had been put to the American war,—a war of frigates, idly begun, and willingly concluded on both sides. America took some of the British cruisers, ill-manned and ill-provided ; balancing her success by a series of foolish expeditions into Canada, in all of which she was beaten ; the war being totally unprovoked and totally unproductive, and costing her enormous sums of money, with the imminent hazard of a separation between her northern and southern states, the total stoppage of her commerce, and the loss of many thousand lives. England, with rival absurdity, closed her exploits by an attack on New Orleans, which her expedition fortunately failed to take. The country was a swamp, the city was a regular place of pestilence, where even the natives perish in yearly swarms by contagion ; and what must be the

mortality of the British soldier? Had we not already sufficient fevers in the West Indies to carry off the superfluity of our soldiership? The possession of this deplorable place would have been a perpetual source of irritation to America, and would have cost the lives of a thousand men a-year, until it involved us in a new quarrel, which might cost the lives of tens of thousands.

Our next trial was to be one of finance. From London to the Andes on one side, and from London to the wall of China on the other, the cessation of the war had produced a languor scarcely less fatal than the sword. Bankruptcy spread, like a vast fog, over England, America, France, and Germany, at the same moment. But the vigour of England is incalculable. No country is so perpetually tampered with by theorists, but no country can bear tampering so well; she outworks their follies. Her commerce recovered; wealth rolled in upon her in a flood. Theory now plumed its broadest wings again: even the grimness of ministerial finance was lost in the general intoxication; and the speech of the Chancellor

of the Exchequer\* gave the sanction of government to the national dream. But the language was scarcely spoken, when the vision vanished, the rejoicing was dumb, the wealth was paper; the princes of the modern Tyre were outcasts, fugitives, beggars. Seventy-five banks broke in as many days. Two hundred and fifty joint-stock companies, which, but the week before, would have contracted to throw a bridge across the Atlantic, or make a railway round the globe, were in the gazette, without a solvent subscriber, or an available shilling.

The joint-stock companies deserve a historian of their own. The loftiest exploits of speculation hid their diminished heads before this colossal first-born of the nineteenth century of Swindling. To this, Law's scheme, tontines, lotteries, loans, all the old contrivances for breathing the national veins; even the South Sea bubble, were but the feeble knavery of our speculative childhood. The joint-stocks were the consummate chicanery, the grand national temple to Mammon, the work of our matured

skill in bewildering the monied mind, the last labour of the genius of over-reaching,—another Babel in its erection, in its fall, and in the dispersion of its builders to every corner of the earth where a debtor might elude a creditor.

Yet, what can exhaust the elasticity of England? Within a year, this catastrophe, which would have left the continent loaded with irremovable ruin, was all but forgotten. The ground was cleared. Commerce, like the giant refreshed, was again stretching out its hundred hands to grasp the wealth of earth and ocean; discovering new powers, and provinces unknown before; forcing its way through Europe, against all the barriers of allies, who repaid us for restoring their thrones by excommunicating our trade; through America, against tariffs, tribunals, and the angry recollections of the war; through India, in defiance of the severer hostility of our fellow-subjects, the Company; and through the ends of the earth, against the ignorance, jealousy, and warfare of barbarism. Such are the miracles wrought by giving the unrestricted use of his faculties to man,—the miracles of freedom! And while England has

this noble monopoly in her own hands, she may laugh all others to scorn: she holds the key of the world's wealth, whoever may stand at the gate of the treasure-chamber. While she remains the freest of nations, she is sovereign of the talisman by which she can create opulence and strength at a word, turn the sands of the desert into gold, and, with a more illustrious necromancy, throng the wilderness with the noblest shapes of civilization and power.

1827.—Early in this year Lord Liverpool was seized with a paralytic affection, which disabled him from public business.\* The premiership had for twelve years been a bed of slumber. It now fell into the hands of one who made it a bed of feverish wakefulness—George Canning, the first debater, the most dexterous politician, and the happiest wit, of the house; but the most perplexed, unhappy, and disappointed of ministers.

His first step decided all the rest, for it was the first step down a precipice. He had called the whigs to his side. It must be acknow-

\* He lingered till December, 1828, when he died.

ledged that, in this ominous alliance, his "poverty, but not his will," was the counsellor. His whole life had been amused with laying the lash on opposition; no man had oftener plucked the lion's hide over its ears; no man had more regularly converted the solemn liftings up of its voice into tones that set the house on a roar. But his former colleagues had abjured him; and he, unhappily for his fame and for his peace, retaliated by deserting his principles. In England, this has never been done with impunity, and, until England is destined to perish, never will be done. Canning's spirit sank under his difficulties. His mind had not yet expunged away enough of its original honour to attain that base indifference to public opinion which makes the tranquillity of the base. The taunts of men, incalculably his inferiors in intellect, vexed his graceful faculties, exhausted his sparkling animation, and, after a brief period, clouded by the increasing embarrassments of useless allies and indignant adversaries, by painful consciousness, and the discovery that he had toiled for a shadow after all, tormented him out of the world.

Thus perished, after a four months' premiership, a minister of whom the nation had once formed the highest hopes; the protégé of Sheridan, and with no slight share of his genius; the pupil of Pitt, and the most chosen depository of his principles; a man of refined scholarship, the happiest dexterity of conversation, and the most pleasing yet pungent eloquence in the legislature.

Some suspicions were thrown on Canning's religion; from the circumstance that, in his last illness, he was not attended by a clergyman. But if this be not directly attributable to the rapidity of his disease, or the oversight of those around him, we cannot suffer ourselves to conceive that Christianity was either unknown or unfelt by the man who could write the following epitaph—one of the most pathetic and natural, in the language:—

“ TO THE MEMORY OF

“ *George Charles Canning, eldest Son of the Right Honourable George Canning and Joan Scott his Wife, born April 25, 1801—died March 31, 1820.*

“ Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,  
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,

Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope  
For mild, redeeming virtues,—faith and hope,  
Meek resignation, pious charity ;  
And, since this world was not the world for thee,  
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,  
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare ;  
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,  
And fixed on Heaven thine unaverted eye !

“ O ! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies !  
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise !  
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !  
Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure !  
Pure from all stain, (save that of human clay,  
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away !)  
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,  
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest !  
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—  
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.”

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE ROMAN-CATHOLIC QUESTION.

"Thus light (the light of Christianity in the apostolic day) was soon put down by its own ministers; and on its extinction, a beastly and pompous priesthood ascended: *political potentates*, not Christian pastors, full of *false zeal*, full of *worldly pride*, and full of *gluttony*; *empty of the true religion*. To their flock oppressive, to their inferior clergy brutal, to their king abject, and to their God impudent and familiar. They stood on the altar as a *stepping-stool to the throne*, glozing in the ear of princes, whom they poisoned with crooked principles and heated advice; and were a *faction against their king* when they were not *his slaves*."

"Their power went down; it burst of its own

plethory, when a poor REFORMER, with the Gospel in his hand, and with the inspired spirit of poverty, *restored* the Christian religion."

This was the celebrated Grattan's opinion of popery, when he surveyed it in his capacity as a philosopher.\*

The statutes against popery in England and Ireland were the restrictions, not of a religious faith, but of a political feud; enacted not against dissidents from the church of England, but against partisans of the house of Stuart. The question had been one, not of the liturgy, but of the sword. The Stuarts lost the day. They were exiled; and the soldiers whom they left behind were disabled by the provisions of law from again stirring up rebellion under pretext of conscience, and again shedding the blood of freemen in the cause of tyrants and slaves.

But the decline of the exiled dynasty had no sooner made the relaxation of those penalties possible, than they were relaxed. The oath of allegiance,† leases for 999 years,‡ the purchase

\* Speech on Tithe, July 14, 1788.

† 13th and 14th Geo. III., cap. 35.

‡ 17th and 18th Geo. III., cap. 49.

of landed property, the extinction of all disabilities relative to education, and the unrestrained public exercise of their religious rites,\* elevated the sons of that soldiery, from the condition natural to a defeated army, to privileges never possessed by protestants under a popish government. The question was then laid aside. It slept from 1782 to 1792, ten years of peace and singular prosperity to Ireland.

But in 1789, France had begun to disturb the world. The manufacturing districts in the north of Ireland, much connected with America by trade, rapidly conceived the idea of emulating the American revolt, while England was in the first perplexities of an approaching war. The religionist of the north still scorned the religionist of the south; but all that could embarrass government must be tried. Three millions of popish peasantry in tumult would form an important diversion; and the agents of a faction that owned neither a king nor a God were sent out to bewail to the Roman catholic the injury of being ex-

\* By the act of 1782.

cluded from the favour of his king, and restricted in the supremacy of his religion!

The topic adopted by the republican in the streets to overthrow the government was adopted by opposition to overthrow the minister. It failed of a revolution; but it produced a rebellion. Having thus shewn its afficiency, it was transmitted for the benefit of opposition in England.

The purpose of these pages is, not to discuss the point of theology, but to give a glance at the progress of the question. After some years of vague contest, it was brought into the cabinet by Mr. Canning. In his reluctant exile from office, he had taken it as the common burden of party, and he bore it back with him. It now formed the endless taunt of his late colleagues: "Will you repeal the Test Act, and overthrow the establishment? Will you bring in the Roman catholic to legislate for the protestant, and overthrow the constitution?" But, Canning left the question as Fox had left it.

It is remarkable that, in the cessation of immediate war, all the great questions of England turn on the church. The Roman-catholic ques-

tion had been the toil of every session, for successive parliaments, until the legislature had become weary of the topic; and the appeals of the Roman catholics to their loyalty for a hundred years past, had produced an apparent indifference in the great body of the nation. The activity of the sectarians, renewed by the prospect of success, now gave a powerful impulse to their cause; and the first step was, to repeal the Test Act, a boon demanded equally by both, and an essential preliminary to the attack on the protestant constitution. But this dangerous deed was left to the hands of opposition, certainly the fittest for the work of overthrow; and the sinister honour of pulling down the constitution was given to a descendant of that Russell who had cemented the establishment with his blood.

Party frivolously saw in this formidable change but a parliamentary triumph. But the sectarian and the Roman catholic had a deeper sense of its results. They alike felt in it that the first stone of their temple of confusion was laid. The churchman, bewildered by the suddenness of the blow, and confiding, with his habitual loyalty,

in the protection of the laws and the pledges of the ruler, still hoped the best, yielded, and thus only gave the opening for another and a heavier blow.

On the 5th of February, 1829, the king's speech declared that the time was come for the admission of Roman catholics into the British legislature! The measure was instantly and strongly protested against by the people. Petitions signed by hundreds of thousands were sent to parliament, expressing their alarms for the church and the constitution; their utter distrust of popery, derived from the experience of their ancestors; and their principled resistance to a system which in politics they pronounced to be tyranny, and in religion, superstition.

Parliament and ministers were firmly told, that if their object was either to give security to the protestant, or satisfaction to the Roman catholic, they would alike fail; that popery never required anything but power, and had no other use of it, than to break down protestantism, and with it accomplish the inevitable fall of liberty, and the empire.

The arguments were true; and their truth

has been fatally proved by time. But the weak surprise which had suffered the repeal of the Test Act to be effected, almost without resistance in the house, or remonstrance from the people, encouraged the advocates of the measure to persevere. It was finally carried; and thus Roman catholics were made members of that legislature, which popery brands as impious and heretical; protectors of that people, whom popery pronounces to be incapable of civil rights or religious safety; arbiters of that temporal and spiritual freedom, which it is the first object of popery to extinguish in all kingdoms; and councillors of that sovereign whom Rome delivers over to anathema as a rebel to its rights and its religion.

Since that day, England has never known a safe hour. Popery has assumed an influence in the legislature which, sometimes paralyzing, and sometimes terrifying, the government; has in all instances driven it from its natural course. Alternately abetting the cabinet and the populace, professing boundless allegiance to the throne, and utter contempt for the administration of the

country; in England, shouting for the utmost extravagance of popular power, and in Ireland, bowing down with all the homage of the twelfth century at the foot of the priesthood; it has made, year by year, a progress which, with the pusillanimous and the time-serving, amounts to a plea for giving up the struggle altogether, and submitting to the advance of its supremacy as an order of nature! The empire immediately experienced its effects, in the Reform Bill of 1831; a compendious instrument of evil, which has already brought the constitution to the verge of democracy. The new power of popery in Ireland has been enabled to force the church to a conflict for existence, in which victory may depend on a popular caprice, or a government cabal. Every great interest of the state is in peril; and the danger which was once ridiculed by the Roman-catholic advocates as a phantom, is now argued by them as a necessity for conceding all. The separation of the empire is alternately held out as a menace, and demanded as a right; and the overthrow of the national religion is haughtily predicted as the

first step to the spiritual and temporal rule of a foreign church, which our forefathers resisted on the scaffold and in the field!

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1830.—The life of George the Fourth was now hastening to its close. He had lost his brother the Duke of York,\* to whom he had been peculiarly attached, and whose death was sincerely mourned by both king and people. For some years, his majesty had been affected by infirmities, which must have embittered even royal enjoyments. He had frequent returns of the gout, and it was subsequently ascertained that the valves of the heart were partially ossified; yet a remarkable strength of constitution sustained him: to the last his manners were courtly, his conversation was animated, and his recollection of persons and circumstances singularly quick and interesting. But the severe winter of 1829, by depriving him of exercise in the open air, disposed him to dropsical symptoms. He resided in the lodge at Windsor, a retreat too dreary for an invalid. Slight fits of

\* January 3, 1827.

indisposition were rumoured from the beginning of the year; but on the 15th of April a bulletin was issued, stating, that he suffered under a bilious attack, accompanied by embarrassment in his breathing. He partially recovered, and transacted public business; in which, however, from feebleness, he was obliged to delegate the sign-manual to commissioners. But, for nearly a month before his death, he was fully aware of his situation; and, though not without hopes of life, he yet felt the necessity of preparing for the great change. About the middle of June, his physicians were said to have intimated that medicine could do no more; an announcement which he received with manly and decorous resignation, uttering the words, "God's will be done!"

On the 24th of June, his majesty became still more exhausted, and remained chiefly in a kind of slumber for the next forty-eight hours. On the 26th, at three in the morning, his attendants were startled by his suddenly rising from his bed, and expressing strong inward pain: a fit of coughing came on while he was in the physician's

arms: he ejaculated, "O God! I am dying;" in a few seconds after, he said, "This is death;" and, at a quarter past three, he expired.

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#### HIS MAJESTY KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

William the Fourth, third son of King George the Third, was born August the 21st, 1765, and was baptized by the names of William Henry. At an early age he was destined by his royal father for the naval service of his country. At fourteen, he was entered as a midshipman on board the Prince George, of ninety-eight guns, (recently built, and called after the Prince of Wales, his brother,) commanded by Admiral Digby. In this ship he served in the engagement between the English fleet, under the command of Admiral Rodney, and the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Don Juan de Langara; when the English gained a complete victory, the Spaniards, however, fighting bravely. The admiral in his despatches oddly mentioned that "he had called a captured Spanish man-of-war the Prince William, in consequence

of her having had *the honour* to be taken in presence of his royal highness !”

A striking trait of conduct is thus described by a midshipman, in a letter to his family, dated “Port Royal Harbour, April, 1783.—The last time Lord Hood’s fleet was here, a court-martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer; at which Lord Hood sat as president. The determination of the court was fatal to the prisoner, and he was condemned to death. Deeply affected as the whole body of midshipmen were at this dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a mitigation of it, since Mr. Lee was ordered for execution; while they had not time to make an appeal to the Admiralty, and despaired of a petition to Admiral Rowley. However, his royal highness generously stepped forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first to set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to follow his example. He then himself carried the petition to Admiral Rowley, and, in the most pressing and urgent manner, begged the life of an unhappy brother; in which he succeeded, and Mr. Lee

is reprieved. We all acknowledge our warmest and most grateful thanks to our humane, our brave, and worthy prince, who has so nobly exerted himself in preserving the life of his brother sailor."

The war ceased in 1782, before the prince's service as a midshipman was completed. He, however, was determined to qualify himself for command, and continued in active service; and in 1783, visited Cape François and the Havannah. Another opportunity was here afforded him of exercising his humanity in the deliverance of the unfortunate. Some of his countrymen, having been taken in Florida by the Spaniards, were in danger of suffering under sentence of death. His royal highness interceded with effect—they were pardoned and liberated. The following letter, written by his royal highness to Don Galvez, the governor of Louisiana, did equal honour to his talents and the goodness of his heart:—

"SIR,—I want words to express to your excellency my just sense of your polite letter, of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered, and of your generous conduct towards

the unfortunate in your power. Their pardon, which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is the most agreeable present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish nation. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your excellency's humanity, which has appeared on so many occasions in the course of the late war. Admiral Rowley is to despatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners. I am convinced they will ever think of your excellency's clemency with gratitude: and I have sent a copy of your letter to the king, my father, who will be fully sensible of your excellency's attention to me. I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured that actions so noble as those of your excellency will ever be remembered by yours, sincerely,

WILLIAM P."

His royal highness having served his full time as midshipman was promoted in due course to the rank of lieutenant and captain; commanded for a considerable time the Pegasus frigate; and in 1790, was appointed rear-admiral of the blue.

On the 20th of May, 1789, he was created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's, and Earl of Munster; and on the breaking out of hostilities with France took a prominent part in the debates in the House of Lords in support of the war.

As his royal brother, the Duke of York, was amongst the first who left our shores to face the enemy on the continent, some surprise was excited that the Duke of Clarence had not obtained a command in the navy. He made repeated and earnest applications to the king to be allowed to hoist his flag and relieve Lord Collingwood, then in a declining state of health, in the command of the Mediterranean fleet. About the same period, a letter, addressed by the duke to Commodore Owen, appeared in the public papers, which thus describes his solicitude to share the dangers of war in common with his countrymen:—"When I shall have the honour to hoist my flag I cannot be certain; but I am very much inclined to think that, eventually, I shall have the honour and happiness of commanding those fine fellows whom I saw in the spring in the Downs and at Portsmouth. My short stay at Admiral Campbell's had

impressed me with very favourable ideas of the improved state of the navy ; but my residence at Portsmouth has afforded me ample opportunity of examining; and, consequently, of having a perfect judgment of the high and correct discipline now established in the king's service."

He had met Nelson in the West Indies, and continued on the most intimate terms with that great warrior till he fell.

"Nothing is wanting, sir," said Nelson to Prince William Henry, in 1787, in one of his letters, "to make you the darling of the English nation, but truth. Sorry I am to say, much to the contrary has been dispersed. More able friends than myself your royal highness may easily find, and of more consequence in the state ; but one more attached and affectionate is not so easily met with. Princes seldom, very seldom, find a disinterested person to communicate with. I do not pretend to be that person ; but of this be assured, by a man who, I trust, never did a dishonourable act, that I am interested only that your royal highness should be the greatest and best man this country has produced."

When Nelson married Mrs. Nisbett, in

March, 1787, in the West Indies, the Duke of Clarence, then Prince William Henry, who had gone out to that station in the preceding winter, was present, by his own desire, to give away the bride.

On the 11th of July, 1818, the royal duke married the Princess Adelaide Louisa Theresa, of Saxc Meinengen, endeared by her many virtues to the nation; and since not less honoured in her widowhood than on the throne. He next received his appointment to the office of lord high admiral, an office long thought to be too great to be entrusted to any individual, and accordingly executed by commissioners since the death of Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne. The whole transaction was singular.

On the appointment of Mr. Canning to the rank of prime minister, several of his colleagues had resigned, on the ground of his being a supporter of Roman-catholic emancipation, which had been opposed by Lord Liverpool. Lord Melville, the first lord of the admiralty, though a supporter of those claims, resigned also. The object of the resignations was presumed to be, that of driving Mr. Canning

from power. To enable him to counteract that object the resignation of the first lord of the admiralty was most opportune. He boldly revived the office of lord high admiral in the person of the next heir to the crown; and, by that prompt and unlooked for exercise of the prerogative, at once confounded the seceders, and strengthened his administration.

The manner in which his royal highness executed the duties during his short period of office cannot be forgotten by the navy. He visited every naval depot; conversed on friendly terms with every officer; and made promotions without regard to anything but merit and service, disregarding parliamentary influence to an unusual degree; and if every wish could not be gratified, at least every one was satisfied that his royal highness was anxious to render him service. He also exercised a princely hospitality. With such qualities it was impossible that he should not be esteemed. Mr. Canning, however, soon ceased to rule, and to live. The Duke of Wellington became his successor, and Lord Melville was restored to the office. The popularity which his royal highness acquired, as chief of

the navy, was considered as a presage of the manner in which he was to discharge the higher duties of sovereign of a great and loyal people.

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#### THE QUEEN DOWAGER:

The Queen Dowager is the daughter of George Frederick Charles, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Meinengen, by Louisa Eleanora, a daughter of Christian Albert Lewis, Prince of Hohenloe-Laungenburg. Her majesty was born on the 13th of August, 1792, and baptized by the names of Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia. In 1803, she lost her father, who died at the early age of 42; and with her only brother, the present Duke of Saxe Meinengen, and her sister, Ida, Duchess of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, was left under the guardianship of her mother, the duchess, who, by her husband's last will, was appointed regent of the duchy and guardian of his children. Under this able and amiable woman the children were educated in great retirement at Meinengen, the capital of the principality, and with a care that does high credit to her character.

The late Queen Charlotte had long kept up an intercourse with the family of Meinengen; and the virtues and accomplishments of the elder daughter of the princely house pointed her out as a fitting bride for the Duke of Clarence. The choice was understood to be highly agreeable to the queen-mother, and the princess was received in England with great distinction.

After the marriage ceremony the Duke and Duchess proceeded to Hanover, where they remained during the winter of 1818. An infant was born, which unhappily died. After some residence at Bushy, the royal pair revisited Germany; and, with restored health, the happy prospect was again given of an heir to the throne. In 1819, an infant princess was born, named, by the desire of George the Fourth, Elizabeth Adelaide; but within three months this hope of the country, too, died. Ten years followed, in which the duke and duchess lived in comparative seclusion, yet a seclusion distinguished by the exercise of great charity in the neighbourhood of their residence, and growing respect and esteem among all classes of the

nation. The death of George the Fourth called the princess only to a more exalted opportunity of displaying her character; and on the 28th of June, 1830, William and Adelaide were proclaimed king and queen of the British empire.

The successor of George the Fourth had the good fortune to reign during a period of external peace. But no sovereignty, for a hundred years, had been marked by more feverish political struggle. It witnessed the extinction of the two great parties which, under the names of whig and tory, had divided the power of the state between them since the Revolution of 1688; and their substitution, by the two still more active, important, and hostile parties of the radicals and conservatives. The nature of the public contests also assumed a more earnest and more substantial character. The place, the purpose, and the instruments of political struggle were changed. The former triumphs of whig and tory had found their natural display in parliament, their object in the possession of court honours and offices, and their instruments in the accomplished and graceful abilities of men formed by nature and education to take the

lead in intellectual displays. The constitution remained unassailed, whoever was the victor. The spirit of the combat less resembled a battle than a tournament, less a determined encounter for solid possession than a glittering feat of arms. But the strife is now for political existence, and almost for personal safety. The questions of the day strike to the depths of the national frame. The lighter weapons of the legislature are abandoned; bitterness, vindictiveness, and thirst of power, are brought from the old armory of revolution into the field of popular supremacy. Another figure has lately come between them, more subtle than either, and desirous only of embroiling both; animated by profounder hatred, and contemplating a more consummate and angry success. What is to be the result rests still in the hands of a higher disposer than man; but it is palpable that the period has arrived, when politicians must learn to be something more than dexterous lecturers on state metaphysics; when patriots must come into public with a severer sense of responsibility; and when statesmen must feel that they have other trials than the manage-

ment of majorities in parliament, and other duties than the distribution of offices and emoluments to their friends.

This change had been but commencing in the reign of William the Fourth. Seven years are still but a brief period for the ripening of a great public crisis. The king's sincerity of intention deserved to relieve him from the presence of the day of danger; and though too much disposed to trust to the promises of party, and too fond of peace within his privy council, for the monarch of a great people, continually tried by political difficulties; he lived with the esteem and died\* with the regret of the empire.

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The details which have been already given of the life of George the Fourth prevent the necessity of making any immediate remarks on his character. Some statements of those early errors into which he was drawn by the strong temptations that beset a prince, and some traits of the individuals who rendered themselves disgracefully conspicuous by administering to those

\* June 20, 1837.

errors, have been intentionally omitted. Their insertion here would be repulsive to the feelings of the writer, and of no advantage to the reader.

The progress of the arts, of which his majesty was a liberal patron,—the improvements of London, chiefly due to his taste,—and the general intellectual progress of the empire during his reign—though all topics of interest, are necessarily restricted by the limits of the volume.

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In the personal opinions delivered in these pages, the writer has had no other object than the strictness of truth; and, not feeling disposed to shrink from its avowal, nor to stoop to arts unbecoming to himself, he has told the truth with the plainness that suits a subject of England. To any remarks which may be made on such plainness from one of his profession, he gives the *unanswerable* reply—that it is *his* profession which ought to take the lead in all truth; that if it have ever suffered its sacred brow to be humbled by honours ignobly won, or its free limbs to be entangled in the cloak of the hireling, it owes a duty to itself to shew

that this baseness is against its nature. But it owes the still higher duty to its religion to shew, that a churchman may be in earnest, when, with the Scriptures in his hand, he declares, that there are higher objects for the immortal spirit than the mixed and vulgar temptations of our corrupted state of society; that, "being content with food and raiment," the Christian should leave personal and public meanness to their reward; and that, beyond all, the minister of the gospel should disdain the degrading elevation which is to be gained only by leaving conscience behind, and seek no honours but those which are alike above human passion and human change.



## SUPPLEMENT.

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A CONSIDERABLE number of anecdotes of George the Fourth appeared after his death in the newspapers, the principal of which have been extracted here. They are given merely on the authority, and *in the words of those journals*. However miscellaneous or trivial they may be in some instances, they throw light on character, and as such are worth retaining.

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## ANECDOTES, ETC.

From the moment of the Prince of Wales's birth he became an object of the strongest national interest. He was a remarkably fine infant; and his birth, and the queen's safety, so much de-

lighted the king (George the Third), that he immediately presented 500*l.* to the messenger who brought him the tidings. A scene of universal joy ensued. Every town in England had its gala, and every village its bonfire.

The ladies who called at the palace were admitted into the queen's bed-room to see the child, about forty at a time; the part containing the bed being screened off by a sort of lattice-work. The royal infant lay in a most splendid cradle of velvet and Brussels lace, adorned with gold, whilst two young ladies of the court, in maiden white, stood to rock the cradle; and the nurse at its head sat with a crimson velvet cushion, occasionally to receive the child and present it to its mother. The cradle was placed on a small elevation, under a canopy of state. The head and the sides, which came no higher than the bed, were covered with crimson velvet, and lined with white satin. From the head rose an ornament of carved work, gilt, with the coronet in the middle. The upper sheet was covered with very broad, beautiful Brussels lace, turning

over the top, upon a magnificent quilt of crimson velvet and gold lace, the whole length of the Brussels lace appearing also along the sides, and hanging down from underneath.

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The children were reared in the homely English manner most conducive to health. The account of a visitor was:—"The royal children rise early, generally at six, breakfast at eight, live on the simplest food, and are much in the open air. I have been several evenings in the queen's lodge, with no other company than the family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. While the younger part of the family are drawing and working, the beautiful babe Amelia is sometimes in the lap of one of her sisters, and sometimes playing with the king on the carpet."—"All the princesses and princes had a common table."—"I seldom miss going to early prayers at the king's chapel, at eight o'clock, where I never fail of seeing their majesties and all the royal family."—"In the evening every one is employed with pencil, needle, or knitting; between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant, and the king

plays at back-gammon with one of his equerries."—"Their majesties rise at six, and enjoy the two succeeding hours, which they call their own; at eight, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburg, &c., are brought from their several houses to Kew, to breakfast with their parents. At nine, the younger children are brought in; and whilst the five elder are closely applying to their books, the little ones pass the whole morning in Richmond gardens. The king and queen frequently sit in the room whilst the children dine; and in the evening all the children again pay their duty at Kew-house before they retire to bed."

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About 1769, party fury raged throughout the land, and the queen wished to conciliate the public mind by exhibiting the endearments of domestic life. The juvenile *fêtes* at the palace were numerous; and the infant Prince of Wales (seven years old) was always dressed in scarlet and gold, with the insignia of the Garter; whilst the Duke of York (five years old), as Bishop of Osnaburg, was in blue and gold, with the insignia of the Bath. His royal highness had been elected Bishop of Osnaburg on

the 27th of February, 1764; and having been born on the 16th of August, 1763, he was exactly six months and ten days old when he became a bishop!\*. He received the order of the Bath on the 30th of December, 1767, and was installed in Henry the Eighth's chapel, June 15th, 1772; and, as principal companion of the Garter, was installed at Windsor on the 25th of the same month.

In this year, 1769, his majesty caused a drawing-room to be held by the Prince of Wales, and the novelty excited much attention.

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The king had a natural dislike to Wilkes and the "No. 45." The Prince of Wales, in his ninth year, having been punished for some fault, he took a laughable mode of revenge. Going to the king's bed-room door, before he was up, he kept beating on the panels, and roaring out, "Wilkes for ever!—No. 45 for ever!" until the king burst into laughter, and had him removed.

\* A nominal title, belonging to a German estate.

The system of discipline now established was close; and the prince was excluded from the society of youth of his own age, and subjected to a mechanical precision of habits. Eight hours every day were devoted to hard study at his desk. He rose at six and breakfasted at eight. He and the Duke of York had a farm in Kew park, which they cultivated under the guidance of Mr. Arthur Young. They ploughed and sowed the land, reaped the corn, and went through every process with their own hands, up to the making of the bread. A private purse of limited extent was given to the youth, and his expenditure of the money was strictly scrutinized, and attended with either praise or censure.

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Some idea may be formed of George the Third's notions of discipline and manners by the fact that, it having been reported to his majesty, in 1772, that Archbishop Cornwallis had frequent convivial parties at his palace, the monarch immediately addressed to him the following admonitory letter:—

“MY GOOD LORD PRIMATE,—I could not

delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected at receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence; I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned. From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and in still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately, so that I may not have occasion to shew any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your grace into his almighty protection! I remain, my lord primate, your gracious friend. G. R."

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The following paragraph appeared in the

London newspapers in the month of May, 1771, relative to a circumstance which excited some interest about the court at St. James's:—"The following are the particulars relative to the improper behaviour of the person who struck his royal highness Prince William Henry, (William the Fourth.) The Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburg, Prince William Henry, &c., were at play in one of the apartments, and the head of one of their drums being out, the young gentlemen prevailed on the attendant to get into the drum hoop that they might draw her about. Prince William happened to offend her, when she, in her foolish resentment, flung him against the wainscot. The king was told of it, who ordered her to go to St. James's, and remain there till Lady Charlotte Finch came to town, as his majesty did not choose to interfere in such matters. On Lady Charlotte's arrival, she examined into the particulars, when another of the attendants said, that the person accused did not strike the prince. The Prince of Wales (George the Fourth) being present, said, 'Pray, Mrs. —, do not assert any such thing; you know she did strike my brother; but you

are both Scotch women, and will say anything to protect each other.' His royal highness's answer occasioned much diversion."

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The prince was remarkably good-natured; and from the numerous anecdotes that have transpired since his death, we can fully believe Colonel M'Mahon's dying character of him, as "one of the kindest-hearted men alive." There were intervals when, in the various vexations of his perplexed career, he may have given way to anger: but they were few, and always momentary. The slight incidents that follow are proofs that kindness was the natural temperament of his mind.

"Nearly forty years ago, his late majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have 800*l.* at an hour, on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry he was informed, that the moment the money arrived the prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and

turning his hair on the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity; and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America, with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The prince, by accident, overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier from suffering, he procured the money; and, that no mistake might happen, he carried it himself. On asking, at an obscure lodging-house, in a court near Covent-garden, for the lodger, he was shewn up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in —— street, and give some account of himself in future; saying which, he departed, without the family's knowing to whom they were obliged."

Some years since, an artist being at Carlton Palace, observed to the late Mr. ———, one of the royal establishment—"How I should like to see the council-table prepared for the council!" "Your wish shall be gratified," said his friend. It happened that a council was to be held that very day. They proceeded to the apartment: when there, the artist, smiling, observed, "Now, if I were to judge of your royal master only by what I see, I should conclude that he was very little-minded." "And why so?" inquired Mr. ———. "Because I perceive, first and foremost, that all the chairs for the council are exactly equi-distant; secondly, that there are so many sheets of foolscap, and so many sheets of post, and a long new pen laid diagonally on each, and all at measured mathematical distances; and thirdly, that the very *fold* of the green cloth"—fine broad cloth, which covered the long table—"is exactly in the centre of the table." "You are a keen observer," said the officer of the household. "Would I could put on the invisible cap," resumed the gentleman, "that I might see and hear what passes when the regent is seated in that golden

chair.”\* “Perhaps you might be disappointed in your expectations; but,” added his friend, in a low voice, “if, sir, you could *see* and *hear* what I have seen and heard, and what will probably occur again after this day’s council, you might feel little disposed to relate what you had seen with levity.” The officer of the household then took a sheet of paper from the table, walked to the fire-side, placed his right arm on the marble chimney-piece, while he held the paper in his left hand, and looking the artist in the face, said: “Sir, fancy him this day, after the breaking-up of the council, standing thus, and the recorder of London standing in your place, bearing the list of the miserable culprits doomed to death by the sentence of the law. How little do they, or the world, know that the most powerful pleader for a remission of their punishment is the prince!—whilst, one by one, he inquires the nature of the offence in all its bearings, the measure of the guilt of the offender, and whether the law absolutely demands the

\* The council was held in the throne room; but his royal highness, then regent, sat at the head of the table in a high-backed, gilt chair.

life of the criminal, palliating the offence by all the arguments becoming him, who, as the ruler of the nation, is the fountain of mercy. Yes, sir, nearly two hours have I known the prince plead thus, in the presence of the minister of justice, for those who had no other counsellor."

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#### THE LATE KING AND HIS SERVANTS.

Among almost innumerable instances of the feeling of the sovereign, may be here related one which occurred many years ago, while he was Prince of Wales. Being at Brighton, and going rather earlier than usual to visit his stud, he inquired of a groom, "Where is Tom Cross?" "is he unwell?"—"I have missed him for some days." "Please your royal highness, he is gone away." "Gone away!—what for?" "Please your royal highness (hesitating), I believe—for—Mr.—can inform your royal highness." "I desire to know, sir, of you—what has he done?" "I believe—your royal highness—something—

\* This name is assumed.

not—quite correct—something about the oats.” “Where is Mr.——?—send him to me immediately.” The prince appeared much disturbed at the discovery. The absentee, quite a youth, had been employed in the stable, and was the son of an old groom who had died in the prince’s service. The officer of the stable appeared before the prince. “Where is Tom Cross?—what has become of him?” “I do not know, your royal highness.” “What has he been doing?” “Purloining the oats, your royal highness; and I discharged him.” “What, sir! send him away without acquainting me!—not know whither he is gone!—a fatherless boy, driven into the world from my service with a blighted character! Why, the poor fellow will be destroyed: Mr. ——! I did not expect this from you! Seek him out, sir, and let me not see you till you have discovered him.” Tom was found, and brought before his royal master. He hung down his head, while the tears trickled from his eyes. After looking steadfastly at him for some moments, “Tom, Tom,” said the

\* A superior of the stable department.

prince, "what have you been doing? Happy it is for your poor father that he is gone; it would have broken his heart to see you in such a situation. I hope this is your first offence?" The youth wept bitterly. "Ah, Tom; I am glad to see that you are penitent. Your father was an honest man; I had a great regard for him; so I should have for you, if you were a good lad, for his sake. Now, if I desire Mr. —— to take you into the stable again, do you think that I may trust you?" Tom wept still more vehemently, implored forgiveness, and promised reformation. "Well, then," said the gracious prince, "you shall be restored. Avoid evil company: go, and recover your character: be diligent, be honest, and make me your friend: and—hark ye, Tom—I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with what is past."

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Some years since, a gentleman, whilst copying a picture in one of the state apartments at Carlton-house, overheard the following conversation between an elderly woman, one of the housemaids, then employed in cleaning a stove-

grate, and a glazier, who was supplying a broken pane of glass:—"Have you heard how the prince is to-day?" said he, (his royal highness had been confined by illness.) "Much better," was the reply. "I suppose," said the glazier, "you are glad of that;" subjoining, "though, to be sure, it *can't* concern *you* much." "It *does* concern *me*," replied the housemaid; for I have never been ill but his royal highness has *concerned* himself about me, and has always been pleased, on my coming to work, to say, 'I am glad to see you about again; I hope you have been taken good care of; do not exert yourself too much, lest you should be ill again.' If I did not rejoice at his royal highness's recovery, ay, and every one who eats his bread, we should be ungrateful indeed!"

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#### PREDICTION.

"I remember," says the Margravine of Anspach, in her Life, "a singular anecdote, related to me by Mr. Wyndham, (a man totally devoid of superstition,) and which brings to

my mind a story told to me by the Prince of Wales. At the end of the last century, Sir William Wyndham being on his travels, and at Venice, observed, accidentally, as he was passing through St. Mark's Place in his cabriolet, a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. On stopping, he found it was a mountebank who had occasioned it, and who was pretending to tell fortunes, conveying his predictions to the people by means of a long narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Sir William, among others, held up a piece of money, on which the charlatan immediately directed his tube to his cabriolet, and said to him, very distinctly, in Italian, 'Signor Inglese, cavete il bianco cavallo.'

"This circumstance made a very forcible impression upon him, from the recollection that some few years before, when very young, having been out at a stag hunt, in returning home from the sport he found several of the servants at his father's gate standing round a fortune-teller, who either was, or pretended to be, both deaf

and dumb, and for a small remuneration wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a piece of chalk, answers to such questions as the servants put to him by the same method. As Sir William rode by, the man made signs to him that he was willing to tell him his fortune as well as the rest, and in good humour he would have complied; but, as he could not recollect any particular question to ask, the man took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words written legibly, ‘Beware of a white horse.’ Sir William smiled at the absurdity, and totally forgot the circumstance, till the coincidence at Venice reminded him of it. He immediately and naturally imagined that the English fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had found his speech; and he was now curious to know the truth of the circumstance. Upon inquiry, however, he felt assured that the fellow had never been out of Italy, nor understood any other language than his own.

“Sir William Wyndham had a great share in the transactions of government during the last

four years of Queen Anne's reign, in which a design to restore the son of James II. to the British throne, which his father had forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on the arrival of George I. many persons were punished, by being put into prison or sent into banishment. Among the former of those who had entered into this combination was Sir William Wyndham, who, in 1715, was committed as a prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was then some alteration to be made in consequence of the succession of the house of Brunswick; and as Sir William's chariot was passing through, conveying him to his prison, the painter was at work adding the white horse, which formed the arms of the Elector of Hanover. It struck Sir William forcibly. He immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him there during his confinement: and although, probably, not inclined to superstition, he looked upon it as a prophecy which

was fully accomplished. But in this instance he was mistaken : yet many years after, being out hunting, he had the misfortune to be thrown whilst leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

“ The Prince of Wales, who delighted in this kind of stories, told me that, one day at Brighton, riding in company with Sir John Lade, and unattended, (which they frequently were,) they had prolonged their ride across the downs further than they had intended. An unexpected shower of rain coming on, they made the best of their way to a neighbouring house, which proved to be that of a miller. His royal highness dismounting quickly, Sir John took hold of the horse's bridle till some one should make his appearance. A boy came up and relieved Sir John of his charge. The rain soon abating, the prince, on the point of remounting his horse, observed that the boy who held the bridle had two thumbs upon his hand, and inquiring who he was, was informed by him that he was the miller's son. It brought immediately to his recollection that old prophecy of Mother Shipton,

that 'when the prince's bridle should be held by a miller's son with two thumbs on one hand, there would be great convulsions in the kingdom.' The circumstance was laughable, and his royal highness was much amused at its singularity."

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#### PORTRAITS OF THE KING.

It is well known that the queen, from the infancy of the Prince of Wales, was through life much attached to him. Soon after his birth, her majesty had a whole-length portrait of his royal highness modelled in wax. He was represented naked. This figure was half-a-span long, lying upon a crimson cushion, and it was covered by a bell-glass: her majesty had it constantly on her toilette at Buckingham House; and there it was seen by the visitors after her majesty's decease. The likeness was still palpable, though the original had outlived the date of the fairy model more than half a century. Few years passed, it is believed, without her majesty's having his portrait, in miniature,

enamel, *silhouette*, modelled in marble or wax, or in some other style of art.

In one of the state apartments at Windsor there is a family piece representing the queen seated with, as it would appear, two of the royal children; one on the lap, a few months old, exceedingly fair; the other a sturdy infant, aged apparently about two years. Those are described as the Prince of Wales and Duke of York.

Some years since, his late majesty going round the collection, and shewing the pictures to a foreigner of distinction, stopped at this family piece. Mr. Legg, the principal *cicerone*, had just described it, as usual, to the party, when the condescending monarch observed, "You must alter your history, Mr. Legg." Then, smiling, and addressing himself not only to the foreign gentleman, but to the whole party, he observed, "That picture was painted by the ingenious Mr. Allan Ramsay, son of the celebrated author of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' Now, Mr. Ramsay, having, like his father, become celebrated too, fell into the

common fault of portrait-painters—undertaking more than he could perform. He engaged to paint, within a given time, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, then an infant in arms, as you perceive. He completed the likeness of the mother, *who might have waited*; but the artist neglected to finish the child, until he had grown into the sturdy boy you see standing before her.” So that, in fact, it is two portraits of the same child, though in that short space more dissimilar to each other than perhaps at any subsequent period.

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Dibdin, in his “Musical Tour,” relates the following anecdote of the Prince of Wales:—

“By his royal highness’s appointment, I had the honour to sing to his royal highness, at the house of a friend, twenty songs, all of which received perfect approbation. The prince remained two hours, even though Marchesi had, during the interval, made his first appearance at the King’s Theatre. His royal highness, upon my singing the ‘High-mettled Racer,’ informed

the company that he had fortunately, about a fortnight before, rescued a poor, old, half-blind race-horse from the galling shafts of a hackney post-chaise."

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George IV. must, no doubt, have often heard, from his early whig associates, that every person who sets foot on British ground becomes free; and that it matters not, as regards the point of freedom, whether a man is white, black, brown, olive, or yellow. His majesty had all the antipathy of a Virginia negro-driver to blacks. Among other instances, Cramer, his favourite musician, nearly lost his situation of leader of the royal band by a piece of imprudence of this kind. He was bent on having a black man to beat the kettle drum; but aware of his majesty's antipathy to the sable tribe, he was in despair of ever being able to accomplish his wishes; when he met by chance with an Englishman of so dark a hue that, at a short distance, he might easily be mistaken for an importation from the coast of Guinea. Cramer

had the man forthwith installed in the office of kettle-drummer: and now came the trying scene of his introduction to the royal presence. On the king's entering the music-room he started and seemed much displeased; but after approaching a little nearer, and applying his glass to his eye, he called Cramer to him;—"I see, sir," said the king, "you wish to accustom me to a black drummer by degrees."

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When Prince of Wales he patronized many of the eminent actors. To Jack Johnstone he was particularly kind. Meeting him one day on the Steyne, his royal highness invited him to dinner; and while Johnstone was making his reply, the late Mr. Lewis came near, whom he took leave to introduce to his royal highness. When Lewis had withdrawn, some remarks were made on his talents; and Johnstone said, "he has now a son going out to India: a single word from the Prince of Wales would be the making of him. If your royal highness would condescend to favour him with a letter it would serve him immensely." The prince looked at

the actor for some moments, but made no reply. Johnstone feared he had given offence. "I beg your royal highness's pardon," said he, "I fear I have taken too great a liberty." "No, Johnstone," replied the prince, "that is not it; but I am considering whether a letter from my brother Frederick would not be likely to serve the young gentleman more." A day or two afterwards, Johnstone received, under cover from the prince, two letters—one from himself and one from the Duke of York.

The prince allowed Kelly 100*l.* a-year, or rather insisted upon his having a *free* benefit at the Opera House annually for the remainder of his life, and on each of those occasions the king gave him 100*l.*

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In Liquorpond Street lived the once well-known Leader, the coachmaker, whom the prince patronized, and thus made him, for a considerable period, the most fashionable coachmaker in London; by which means he accumulated a very handsome fortune. The prince, when in town, was frequently in the habit of going to Leader's shop, sometimes driving him-

self in a phaeton and four, and sometimes driven by an attendant.

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When the late Lord Erskine was attorney-general to the Prince of Wales he was retained by Thomas Paine to defend him on his trial for publishing the second part of his "Rights of Man;" but it was soon intimated to him by high authority that such advocacy was considered to be incompatible with his official situation; and the prince himself, in the most friendly manner, acquainted him that it was highly displeasing to the king, and that he ought to endeavour to explain his conduct. This Mr. Erskine immediately did in a letter to his majesty himself, in which, after expressing his sincere attachment to his person, and to that constitution which was attacked in the work to be defended, he took the liberty to claim, as an invaluable part of that very constitution, the unquestionable right of the subject to make his defence by any counsel of his own free choice, if not previously retained, or engaged by office from the crown; and that there was no other way of deciding

whether that was, or was not, consistent with his situation as attorney-general to the prince than by referring, according to custom, the question to the bar, which he was perfectly willing, and even desirous, to do. In a few days afterwards, Mr. Erskine received, through the late Admiral Payne, a most friendly message from the prince; yet expressing his regret in feeling himself obliged to accept Mr. Erskine's resignation; which was accordingly sent. A few years afterwards, however, his royal highness sent for Mr. Erskine to Carlton-house, whilst he was still in bed under a severe illness, and, taking him good humouredly by the hand, said to him, that though he was not at all qualified to judge of retainers, nor to appreciate the correctness or incorrectness of his conduct in the instance that had separated them; yet that, being convinced he had acted from the purest motives, he wished most publicly to manifest that opinion, and therefore directed him to go immediately to Somerset House, and to bring with him, for his signature, the patent of chancellor to his royal highness; which, he said, he had always designed for Mr. Erskine.

The king was particularly fond of anatomical and medical pursuits; and Mr. Cæpue had the honour of demonstrating to his majesty, when prince, the general structure of the human body, in which he took great interest. His majesty prided himself upon his medical information, and had always near him men distinguished for their successful researches in the sciences of anatomy and medicine. Weiss, the instrument-maker, used, for many years, to submit to his majesty's inspection every new surgical instrument that came out, invented by himself or others; and we have heard that, in one instance, he was indebted to his majesty for the suggestion of a very valuable improvement.

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ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE KING, WHEN PRINCE  
OF WALES, TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

How little you know *me*, ever dear duchess, and how much have you misconceived the object of this day's dinner, which has succeeded

beyond my most sanguine expectations! It has almost, if not *entirely*, annihilated every coolness that has for a short time past appeared to exist between the Duke of Norfolk and his old friends, and brought Erskine back also. Ask only the Duke of Leinster and Guilford what passed. I believe you never heard a stronger eulogium pronounced from the lips of man than I this day pronounced upon Fox, in complete refutation of all the absurd doctrines and foolish distinctions which they have grounded their late conduct upon. This was most honourably, distinctly, and zealously supported by Sheridan, by which they were completely driven to the wall, and positively pledged themselves hereafter to follow no other line of politics than that which Fox and myself would hold out to them; and this with a certain degree of contrition expressed by them, at their ever having ventured to express a doubt respecting either Charles or myself. Harry Howard, who never has varied in his sentiments, was overjoyed, and said, he never knew anything so well done, or so well timed; and that he should to-

night retire to his bed the happiest of men, as his mind was now at ease, which it had not been for some time past. In short, what fell from both Sheridan as well as myself was received with rapture by the company; and I consider *this* as one of the luckiest and most useful days I have spent. As to particulars, I must ask your patience till to-morrow, when I will relate every incident, with which I am confident you will be most completely satisfied. Pray, my ever dear duchess, whenever you bestow a thought upon me, have rather a better opinion *of my steadiness and firmness*. I really think, without being very romantic, I may claim this of you; at the same time, I am most grateful to you for your candour, and the affectionate warmth, if I may be allowed so to call it, which dictates the contents of your letter: you may depend upon its being seen by no one but myself. Depend upon my coming to you to-morrow. I am delighted with your goodness to me, and ever

Most devotedly yours, G. P.

*Carlton House, Friday Night.*

On the death of his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and in that character his royal highness presided at the subsequent anniversary dinner, consisting of the members of all the inaugurated lodges of masons in London. The meeting was held at Freemasons' Tavern, and nearly five hundred persons were present. On this occasion the prince exhibited, in various speeches, powers which surprised the audience; and whilst he expatiated upon the character and virtues of his recently deceased relative and predecessor in office, many were in tears. This, we believe, was the only great public occasion in which the oratorical powers of the Prince of Wales were exhibited for three or four hours together. Lord Moira occupied a place on the right hand of the prince, who appointed him Deputy Grand Master, which, by the death of the Duke of Manchester, had become vacant.

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George the Fourth was an accomplished musician; he performed well on the violon-

cello, and sang with great taste and judgment : his voice was a bass of fine quality, mixing harmoniously with other voices in glees &c. When Mazzinghi conducted the evening concerts which used to take place at the residences of persons of rank some thirty or forty years ago, the Prince of Wales played the principal bass with Crodill.

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The king had left a will, which, as soon as his majesty's decease was announced, was placed in the hands of the Duke of Wellington, who handed it to his successor, by whom it was opened. The individuals named as executors were the Duke of Wellington, the late Lord Gifford, and Sir William Knighton. The will was dated some years back.

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A valuable miniature likeness of Oliver Cromwell, painted from life, having been accidentally found, the possessor had the honour of shewing it to the king, who humorously exclaimed,

“ How much would Charles I. have honoured the man who had brought him Oliver Cromwell’s head ! ”

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The king’s taste in plate was superb : he had a very plain set in common use ; but before his last illness, when the cabinet ministers held a council at Windsor, and dined with him, his rich service was produced, and was the object of great attraction. The king had provided a sumptuous sideboard for its display, which was made of very dark and beautifully polished mahogany, inlaid with gold, and lined with looking-glass : but, when put up, it was found entirely to overpower the effect of the other furniture and decorations of the apartment. The obvious course to pursue would have been its removal ; instead of which, however, the magnificently decorated arch, which the lower part of the sideboard supported, was cut away, and the remainder left for use. The apartments are spacious and well constructed ; they have, however, from the nature of the building,

only one principal light, and there is too much gold paneling in them for elegance.

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So averse was the king to be seen during his rides in the parks at Windsor for the last two or three years, that outriders were always despatched while his pony-chaise was preparing, to whichever of the gates he intended to pass, across the Frogmore road, driving from one park into the other; and if any person was seen loitering near either gate, the course of the ride was instantly altered, to escape even the passing glance of a casual observer. His majesty seldom drove across to the long walk from the castle, because he was there more likely to be met by the Windsor people. His more private way was through a small gate in the park wall, opposite another small gate in the wall of the grounds at Frogmore, at the Datchet side. He there crossed the road in a moment, and had rides so arranged between Frogmore and Virginia Water that he had between twenty and thirty miles of neatly planted avenues, from

which the public were wholly excluded. At certain points of these rides, which opened towards the public thoroughfares of the park, there were always servants stationed on those occasions, to prevent the intrusion of strangers upon the king's privacy.

The plantations have been so carefully nourished for seclusion around the royal lodge, that only the chimneys of the building can be now seen from the space near the top of the long walk. The king, while engaged in fishing, caused the same rigid exclusion from his grotesque building at Virginia Water to be enforced ; and also when visiting the various temples which he had erected on the grounds. A great deal of money was laid out on these edifices ; but it was only by stealth and the connivance of servants that they were at any time to be seen.

His majesty was so little aware that the fatal result of his indisposition was near at hand, that, up to a very late period of his sufferings, he occupied himself considerably with the progress of some additions which he was making to the

royal lodge. He was particularly anxious to have a new dining-room finished by his birth-day, on the 12th of August; not thinking that a month before that day his remains would be gathered to the tomb. He was also, up to the same late period, occupied by the improvements in Windsor Castle, and used to have himself rolled through the apartments in a chair, which was constructed for his majesty's use. Notwithstanding those anticipations, it is known that the king's health had been declining for nearly two years. His old sufferings from the gout had given way to an occasional "embarrassment of breathing," (the expressive phrase of the bulletins,) and at times to great depression of spirits. His majesty was often found apparently lost in abstraction, and relieved only by shedding tears. At other times, however, he took a great interest in the works which were carrying on in the lodge and the castle of Windsor, particularly those which he intended for his private use; and spoke of a long enjoyment of them.

It is said, that for some time before Sir Henry Hallford and Sir M. Tierney were last called in,

his majesty was under the domestic medical treatment of two gentlemen who were of his household. The king had for a long time evinced a great indisposition to exercise of any kind—the least exertion was attended with faintness, and his usual remedy was a glass of some *liqueur*. He had a particular kind of cherry brandy which he thought to be of medical use when he felt these symptoms of debility; and to which he resorted up to a late period of his life. Until the bursting of the blood-vessel on the day before his death he did not think his case absolutely hopeless; and even then, the slight refreshment of sleep rallied his spirits a little.

George IV., for many years, had been scarcely ever free from some symptom which indicated the presence, more or less severe, of gout in the extremities; but in January, during the existence of the catarrhal affection, the extremities became entirely free from every sign of gout. At the latter end of February, and even in the beginning of March, his majesty was well enough to take his customary rides in an open carriage,

and occasionally visited the different parts of the royal demesne in which his various improvements and alterations were going forward. On Monday, the 12th of April, he rode in the parks for the last time, and passed an hour in the menagerie, a place in which he took great delight. But, while there, he complained of pain and faintness, and inquired of the keeper if he had any brandy in the house. The man, an old servant of the Duke of York, said, he had something which he thought his majesty would like better than brandy. "What is that?" said his majesty. "Cherry gin," was the reply: "it was made by my old woman, sir." The king seemed much pleased by this mark of attention, and expressed a wish to taste "the old girl's cordial." On its being handed to his majesty he appeared to relish exceedingly the (to him novel) compound, and finished the remainder of the bottle.

The harassing dry cough and wheezing respiration still continued, notwithstanding the remedies that were employed. It was on the 28th of the month (March), that Mr Wardrop, on visiting the king, first called the attention

of Sir W. Knighton to the existence of an alarming disease going on in his majesty's heart. From the examination of the circulating and respiratory organs, which Mr. Wardrop then made by means of the stethoscope, it was quite evident that the "embarrassment" in the king's breathing arose from a disordered state of the heart's action, the blood not being propelled with its natural regularity and velocity through the lungs.

The *râle*, or wheezing sound, was attributed to a diseased, suffused state of the mucous membrane lining the air-cells, and independent of that disturbance of the respiration produced by the irregularity in the action of the heart. The circumstance of the extremities, which had been so long affected by gout, being now entirely free from every symptom of that disease, and the well-known, strongly-marked gouty constitution of his majesty, indicated the precise character of the disease which existed in the cavity of the thorax; and led to the hope that, by an effort of nature, or by the aid of art, a revulsion or translation of the gout from the chest to the extremities might remove the more

dangerous inflammatory affection of the vital organs. The result, however, has shewn that this salutary termination of his majesty's disorder was not to be realized. Like many persons subject to gout, his majesty had occasionally, and more particularly before a paroxysm, an intermittent pulse and a corresponding irregularity of the heart's action.

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## ROYAL AMATEURS.

His majesty inherited a musical temperament on the side of both father and mother. George III., as is well known, possessed a German taste for the organ, and was, it is said, a good performer; his queen (who had doubtless profited by one of the family of the Bachs, long a music-master at court) was a singer, had been accompanied by Mozart, and favourably mentioned as a player on the harpsichord in the diary of Haydn. The testimony of the old composer may be relied on: for it came to light only among other private memoranda, years after his death; but when everything connected with Haydn had become matter of public interest,

and his opinions upon art the property of posterity. Haydn's note is, "the queen played *pretty well*;" a cautious phrase, but one more complimentary to her acquirements than the loose epithets of praise which are generally dealt out upon any exhibition of royal cleverness. The patronage which George III. bestowed upon the solid style of the ancient masters grew out of his early intimacy and admiration of the works of Handel; and the particular favour which he testified towards this author's compositions was, in part, the conscientious fulfilment of a promise. Our authority for the following anecdote is good, and the circumstance is not too romantic to be true.

After one of the concerts at court, at which George III., then a child, had been an auditor, Handel patted the little boy on the head, saying, "You will take care of my music when I am dead." This pathetic injunction of the composer, the king, to his honour, never forgot. How it may be in other arts we know not, but in music it is seldom that the taste changes after an individual has arrived at manhood

in the admiration of a certain *beau ideal*. This is particularly the case where people have strong feeling, yet with little science; it is science alone which, in opening to us the possible advantages of new discoveries, renders music progressive. Although the great revolution in music which had been anticipated by C. P. E. Bach, and which was carried through by Haydn and Mozart, took place during the reign of George III., and although the king was visited by both the latter composers, and was partly sensible of their merits, he still preferred Handel. With his successor, music was less a passion than with George III., but he possessed refinement of taste. Though a *dilettante* performer on the violoncello, on which instrument he was the pupil of Crossdill, he was more celebrated for his encouragement of clever professors than for admiration of his own successes, or desire to enchant the lords and ladies in waiting by the royal *tours de force*. A youth, the son of one of the persons of his household, having manifested an inclination for music, the king despatched him to Vienna, to receive the best cultivation which

the care of Mozart could bestow upon his talent : the object of this right princely patronage was Attwood. He ever manifested a particular regard for Lindley and J. B. Cramer ; and we have heard it mentioned, that some of the finest exhibitions of piano-forte playing ever given were by the latter at the Pavilion at Brighton, a few years back. So well known among professors was the partiality of the king to Lindley, that he was named as the most probable successor of Shield in the mastership of the royal band of musicians. This post was, however, otherwise disposed of.

The first score of the opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, known in this country, was obtained from the library at Carlton House, and, as a signal favour from the prince to Mrs. Billington, was lent for her benefit. How worthy that extraordinary woman was of the distinction she soon displayed, in presence of the admiring orchestra and vocal *corps* of the Opera House, by sitting down to the score, playing the whole opera through, and singing the part of *Vitellia*, at sight !

The prince once received a letter by the two-penny post, which he is said to have kept as a curiosity. It was sent by Griesbach, the German oboe-player, with a simplicity characteristic of the man, to request payment for attendance at some private concerts. This original mode of application caused much diversion to the party addressed, but procured the money instantly. Church music his majesty did not encourage so much as might have been beneficial. If Handel had, in the preceding reign, found favour to the exclusion of other masters, and, consequently, to the narrowing of the public taste; in the succeeding one, fashion hardly gave him a chance. Under the natural influence of neglect in the highest quarters; and suffering, too, from the introduction of the modern sacred compositions of the continent, seductive through the effects of light and shade, and the rich and varied employment of instruments; Handel was fast sinking into neglect. The enthusiasm which Germany and France now manifest for the works of this author, the public admiration which Beethoven expressed of him, and the lately published

testimonies of Haydn and Mozart, have had their effect upon this country, and the ancient taste is reviving. The latest musical expense of the monarch was his private band of wind instruments: this was unequalled in Europe. The performers were picked with the greatest care by Cramer, the master; their allowance was liberal, and their united practice diligent and punctual. The person selected to preside in this department was one who not only knows the full scope and capacity of every instrument, but is an able harmonist, and competent to adapt a composition in its most effective manner. Not knowing whether the band exists or not under the present sovereign, we can scarcely avoid some confusion of tenses in writing about it. We hope, however, her present majesty has too much taste to dispense with a set of performers that would be an ornament to any court in Europe.

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#### ROYAL OBSEQUIES.

The royal mausoleum was built by George the Third, under Cardinal Wolsey's magnificent

tomb-house, which had reverted to the crown upon the disgrace of that magnificent minister. The present tenants of this gloomy mansion are, George the Third and his Queen, the Princesses Charlotte and Amelia, and the Dukes of Kent and York, together with the infant Princes Octavius and Alfred. There are stone stands for twelve coffins in the centre of the tomb, which are reserved for sovereigns. The coffins of the other members of the royal family are deposited on shelves at each side. The entrance is in the choir of St. George's Chapel, from which a subterraneous passage leads to the tomb. The first coffin of the royal founder's family (that of his daughter Princess Amelia) was deposited here on the 4th of November, 1810.

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The king's coffin had been exhibited to the public in a room belonging to the manufactory, which was hung round with black. The coffin was covered on the outside with purple velvet, and lined on the inside with white satin; the

nails placed in double rows around either side and at the head and foot; and the sides divided into three compartments by double rows of nails; a scroll frame placed in each of these compartments; and at the ends, and within the frame, a handle highly burnished and gilt. The corner plates in the compartments had a coronet engraved on them, surrounded with chased palm branches, and the engraved letters, G. IV. R.; the lid of the coffin similarly lined and ornamented with nails, and divided into three compartments. In the centre was fixed the plate of inscription; at the head, the royal arms; and at the foot, a shield, supported by a lion, and surrounded with a wreath of laurel. The plate, ornaments, handles, and nails, were composed of metal richly gilt.

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The following was the inscription issued from the College of Arms, to be engraved on the silver plate which is soldered on the leaden coffin, and also on the plate which is placed on the state coffin :—

DEPOSITUM  
SERENISSIMI POTENTISSIMI ET EXCELLENTISSIMI  
MONARCHÆ  
GEORGII QUARTI  
DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REGIS  
FIDEI DEFENSORIS  
REGIS HANOVERÆ AC BRUNSVICI ET LUNEBURGI DUCIS  
OBIIIT XXVI. DIE JUNII  
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXXX.  
ÆTATIS SUÆ LXVIII.  
REGNIQUE SUI XI.

The state coffin is larger than any that are usually made, measuring across the shoulders three feet one inch and a half. The plate, on which the "depositum" is engraved, is of a size proportionate to that of the coffin,—it is nineteen inches and a half in length, seventeen inches and a half in width at the top, and fourteen inches and a quarter at the bottom.

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After the king's funeral, the Duke of Cumberland remained behind; and, when the chapel was entirely cleared, his royal highness, attended by the deputy surveyor-general, and a few workmen, descended into the royal vault. He passed from coffin to coffin until he came to that which

encloses the remains of the late Duke of York; when, suddenly turning to the deputy surveyor-general, he feelingly observed, "My poor brother York's coffin seems much more mildewed than any of its predecessors!" The velvet covering of the Duke of York's coffin is much discoloured; whilst those of George III. and his queen, the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, and even that of the Princess Amelia, remain as fresh in appearance as when first placed within the sepulchre. The surveyor explained, that, in all probability, the discoloration of the velvet was the consequence of the wood of which the coffin was formed not having been so well seasoned as the others. His royal highness made no further comment; but, laying his hand on the coffin of his late majesty, and pondering on the inscription for a moment or two, he ascended from the vault, and in silence returned to his apartments in the Castle.

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The churches throughout the metropolis were hung with black cloth on occasion of the death of his majesty. The name of "our most gra-

cious sovereign William" was substituted for that of "George" in the church service. The form of the established Liturgy provides for such substitution.

The name of Adelaide is not new in the list of queens of England. The second wife of Henry I. was Adelaide, a princess of Louvain. The mother of King Stephen, daughter of William the Conqueror, was Adela, which is, in fact, the same name.

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#### PROCLAMATION OF WILLIAM.

Monday, June 28th, being appointed for the proclamation of his Majesty William IV., the heralds and other persons, whose duty it was to officiate on the occasion, assembled at an early hour at St. James's Palace.

In the course of the morning the court of the royal residence became crowded with carriages of the nobility and ministers of state, and the adjoining streets were filled with spectators.

The weather was extremely favourable, and a prodigious multitude thronged the streets

through which the cavalcade was expected to pass.

Shortly before ten o'clock his majesty arrived at the palace from Bushy Park. The king was attired in deep mourning, and wore a blue sash over his left shoulder. His majesty was received by the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Wellington, &c.

Every avenue and situation in the neighbourhood of the palace was crowded with individuals desirous of witnessing the approaching ceremony. Seldom or never has so vast a concourse been congregated in the park and immediate vicinity of St. James's.

Precisely at ten o'clock the Park and Tower guns having been fired by signal, Sir George Naylor, Garter King-at-Arms, read the proclamation, announcing the accession of his majesty.

During this ceremony, his majesty, surrounded by his illustrious relatives, and all the great officers of state, presented himself to the view of his subjects at the palace window. As

soon as he was recognised, the air was rent with acclamations. The king appeared greatly affected by this spontaneous and unanimous burst of national loyalty and attachment, and acknowledged the attentions of his people by repeatedly bowing. Those who were early enough to secure a position near the palace observed that the king was affected even to tears.

The gates of the palace having been thrown open, the procession moved forward, the Life Guards who accompanied it brandishing their swords, and the ladies in the balconies and windows of the houses contiguous waving their handkerchiefs, amidst a tempest of cheers from the multitude, who took off their hats and shouted, "Long live King William IV.!"

At ten o'clock the procession began, amid the roar of the Park guns and the scarcely less loud acclamations of the multitude.

It is difficult to conceive anything more imposing than the appearance of Charing Cross and its immediate vicinity on the approach of the procession. The streets were lined with spectators in thousands, coaches and vehicles of

every description thronged the way, and the houses, from basement to roof, were crowded with persons anxious to witness, and offer the tribute of their cheer, to the passing pageant. The ringing of the church bells, the discharge of ordnance, and the shouts of the multitude, completed the excitement of the occasion. From the Opera House to Charing Cross every position that afforded the chance of a view of the cavalcade was occupied by clusters of human beings; and the whole scene presented an extremely animated appearance, the gay dresses of the females not having been as yet superseded by the sombre garb of mourning.

The procession having halted, the following proclamation was read:—

“Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of blessed memory, by whose decease the imperial crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence; we, there-

fore, the lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of his late majesty's privy council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim, that the high and mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence, is now, by the death of the late sovereign, of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord William the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, (and so forth.) To whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal prince, William the Fourth, with long and happy years to reign over us.

“ Given, &c.      GOD SAVE THE KING !”

At the conclusion, the air was rent by cries of “ Long live King William !” and hats and handkerchiefs were waved in the most loyal and enthusiastic manner.

The procession then moved slowly along the Strand towards Temple Bar, the gates of which were closed, according to custom. On a herald's demanding admission in the name of King William IV., the gates were opened by the city marshal, who conducted the herald where the lord mayor, attended by the sheriffs, and other municipal authorities, awaited in their carriages the approach of the cavalcade. At the end of Chancery Lane the proclamation was again repeated, and the dwellers east of Temple Bar afforded satisfactory evidence that their lungs and loyalty were as strong as those of the inhabitants of the court-end of the metropolis.

At Wood-street, Cheapside, the proclamation was also read, and again at the Royal Exchange, under circumstances precisely similar to those already described. The last proclamation took place at Aldgate. At the conclusion of each proclamation, "God save the King!" was played by the state band, and the assemblage displayed the utmost enthusiasm.

Throughout the whole of the line of road, the windows and tops of the houses were filled with spectators: every spot that commanded a

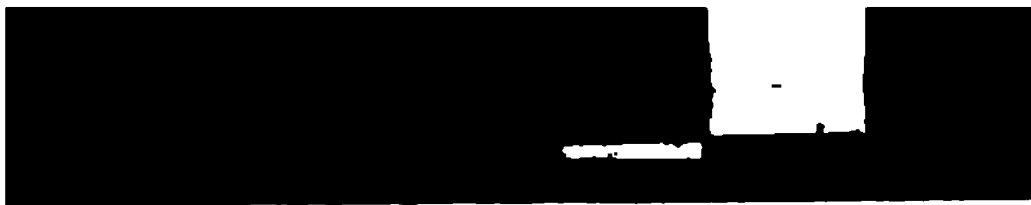
bird's-eye view of the procession was crowded, and the streets presented an immense mass of living loyalty. The procession was splendid, without being gorgeous or extravagant. The assemblage attracted by it was immense; the Strand, from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, presenting the appearance of a sea of heads; and we may say, that few public ceremonies within the memory of the present generation have been received with more distinguished marks of ardour and interest.

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Mrs. Chapone, who was niece of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, formerly preceptor to George III., and who used to spend much of her time at her uncle's residence at Farnham Castle, relates the following anecdote of the young Duke of Clarence:—"I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is little of his age, but so sensible and engaging, that he won the bishop's heart; to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him while all the rest ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly

manly and clever for his age ; yet with the young Bullers he was quite the boy ; and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him to talk, ‘ Come, we are both boys, you know.’ All of them shewed affectionate respect to the bishop.”

THE END.



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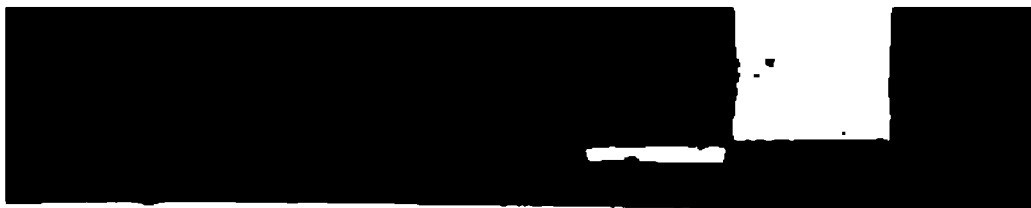
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1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting. The names are listed in alphabetical order.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the topics that were discussed at the meeting. The topics are listed in alphabetical order.